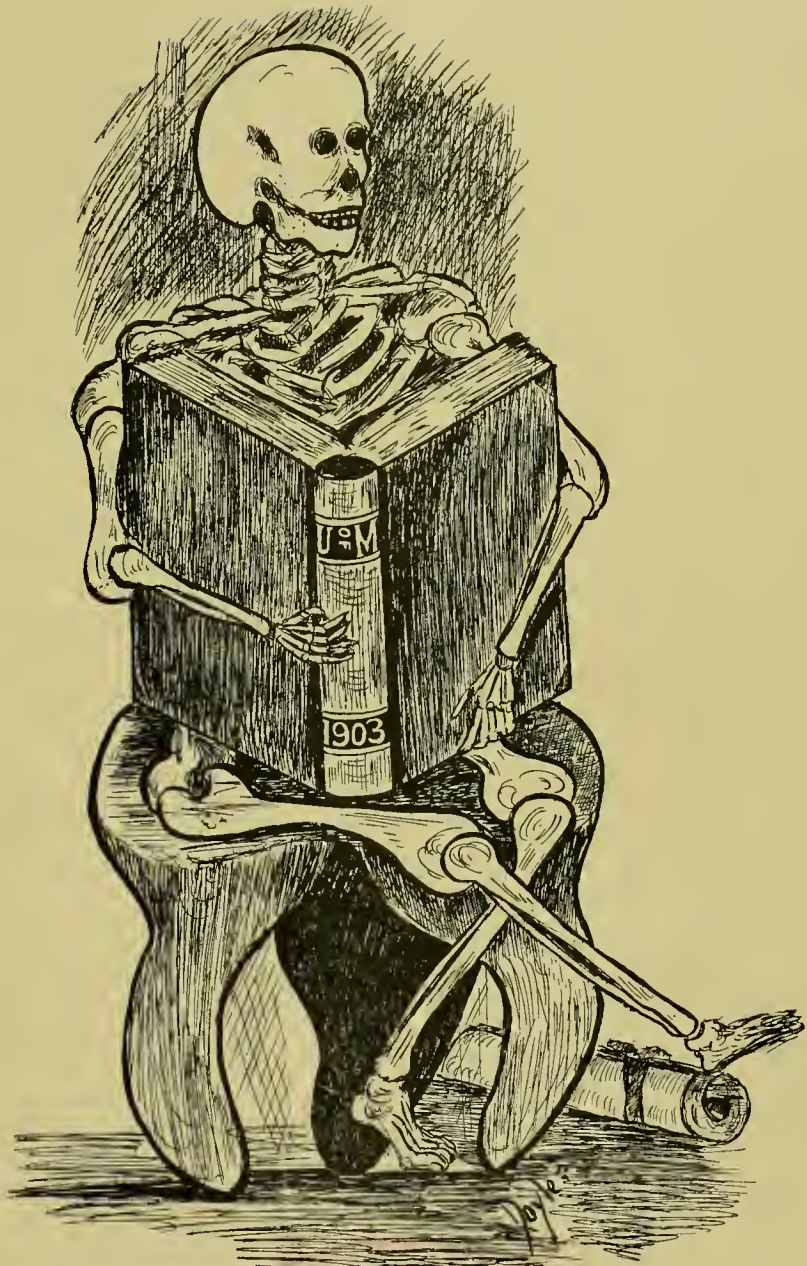


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Preface



IN presenting to you, fellow students and alumni, the 1903 edition of "BONES, MOLARS AND BRIEFS," we ask no favors, we expect none, but we do ask a just consideration of our efforts.

After a traveller has made his first tour through an unfamiliar land, it not infrequently happens that many points of interest, and perhaps some of the most important, escaped observation, or were but casually noticed. Shall he be condemned? You may say "genius is glorious," but that will not prevent you from pardoning a weak flavor of genius in "new born babes." We appreciate the fact that we subject ourselves to your criticism in following so closely the former editions of our annual, and ask your indulgence, for "he must be a poor creature that does not often repeat himself."

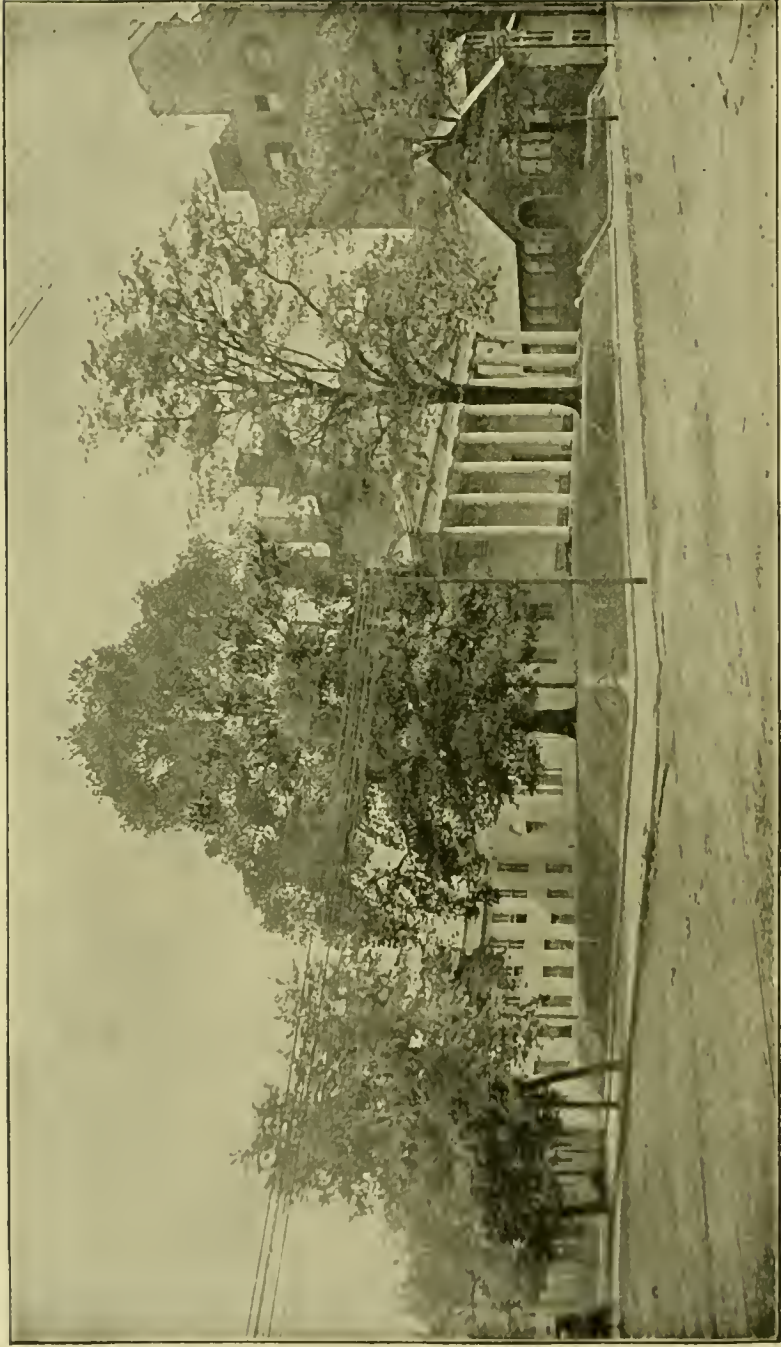
Although the mistakes are many and the good qualities rare, if in after years, when the memories of the good old days spent at our Alma Mater fade, this book should recall some cherished friend, some pleasant incident, or revive some recollection of the past, we shall be fully repaid and shall consider the profit well worth the labor.

In a far, wild, western town, when war was the rule, peace the exception, when no criticism was made and offenders were shot down without a word, there stood an old church, in which the inhabitants of the town, old and young, assembled every Sunday morning. Over the organ, this inscription was placed—"Notice!! Don't shoot the organist, he doth the best he can." Your sympathy is desired, not your criticism, so please take the hint.

We take advantage here of the chance to express our most sincere thanks to those so kindly contributing to the work of

THE EDITORS.





University of Maryland



Dr. Miles

To Francis Turquand Miles



Out of the infinite thou hast come
From Him who is thy home.
We feel thy presence, yet hardly comprehend
The full of that life
Lived so nobly
Amid all the strife
Of science's conflicting claims.
By the Divine Physician wast thou anointed,
And by Him was thou appointed
Unto the least of them to minister,
Unto the least of them thy brethren.
Move onward, upward life so grand,
Till thou hast reached the strand,
Where thou with Charcot, Hunter and Silvius
Wilt revel in the depths of the sciences.

Dedication



TO OUR
DISTINGUISHED PROFESSOR AND
ESTEEMED FRIEND,

FRANCIS TURQUAND MILES.

ONE, WHO HAS SPENT OVER A HALF CENTURY IN THAT
PROFESSION WHICH HE HOLDS MOST DEAR; ONE, WHO HAS
MOVED AMONG HIS FELLOWMEN, ADMIRER FOR HIS STERLING
WORTH AS A PHYSICIAN AND GENTLEMAN; ONE, WHO HAS STRIVEN
TO INSPIRE HIS STUDENTS TO DELVE DEEP FOR THE TRUTHS
OF SCIENCE; ONE, FOR WHOM THOSE CONNECTED WITH OUR
UNIVERSITY, BOTH FACULTY AND STUDENTS, HAVE THE
HIGHEST REGARD AND AFFECTION—IS THIS VOLUME
RESPECTIVELY INSCRIBED BY THE EDITORS.



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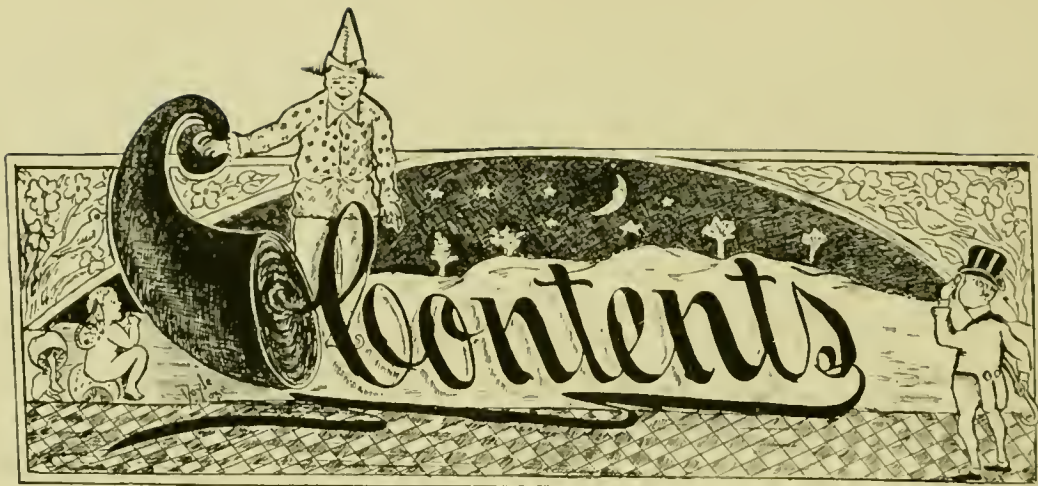
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	Page		Page
Preface	5	Class of 1905, Officers,	73
To Francis Turquand Miles.....	10	Class Members, 1905.....	74
Dedication	11	Class History, 1905.....	75 to 77
Board of Editors.....	13	Class of 1907, Officers and Members,	79, 80
Contents	14, 15	Class History, 1906.....	81, 82
Illustrations	16	Concert for Endowment Fund.....	83, 84
Francis Turquand Miles, M. D.....	17, 18, 19	Y. M. C. A.....	85
Board of Regents of the University of Maryland, 21		"When Pete Put on a Skate".....	86
MEDICAL			
Faculty of Physicians.....	23	U. of M. Athletic Association	88
Associate Professors	25	Athletics	89, 90
Clinical Assistants, 1902-1903.....	27	Yells and Songs.....	91
Medical Department, Class Officers.....	29	Our Fraternities	95
Class Members, 1903.....	31, 33, 35	Kappa Psi Fraternity, Delta Chapter	97
Class History, 1903.....	39 to 43	Phi Sigma Kappa Fraternity, Eta Chapter	99
Prophecy, Class 1903.....	44 to 53	Xi Phi Psi Fraternity, Eta Chapter	101
Chops	54 to 64	Psi Omega Fraternity, Phi Chapter.....	103
Class of 1904, Officers	67	Kappa Sigma Fraternity, Alpha-Apha Chapter	105
Class Members, 1904	68	Phi Kappa Sigma Fraternity, Alpha Zeta Chapter	107
Class History, 1904	69, 70	North Carolina Club.....	111
In Memoriam, (John W. Waring, Jr.)	71	Pennsylvania Dental Club	113
		South Carolina Club	115

Contents—Continued

Page.	Page.
West Virginia Club.....117	Freshman Class Members.....176
Virginia Club.....118	History of Class 1905.....177 to 179
House Men.....119 to 121	"A Molar Farewell".....180
Bugicide.....122	LAW.
Toast of 1903 to the Nurses.....123	Faculty.....183
"Naim Catran".....124	Class of 1903, Officers.....185
"Class of 1903".....125	Class Members, 1903.....189
"The Proper Spirit".....126	Class History, 1903.....190 to 192
"A Bit of Advice to Freshmen".....129	Class Prophecy, 1903.....193 to 196
"Briscoe".....126	Want "Ad" Column.....198 to 201
Knights of Rest.....127	"Her Smile".....202
"In Memoriam".....127	Roasts.....203 to 210
Mr. Dooley on Prof. Lorenz at University of Maryland.....128 to 130	"Our Beloved Faculty".....211
DENTAL.	Twentieth Century Cicero.....212 to 214
Faculty.....133	"Cherry Grove".....215
A Brief History of the University of Mary- land.....134 to 138	Quizzes.....217, 218
Class of 1903, Officers.....141	"A Perfect Girl".....220
Senior Class Members.....145	"His Grandma".....222
Class History, 1903.....147 to 150	Our Class Alphabet, 1903.....223
Grinds.....151 to 157	Sense and Cents.....224
"A Night Off".....158, 159	"Allen Allwise".....224
Prof. James H. Harris.....160 to 162	"Lines to the Little Duchess".....225
Class Prophecy, 1903.....163 to 166	N. C. M. Club.....227
"Freshmen".....167	In Memoriam—Our Poet (W)rot(e).....228
"Juniors".....167	Intermediate Class.....229, 230
"Seniors".....167	Class History, 1904.....231, 232
Class of 1904.....169	Class of 1905.....235, 236
History of Class 1904.....170 to 172	Class History, 1905.....237, 238
Freshman Class, 1902-03, Officers.....175	"A Poet's Posy".....239
	A Seer's "Seecrecy".....240, 241
	Bubble and Trubbles of a Junior.....242 to 245



Francis Turquand Miles, M. D.



THERE is no nobler character in God's universe than the physician who has lived the life "without fear and without reproach." His experience is unique and such as to sound human nature to its very depths. The habitual practice of self-denial, the familiarity with all phases and degrees of suffering, the responsibility which rests upon him as the guardian of the secrets and the health and lives of his fellow-beings, develop in him the highest qualities of manhood. In the distinguished personage whose name heads this page we see an example of the model physician, the faithful teacher, the refined and courteous gentleman, and one who bears with modesty the honor of a long and well-spent life. Let us seek to profit by the lessons which the study of such a life affords.

Francis Turquand Miles was born on a plantation near Charleston, S. C., about the year 1828. He received his academic training and the degree of Bachelor of Arts at the Charleston College. His professional training and medical degree were obtained at the Medical College of the State of South Carolina. Shortly after graduation, in 1849, he went abroad and studied in Paris, under Charcot and Hirschfeld. Returning to Charleston, he became connected with the teaching faculty of his Alma Mater, filling successively the role of prosecutor, assistant demonstrator, demonstrator, assistant professor, and, in 1860, full professor of physiological anatomy, as successor of Professor Holbrook. On the outbreak of the Civil War, he entered the Confederate service as a private in the infantry. He soon rose to be lieutenant and later, captain. For a short time he had charge of Fort Sumpter during the attack upon it by the Federal fleet. At the Battle of Secessionville, S. C., in 1862, he was shot through the thigh, and he was also wounded at Fort Sumpter the following year. This led to his retirement from active service and during the last year of the war he held rank as full surgeon in the medical department. The war having closed, he resumed his chair in the Medical School. About this time he paid a second visit to Europe, attending the lectures of Claude Bernard and Brown-Sequard, in Paris, and studying diseases of the nervous system, under Gowers and Hughlings Jackson, in London. In 1868 he removed to Baltimore, and was immediately appointed professor of anatomy in the Washington University Medical School. In 1869 he was called to fill the chair of anatomy and clinical diseases of the nervous system at the University of Maryland. In 1880 he was transferred to the department of physiology, which he continues to fill at the present time.

Dr. Miles is a member of the Medical and Chirurgical Faculty of Maryland and has twice filled in it the office of vice-president. He was president of the American Neurological Association from 1880 to 1882. He is also an honorary member of the American Association of Physicians. He has been a consulting physician of the Johns Hopkins Hospital since its foundation, in 1889.

From an early period of his professional career, Professor Miles devoted himself to the study of diseases of the nervous system. It has already been mentioned that he sought the instruction of the great neurologists of London and Paris. On his appointment as clinical professor of nervous diseases at the University, in 1869, he secured opportunities for observation and study which he had not previously enjoyed, and he entered upon his work with enthusiasm. His frequent contributions of papers and cases and exhibition of patients at the local societies show that he was utilizing his advantages to the fullest extent. The subject was a new one, here or elsewhere, and Dr. Miles was the first to teach it as a specialty in Baltimore, and the first to bring before the Maryland profession the modern views and researches regarding it. In March, 1871, at the request of a number of practitioners of this city, he delivered a course of lectures upon the "Physiology and Pathology of the Nervous System," which continued three times a week for several weeks. They were intended chiefly for physicians, and were given at 5 P. M. In 1874 he contributed a paper at the annual meeting of the Medical and Chirurgical Faculty of Maryland, on the recent investigations into the "functions of the brain" by Hughlings Jackson, Ferrier, Fritsch, Hitzig and Nothnagel, which attracted great attention. He showed that the convolutions are not centres for ideas, as had been previously thought, but for movements, and indicated the site of the various centres of motion in the cerebral cortex. His activity as a neurologist can be best judged by a perusal of his contributions, a list of which is appended to this sketch.

For a long time he has been one of the most prominent figures in university circles. Endowed with a handsome face and figure, and with that ease and grace of manner and dignity which characterizes the Southern gentleman; he would be a marked figure in any circle. He has a good voice, of medium register, and ready command of language; he never uses notes. He is devoid of all vanity, pretense and prejudice, a hater of shams, and modest as to his own achievements. He has always been a close reader and deep thinker in the departments over which he presides at the university. An enthusiastic student himself, he has the happy faculty of imparting to his classes some portion of his own spirit, and at the same time presenting a subject with so much eloquence, force and clearness as to make a deep impression upon his hearers. These qualities have rendered him one of the most popular teachers the university has ever had, and a worthy successor of Cocke, Davidge, Godman, Geddings, Roby, Hammond, Johnson and Donaldson.

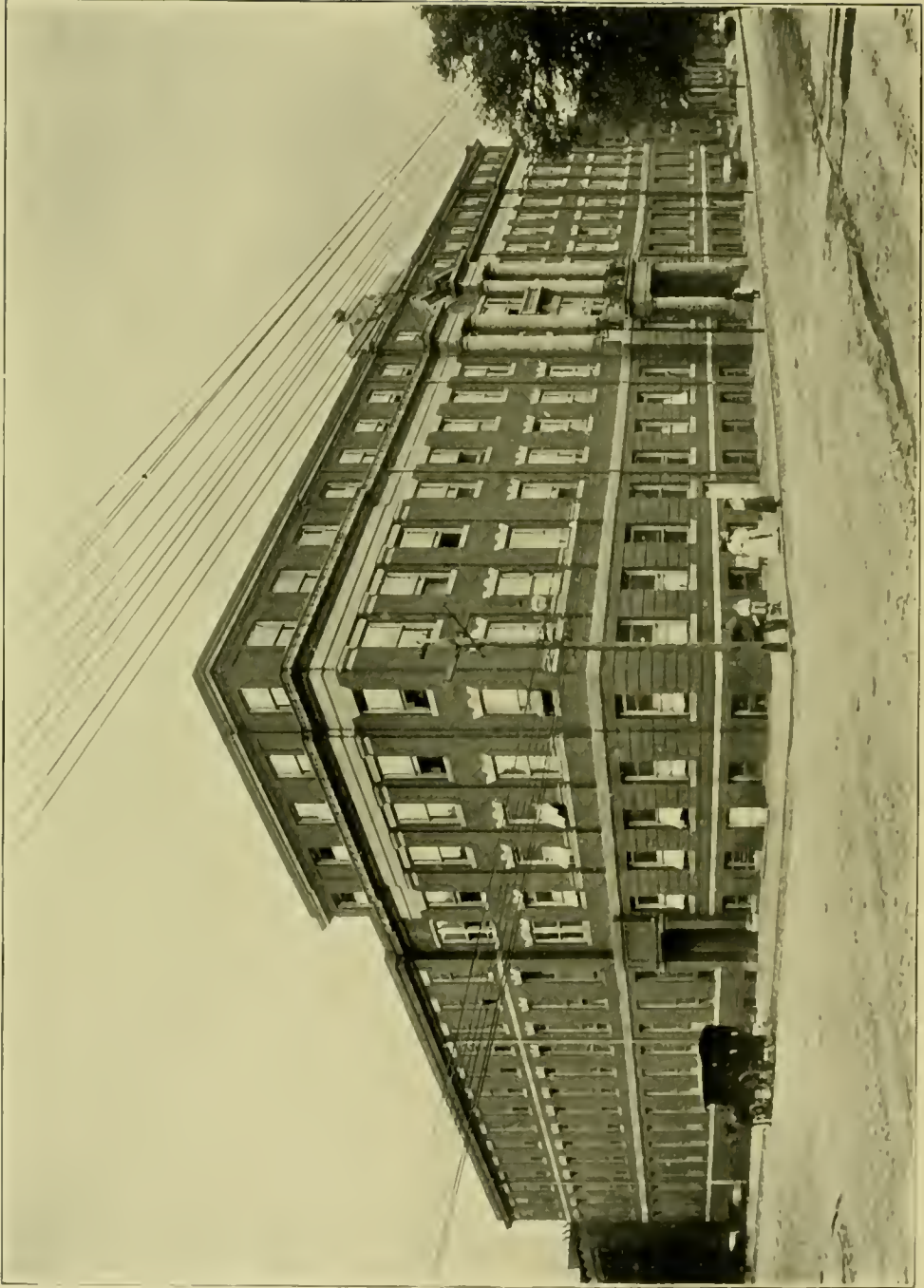
Dr. Miles has one son, L. Wardlow Miles, who, although a medical graduate of our university, has abandoned medicine for literature. He is now connected with the teaching staff of Johns Hopkins University, having recently taken the Doctorate of Philosophy in that institution.

The following is a more or less complete list of Dr. Miles' contributions to literature:

"Counter-irritation," *Baltimore Medical Journal*, 1870, pp. 65-72; "Notes of a Case of Cerebral Tumor," *Maryland Medical Journal*, 1871, pp. 2; "Kindfleisch's Pathological Anat-

omy," (*Translated*, with Dr. W. C. Kroman), 1872; "Valedictory Address to Graduating Class," University of Maryland, *Baltimore Sun*, March 7, 1871; "Peripheral Paralysis," *American Clinical Lectures*, by Seguin 1876. No. 12, Vol. 2, pp. 16; "A Contribution to Regional Diagnosis in Brain Lesion." *Translation, American Neurology Association*, 1877, pp. 7; "Case of Extreme Muscular Atrophy of the Lower Extremities, Neuritis (?) Recovery," *Maryland Medical Journal*, October, 1877, pp. 5; "Electricity in Medicine," *Maryland Medical Journal*, 1878, pp. 17; "A Contribution to Cerebral Localization," *Arch. of Medicine*, New York, 1879, pp. 2; "Tumor of the Pons Varolü," *Arch. of Medicine*, New York, 1881, pp. 3; "Case of Vaso-Motor Paralysis," *Trans., Medical and Chirurgical Faculty of Maryland*, 1881, pp. 3; "Two Cases of Neuritis of the Ulnar Nerves," *Maryland Medical Journal*, 1881, pp. 3; "Nutritive Alterations and Deformity of Fingers from Pressure on Nerves in the Axilla," *Journal Nervous and Mental Diseases*, New York, 1883, viii., p. 2; "Nutritive Alteration in the Hand from Pressure of the Head of the Dislocated Humerus in the Axilla," *Journal Nervous and Mental Diseases*, New York, 1883. x., p. 1; "Diseases of Peripheral Nerves," *System of Practice of Medicine*, by Wm. Pepper, V., 1886, pp. 34; "A Case of Accidental Intravertebral Nerve-Stretching," *New Orleans Medical and Surgical Journal*, 1886-7, xiv., pp. 6; "Resuscitation in Threatened Death from Chloroform," *Medical Record*, New York, 1888, xxxiii., p. 1; "Effect of Spinal Concussion on the Reflexes," *Trans., Association American Physicians*, 1888, pp. 6; "Hydrocephalus; Dropsy of the Brain. Water on the Brain. *Encyclopedia of Diseases of Children*, by J. M. Keating, 1890, iv., pp. 23; "Facial Paralysis, Bell's Paralysis," *International Clinics*, 1891, ii., pp. 9. "A Case Presenting the Symptoms of Landry's Paralysis, with Recovery," *Trans., Association American Physicians*, 1892, vii., pp. 3; "Hemiplegia, with Impaired Sensation from Injury to the Rolandic Region," *International Clinics*, 1894, iv., pp. 6; "Pseudo-Hypertrophic Muscular Paralysis," *American Text Book Diseases of Children*, by Starr, second edition, 1898, pp. 6; "Diseases of the Meninges of the Brain, Thrombosis of the Sinuses of the Dura Mater," *System of Practice of Medicine*, by Loomis & Thompson, 1898, iv., pp. 26.





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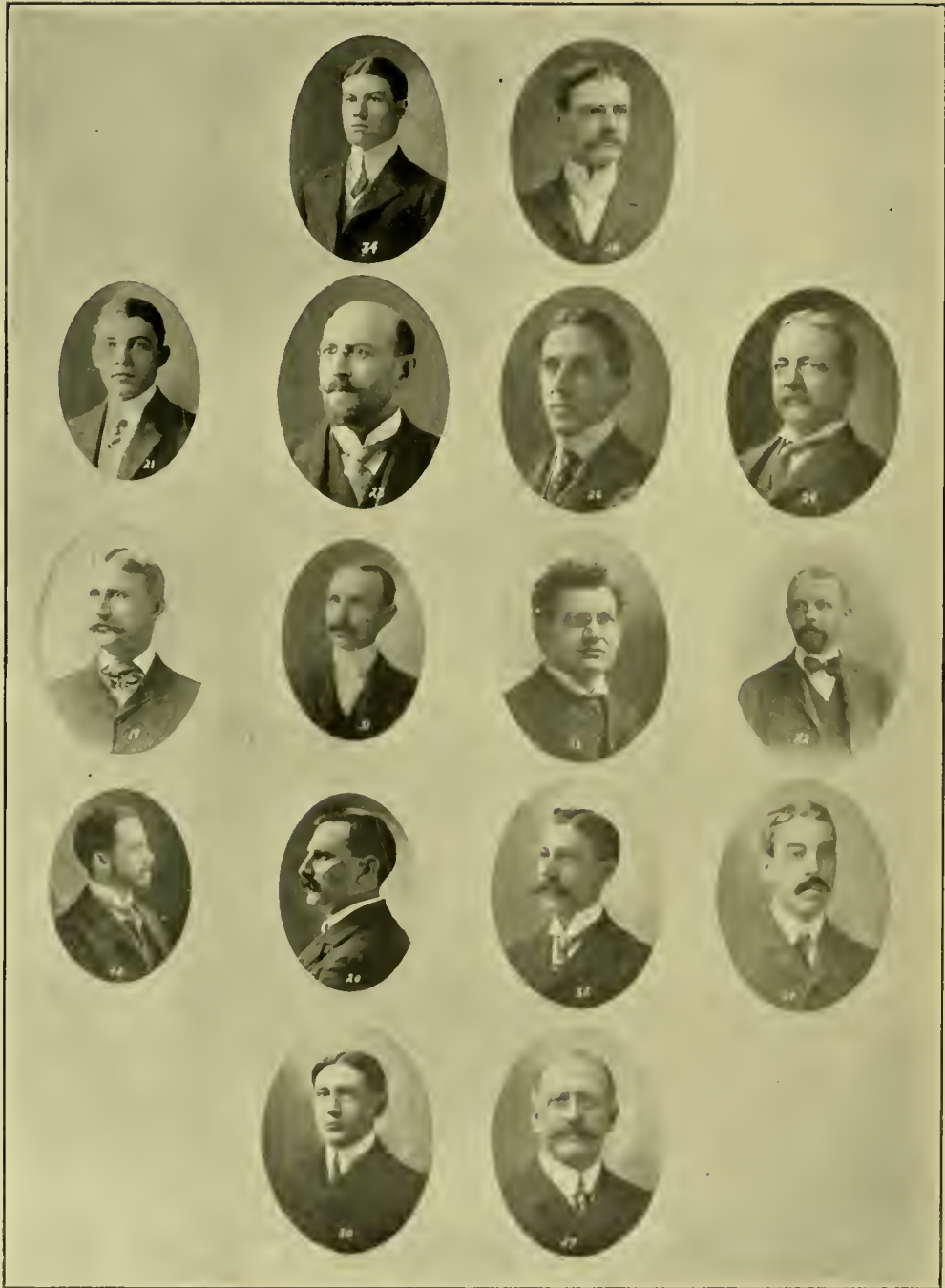
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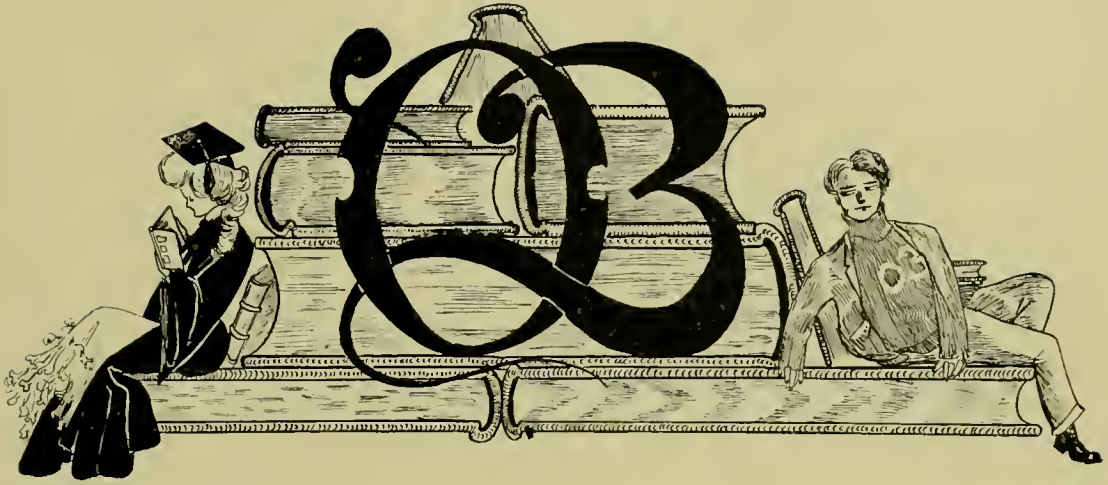
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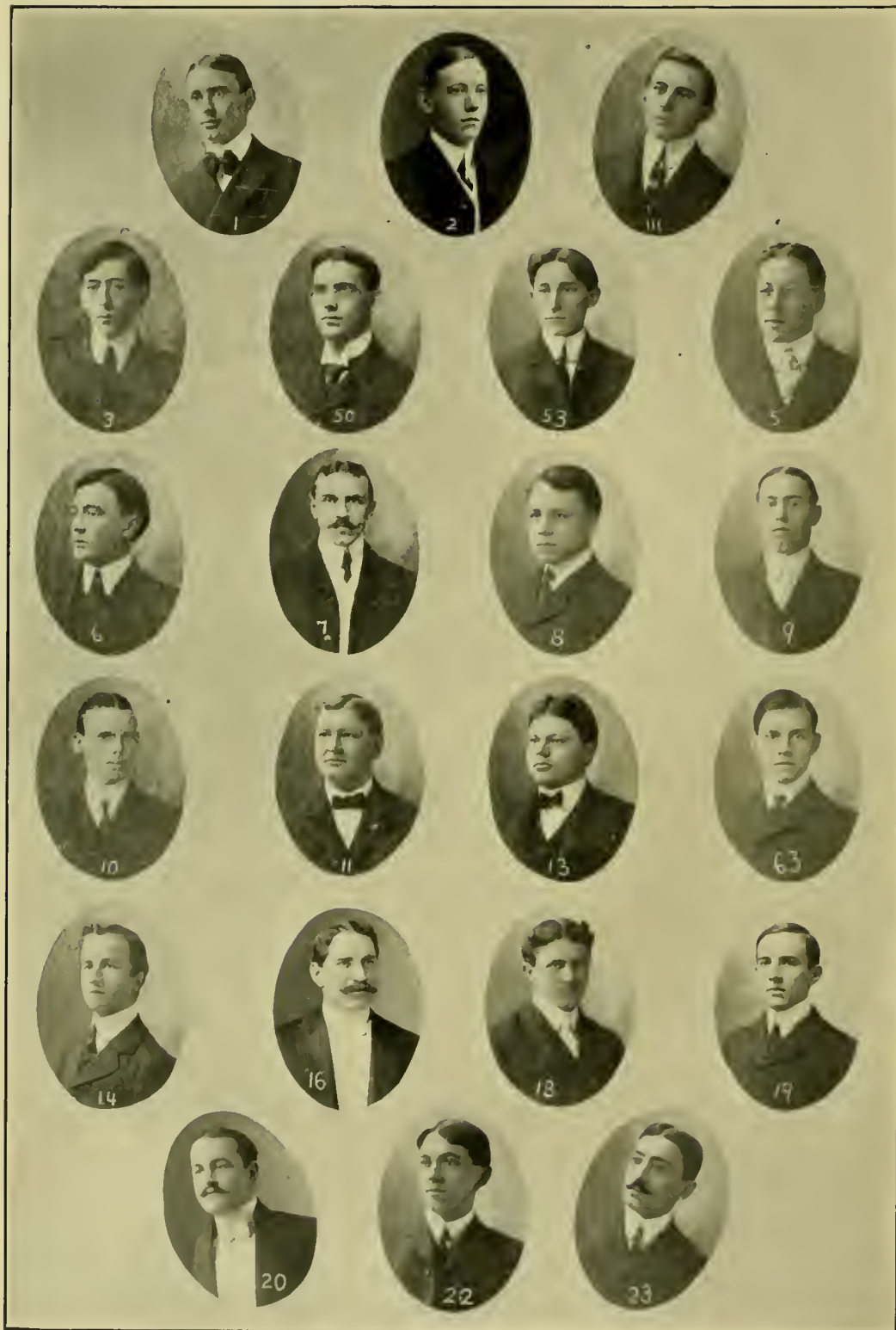
Medical Department

Of all the beautiful pictures
 That will hang on mem'ry's wall—
 Yea, hang in the brightest corner,
 Where the high light of fame will fall

(Ah, the years will swiftly onward,
 And adorn their dim vista—I see)
 Circled with "Maroon and Black"
 The Class of "1903."

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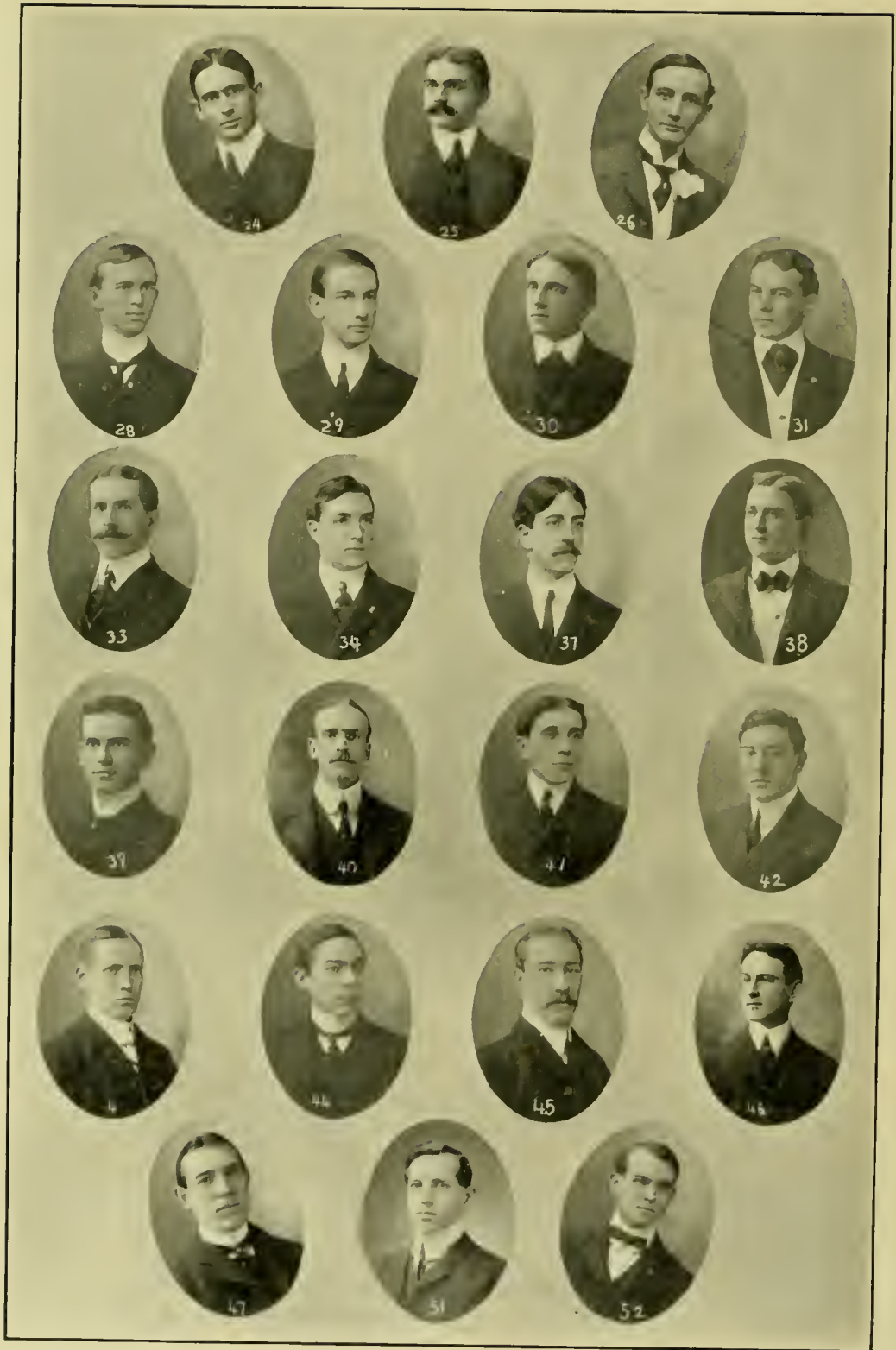
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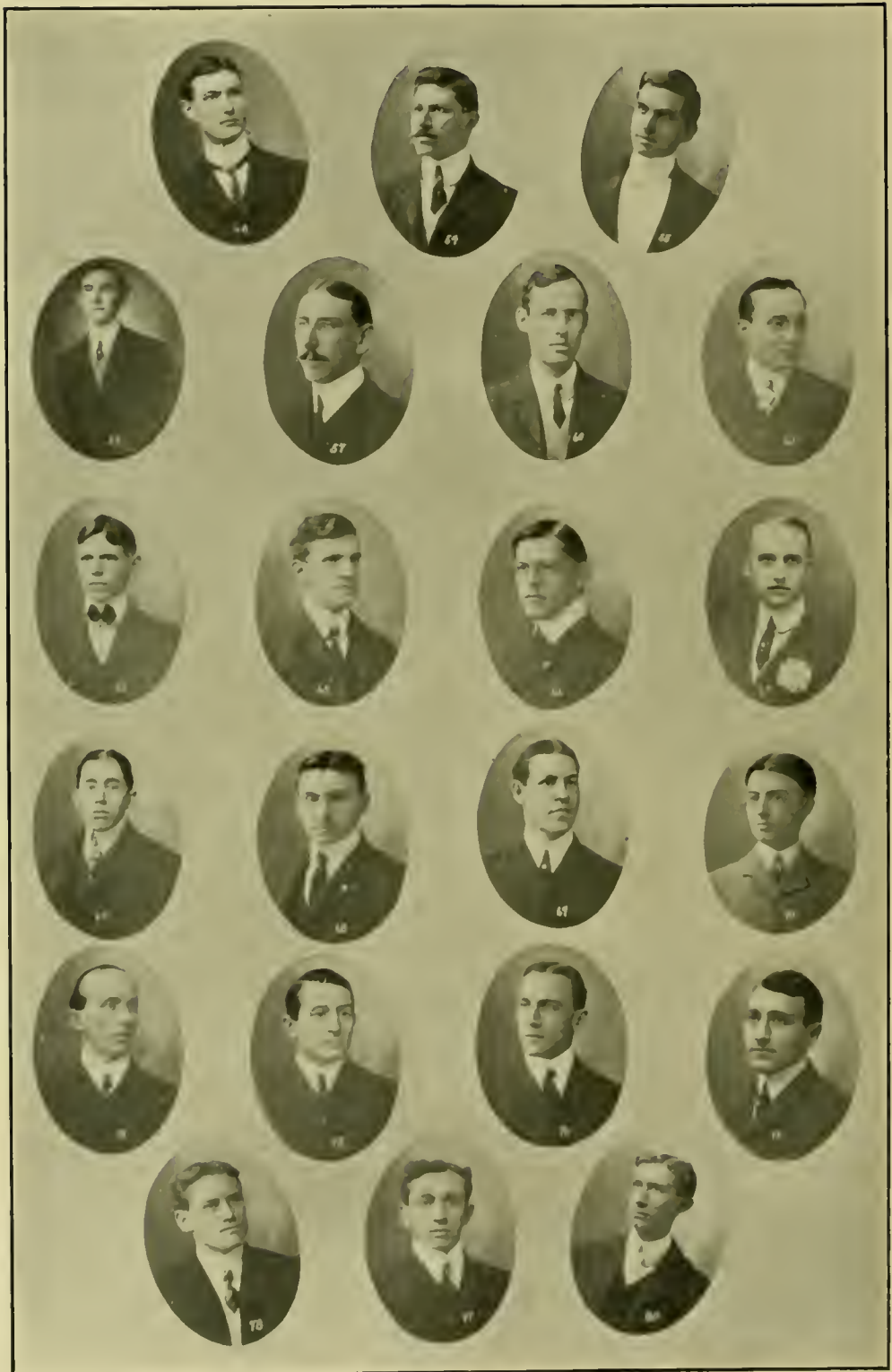
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30. EAKEN, B. W., Blacksburg, Va.
Randolph Macon—Medical College of Virginia.
31. EDWARDS, A. D., Φ. Σ. K., . Winston, N. C.
University of North Carolina.
32. EFIRD, LESTER J., K.Ψ., . . Manasses, Va.
Roanoke College—Secretary, '02-'03.
33. EVANS, JOS. G., Marion, S. C.
University of South Carolina—President South Carolina
Club—Executive Committee, '02-'03.
34. EVERHART, W. H., A. B., . Arnold, N. C.
Catawba College—University of North Carolina.
35. FITCH, WILLIS B., PH. G., . Moores, N. Y.
Troy Conference Academy—Class Prophet, '02-'03.
University of Buffalo.
36. FISHER, R. W., Φ. Σ. K., . . Baltimore, Md.
Vice-President, '02-'03—Executive Committee, '01-'02.
37. FOSSAS, MANUEL, A. B., . San Juan,
Porto Rico.
Provincial Institute.
38. FRENCH, B. S., M. D., K.Ψ., . Whitefield, N. H.
Whitefield High School—Tilton Seminary—Maryland
Medical College.
39. GENTRY, CHAS. W., B. S., . Spartanburg, S. C.
Clemson College, Varsity Football Team, '01-'02.
40. HAYES, W. A., PH. G., . . Hillsboro, N. C.



Class Members, 1903

Members—Continued

41. HARTLEY, HAROLD H., . . . Tyro Shops, N. C.
Yadkin College—Eton College—University of North
Carolina.
42. HENKEL, L. B., JR., PH. G., . . . Annapolis, Md.
St. John's College—Maryland College of Pharmacy.
43. HODGSON, H. M., PH. B., . . . Cumberland, Md.
Lafayette College, Soph. and Varsity Football Teams.
44. HOLLOWAY, HOWARD S., . . . Perryman, Md.
Tome Institute.
45. HUNTER, A. R., K. Ψ., . . . Simpsonville, S. C.
Furman University.
46. HURLEY, JAMES E., . . . Worcester, Mass.
Worcester High School.
47. IGLEHART, J. HOWARD, . . . Baltimore, Md.
Rock Hill College—Secretary, '99-'00-'01.
Baltimore City College—Endowment Committee, '02-'03.
48. JACKSON, R. W., D. D. S., . . . Bainbridge, Ga.
49. JAMISON, J. H., . . . Philadelphia, Pa.
Geneva College—Medico Chi—Jefferson Medical
College.
50. JEFFERSON, ROLLIN, JR., K. Ψ., Columbus, Ga.
Columbus City College, President, '00-'01, Vice-Presi-
dent, '99-'00, Executive Committee, '01-'02.
51. JOHNSON, H. O., . . . Machias, Mo.
Yale College—Skull and Sceptre Society.
52. JONES, WM. M., JR., . . . Ashville, N. C.
Ravenscroft College—University College of Medicine.
53. JONES, HOWARD W., . . . Baltimore, Md.
Baltimore City College.
54. KHUZAMI, SHADID, . . . Syria.
Syrian Protestant College.
55. KIEFFER, GEO. S. M., PH. G., Baltimore, Md.
Baltimore City College—Maryland College of Phar-
macy.
56. KING, SAMUEL J., PH. G., . . . Baltimore, Md.
Baltimore City College—Sergeant-at-Arms, '02-'03.
Maryland College of Pharmacy.
57. KURTZ, WM. E., . . . Newport News, Va.
Norfolk Academy—President Virginia Club.
University College of Medicine—Sergeant-at-Arms, '01-
'02.
58. LAKIN, H. A., A. B., . . . Frederick, Md.
Western Maryland College—New York University—
Bellevue Hospital.
59. LEVY, ALBERT M., . . . Monroe, N. C.
Roanoke College.
60. LINDLEY, ARTHUR F., . . . New York City, N. Y.
Yale College—Skull and Sceptre Society.
61. LINVILLE, W. C., . . . Kernersville, N. C.
Oakridge Academy.
62. LITTLEJOHN, R. M., . . . Charlotte, N. C.
Trinity College—University of North Carolina.
63. LOCKARD, G. CARROLL, K. Ψ., . . . Baltimore, Md.
Baltimore City College.
64. LYON, EUEL H., . . . Heston, N. C.
Trinity College—University of North Carolina.
65. MALDEIS, HOWARD J., . . . Baltimore, Md.
Baltimore City College.
66. MANN, THOS. ALLEN, Φ.Σ.Κ., North Carolina.
Trinity College—Vice-President, '00-'01—Captain Soph.
Team—Varsity Team.
67. MINOR, J. H., . . . Philadelphia, Pa.
Bordentown Institute—Medico Chi.
68. MEYERS, H. P., . . . Somerset, Pa.
Western University of Pennsylvania—California
Normal School.
69. MOOR, FRED CLIFTON, A. B., . . . Tallahassee, Fla.
Emory College—Historian, '99-'00—Executive Com-
mittee, '01-'02.
70. MULLAN, EUGENE H., B. S., . . . Annapolis, Md.
St. John's College.
71. MCPHERSON, S. DACE, . . . Liberty, N. C.
Liberty High School—University of North Carolina.
72. NICE, J. ALBERT, K. Ψ., . . . Baltimore, Md.
Baltimore City College.
73. NORTON, J. A., . . . Conway, S. C.
Medical College of South Carolina—Wofford College.
74. O'DONNELL, T. J., A. B., K. Ψ., Baltimore, Md.
Loyola College—Vice-President, '01-'02.
Editor, Bones, Molars and Griefs, '02-'03.
75. O'MARA, JOHN T., . . . Halethorpe, Md.
Mount St. Joseph's College—Executive Committee, '03.
76. OVERMAN, C. A., K. Ψ., . . . Baltimore, Md.
Baltimore City College—Secretary, '99-'00.
77. PABST, WM. J., . . . Philadelphia, Pa.
French Central College—Medico Chi—Jefferson
Medical College.
78. PATTERSON, ECTOR C., . . . Liberty, N. C.
University of North Carolina.
79. PETRIE, R. A., . . . Reepsville, N. C.
Lenoir College.
80. PHILLIPS, J. B., . . . Battleboro, N. C.
81. RIGGS, J. P., . . . Milton, N. J.
Jefferson Medical College.



Class Members, 1903



Moderato.

mary-land mary-land Univer-si-ty, our Alma, mater mary-land we
sing an ode to thee, we have given you four years of life, of
study, work, and care, and now we say quod bye to thee, our
dear old Uni-ver-si-ty

Rit.

Rit.

ritard.

Ode To Our Alma Mater



Executive Committee

CLIFFORD T. W. SAPPINGTON, Chairman.

CALVIN TODD YOUNG

ROBERT W. FISHER.

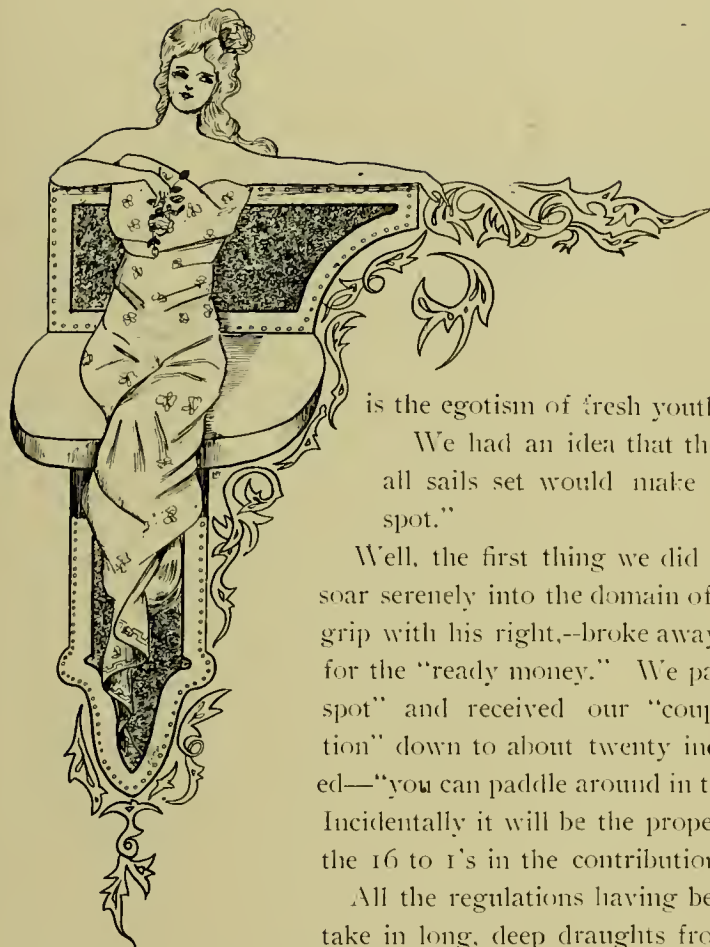
JOSEPH G. EVANS

CHARLES W. GENTRY.

JOHN F. O'MARA.

ROBERT O. CRIST

History of 1903



ON October 1st, 1899, we came stalking into town with all the airs and graces of conquering heroes. Surely nothing they could "hand out" would make us even hesitate in our triumphal march to M. D. Medicine was "easy" for us, there were only a couple of things we didn't know about it, anyhow. Such

is the egotism of fresh youths.

We had an idea that the way we would glide through with all sails set would make Santos-Dumont look like a "two spot."

Well, the first thing we did was to flap our "glad" wings and soar serenely into the domain of the "Subtreasurer." He gave us the grip with his right,—broke away and extended the "palmar" surface for the "ready money." We palpated the palmar arch with a "five spot" and received our "coupons." Tuning our "accommodation" down to about twenty inches, the "fovea centralis" registered—"you can paddle around in the scientific sun shine for one year." Incidentally it will be the proper thing to drop about 115 more of the 16 to 1's in the contribution box.

All the regulations having been complied with we were ready to take in long, deep draughts from the font of learning. Just about this time we had a burning thirst for knowledge (one lecture put the fires out.)

Soon after we had interviewed the "Chief Executive," the bell had a few words to say, and we had to chase up stairs to pick up a few points in Chemistry. From within, the dulcet strains of "Hang John Brown to a Sour Apple Tree," were wafted to our expectant ears. Having heard a great deal about the prowess of certain bipeds known as "Sophs," and we being of modest and retiring dispositions, naturally felt a delicacy in intruding. But knowing well the old saying that "he who hesitates is lost," we decided to make a rush for the front rows of the orchestra—these had for some unknown reason been left vacant, but—

It was not to reason why,
"Front seats" was the cry.
Downward we thundered.

Well, we had the front seats—for a few minutes—the rest of the hour we sat up in the tall trees in the rear, borne aloft (?) to our exalted (?) position by the lusty contractions of many biceps cubiti, assisted en route by Gastrocnemei and Solei Galore. We had been lured, like the unsuspecting little lambs we were, into the front row and then it was a case of "go back to the three rear sits and sit—and back we went.

In a few minutes amid bursts of applause our stout and jovial chemist, tripped lightly into the "pit." One wave of the hand and the uproar was transformed into the stillness of night. In a few well chosen words all were bid a hearty welcome, and then, indeed, did the light of science burst forth, reflected in dazzling uncertainty from convolution to convolution of our poor, little unsophisticated brains fresh from the country.

We sat there and "sizzled" for an hour and then filed out sadder but wiser men. Chemistry, after all, was not to be mastered in any wild whirlwind of ease and pleasure.

It was enjoyable to watch the festive "K" and "Na" chase themselves over the water in a path of fiery magnificence, we appreciated the brilliant glow of the rapidly oxidizing Ng. These were only a few points and many were the long hours to be spent in study before we could hope to walk into examination and pull down at least the almighty .75 from its lofty perch.

We had Osteology and Materia Medica to struggle with as freshmen, you know the saying, "dry as a bone"—well, never was truer word spoken, if there's anything dryer in this whole glad universe than bones, its not mentioned in Noah Webster's unabridged dictionary of the English language. You can imagine that we were not up against the easiest thing mortal man ever tackled. Then, too, there were the amusements of a big town to distract out attention. Look on the two sides of the picture—"Bones Book and Bad Light" in our rooms with herbs and roots as a side dish. Up the street, "Tommy's" with the little round tables and the long thin glasses, filled with the representative from Milwaukee. Farther up town, theatres galore, the comedian, who at times, got off a real joke, the leading lady who used to do Shakespeare, but is now willing to shout "coon songs" at fabulous wage per shout, last but not least, the petite little chorus girl with the naughty wink. In fact, it was only too easy for some of us to choose between the two. "I'll have time to read up that last lecture later" started it—then many were the lectures we consigned to the dim future. It was great sport but what happened a few months later? Many an hour, long after the town was asleep did we, with bleared and reddened eyes, "put in" in a wild endeavor to catch up.

But how about the boys who had said "get thee behind me Satan." As regards peace of mind, they were no better off than the others, for one of the particular delights(?) about medicine is that you can never know the subject well enough. No matter how much you delve there is plenty more in the field of "Medical knowledge" to plough up and deposit in nature's great store house—the brain. You might study, read and discuss until the "Crack of Doom" and there would still be sufficient left to make life strenuous for all who cared to join in.

Happily, most of us imbibed sufficient to conquer the "Exams," many covering their brows with honors, others getting through by the proverbial "skin of their teeth" and still others—well it was sad, but they looked it over in the fall and few indeed were there who didn't retrieve the misfortunes of the past. Our trials and tribulations over for the time being at least, we betook ourselves to "home, sweet home," there to wile away the well earned holiday in the pleasures of the "good old summer time." Probably it would have been judicious to have looked at a text book once in a while, in fact, we had made just such good resolutions when we were fast in the grip of Aesculapius. Resolutions are, however, highly susceptible to compound comminuted fractures, and in most cases at least, driving THE little girl about in the dusk of the evening or by Luna's soft light, dancing, and other pastimes of the fortunate young were enjoyed until—well, it was time to go back, and "we sure had clean forgotten the books."

October 1st, 1900, saw us back in good old Baltimore, happy to see each other and the old university again.

Some of our old comrades, unlike the cat—didn't come back, but there was new material to fill up the gaps in our ranks.

The Freshmen, not seeming to realize that we were "Sophs" and per se, the real, real thing, began to take liberties with the "mighty" i. e., US. Their central and peripheral nervous systems reached such huge development that it became necessary to reduce them, not gently, but forcibly to their proper station. After taking several rides on the "loop the loop" in the "Anatomical Theatre" and various trips on the "aerial railway" to the "three rear seats," they quieted down, and with few exceptions were good little boys till the end of the year. The exceptions had the unheard of audacity to produce with the aid of various inunctions of vaseline, a hypertrophic condition of their facial lanugo. Well, we had a "shaving bee" one day and shaved the whole bunch, big and little. One gay Lothario made a police justice charge us twenty-five of the "hard, heavy circulars" for the little amputation we had performed on him. Being good losers we "gave up cheerfully," things began to get warm for him, he left and we think this last, repaid us fully for all losses incurred.

Fate and the Faculty had destined that Anatomy, Physiology and Chemistry should be the next rungs for us to climb in the ladder of our beloved science. Beside this we had our laboratory work to get off and were supposed to bid farewell to dissection. Of course, most all of you have heard of or have some idea of the beauties and delights of dissecting. It is practically the only way to learn the intricate internal mechanism of that complex animal—man. When the icy blasts of winter were chasing themselves over the housetops and around the chimneys our work in practical anatomy was a pleasure. But when the balmy zephyrs of spring came stealing softly in at the open window and things began to "thaw out"—it was "good-by Dolly I must leave you." We hustled up and Dolly or Jimmy, as it happened to be, were left to the tender mercies of Lord Perry the celebrated bone merchant and master of that beautiful little villa "Crem-atory Lodge."

Now, indeed, did we have troubles of our own, the finals were approaching. Anatomy and Physiology loomed up like two big boulders in our path and all the open spaces seemed filled with the omnipresent Chemistry.

This year most of us had realized that only by good, hard work could we hope to accomplish our ends in anything like a satisfactory manner. Therefore, we felt a little more certain about the result than we had the year before. Unfortunately the brightest prospects oftentimes only foreshadows more tough luck. When we got that little sheet of paper with the six little "cerebral puzzlers, each followed by a formidable ? mark, some at least realized that in a wild endeavor to learn the whole thing they had paid entirely too little attention to the essentials. Consequently, though victory crowned the efforts of many, a few were presented with—"call again next fall," we begin to do business about November 15th and will be delighted to consume a few hours of your valuable time."

Trouble over we wandered once more to the old hearth stone, only to return in a few short months for a try at the third installment.

Being juniors, we, with the deference of our station, looked benignly on while the freshmen that had been, "lammed" the new batch of children. In one short week we awoke to the fact that there must be "something doing" with the text books. Never before in our history had we seen such "oodles" of brain food. Can upon can of condensed Therapy, all the latest varieties and preparations of Obstetrics, Surgery, Practice, Pathology, Bacteriology, Medical Jurisprudence and Hygiene, in like proportion. We had just seven months to ingest and digest the whole consignment. Sad to say no satisfactory method for the modification of medical food to the needs of the growing young medical student has yet been devised.

Fifteen stalwart North Carolinians came from the University of North Carolina to be our companions in misery. They were all good fellows whom we welcomed with all the fervor and good feeling peculiar to suffering mortals when they meet other unfortunates.

Brains trained by experience which we might now be said to possess, though well aware of the raggedness of the path, soon learned to take a subtle pleasure in fathoming to the bottom, nature's innermost secrets. What was hard grinding work, now, when we could, with hope bounding in our bosoms, look forward to the time when we would be learned and honored members of a noble profession. For surely this was the ambition of all.

Some of us doubtless, have conjured up air castles which will never materialize, but if we do our duty and are not crowned with the laurel wreath of success, we can at least look back on the past without suffering the quams of neglected opportunity. We at least have done our best—angels can do more.

It is the custom at the end of the third year to appoint thirty lusty juniors, internes in the University Hospital for the ensuing year, all the comforts of home granted. Moral surroundings, excellent—the superintendent of the hospital, assisted by the Baltimore police force and the Maryland National Guards absolutely assure all anxious mothers that "little Willie" is safer from temptations in the "House" than he would be at home. A few days

after commencement the announcement of the lucky ones was posted on the bulletin board. For the modest sum of 120 "plunks" they were enabled to call the "House" home, sweet home for one year. It might be appropriate here to dilate on the beauties of

"THE HOUSE."

A large, imposing edifice, finished in old brick, three stories, low, fronting on Baltimore's most beautiful boulevard the "Bowery." Cars to Electric Park and Riverview pass the door every five minutes. In the rear it overlooks a large spacious park, vulgarly designated the "back yard." A beautiful lawn, 9 by 4 yards, adorned by two pear trees, last year's cigarette boxes and a sparse growth of jimson weeds is found in the park. The floors are of hard wood and uncarpeted—carpets are not hygienic, for the same reason furniture and hangings are dispensed with as far as possible.

Two electric lights (?) are found in each room—they burn every now and then. The spacious hall leading to the bachelor apartments is one of the beauties of the domicile, the walls are frescoed in delightful abandon with a mixture of wall paper and wall.

Shortly after our installation the rules and regulations were propounded by the "chief." We hesitate to mention them, but append a few of our own manufacture:

RULE I., SEC. I.—Don't speak to the nurses—let them speak first. This is a rule of polite society.

RULE I., SEC. II.—It is commendable to cheer said nurse with pleasant conversation, but it is a crime to let the powers nab you in the act.

RULE II.—If bibulously inclined, look not upon the wine in the ward when it is red—this is the time for action, not contemplation.

RULE III.—If the orderly gets gay—pacify him; then ring the accident bell.

RULE IV.—If the superintendent should suddenly walk into the diet kitchen, under certain conditions it will be wise to be busy sterilizing instruments.

RULE V.—Don't indulge in sulphurous language in the operating rooms—ether is inflammable.

RULE VI.—You will "probably" be invited to all the Hospital dances—forget it.

RULE VII.—"Jolly the residents."

RULE VIII.—Don't spill ink on the ward floor—history paper is supplied for that purpose.

RULE IX.—If one of the D. T.'s gets obstreperous—try "Force."

We started the summer with a bang-up little house warming, eats, drinks and music by the "House" string orchestra to charm the ear. What more could be desired to make an evening pass pleasantly.

Many were those who patronized not wisely, but too well the flowing bowl," and many a silent form perambulated unsteadily down the steps in the early hours of the morning in search of the old ice cooler.

Never again do any of us expect to pass a pleasanter summer than we have as boys together in the "Old House on the Bowery."

The good old days of college life, the happiest in a man's career are fast coming to an end. In a short time the Rubicon will have been crossed, examinations forever banished and then will come the test. To paddle our own canoe over the rough sea of life. Let us hope that there will be no wrecks, that all will find anchorage in the harbor of success.

Here's a full glass to ourselves.

HISTORIAN.

Prophecy—Class 1903



IT required the constructive ability of Fulton to give to the world the benefit of the steamboat, the inventive genius of Morse to give the telegraph, the fertile brain of Roentgen to give the X rays, but it required the combined efforts of more than a score of learned professors at the University of Maryland to give to the world a class, such as the medical class of 1903. So diversified are its talents, so wide spread its influences, that banner classes, medal classes, and prize classes, dwindle into insignificance when compared with it. Yes, I know this is more history than prophecy, but since coming events casts their shadows before them, the remarkable achievement already gained by the class, makes the task of foretelling the future of its individuals or even of the class collectively, indeed very hard. Oh, just the thing, my long lost pipe. I have looked for it in vain for weeks, but just now as I was looking out into space, and wondering what to do, it seemed to move towards me, with an appealing air, as much as to say, why don't you try me, I know all of the boys of your class? But the more I think about it the less confidence I have in its ability, just why I do not know. It seems to have vengeance in its eyes, perhaps it is because I have sworn never again to warm its body. Now, what shall I do. I can not have a vision or a dream, so my last resort is to call on some one of the faculty and see if he cannot help me out.

Will it be Dr. Coale. No, his prices are too high this year. Dr. Mitchell, he is too childish in his remarks. Dr. Bond is too specific in his. Dr. Winslow has been known to cut his best friend. Dr. Chew to thump or bleed his. Of course I know Dr. Wood is our eye-deal, but there is Dr. Miles, he is always ready to stimulate your nerves, and that is just what I need, so I am off for his office. As I entered it, I could feel his piercing eyes watching every movement of my body.

"What's the matter with you today?" he said. In a very few words I unloaded my troubles. He looked perplexed, then in an encouraging way, invited me into his back office where he applied the galvanic current to my head. Thinking that the current was not strong enough to produce the desired effect I opened up the switch to its full extent. My outward

consciousness left me and seemed to be wandering over this broad United States as though I was looking for some one. At first, I did not know which way to turn, but after some hesitation I landed in New York City. The first man to greet me was Dr. Arthur F. Lindley. I was not a bit surprised when he invited me up to the Waldorf-Astoria to breakfast, for I know he often orders two breakfasts, even when he is alone. Arthur is practicing medicine(?) in Lakewood in winter and on Blackwell's Island in summer. He claims to have a cinch, especially at his summer quarters. During our chats, Willis' name was mentioned, and "Art" informed me that Gentry, Carter and Willis joined Primrose and ??? minstrels soon after graduating. They made a great hit the first year out, singing "In Old Virginia," but Gentry's voice got too high for the company, so he went back to South Carolina to practice medicine. After about six months' rehearsing, Carter and Willis learned a new song, so they are still traveling. Soon after leaving the city I landed in Elmira, and there I recognized Dr. Richard H. V. Dann, standing in front of the State Reform School. He told me a good many things about himself and a few of our classmates. "Dick is now physician and chaplain at the above institution, also lectures once a week to the boys."

The subject of his last lecture was: "How I downed temptation when I was treasurer of the medical class of 1903, at U. of M." He said that his old room-mate, Dr. H. R. Boyer had made a great reputation for himself, in a small town in West Virginia by opening a boil on a patient's neck without cutting the femoral artery, also that Benson has been suffering with "Cephalitis" and his attending physician, Dr. L. Barrow has made a great reputation as a brain specialist.

Of course, I had to go up to the Doctor's office, and while there I happened to pick up "The Journal of the American Medical Association." On the first page I noticed that on page 345 Dr. T. J. O'Donnell had written a paper on "Dermoid Cysts," so I turned quickly to the page mentioned and there I saw about forty verses of poetry.

Evidently it was easier for him to discuss the subject in poetry than in prose, but what surprised me most was that Tom should try to impress the public that it was a good deal easier for him to write:

A rag and a tag, and a hank of hair;
 A nail and a tail, and tooth so fair;
 These all in a ball, with some more combined,
 Make up something that surgeon's find.

than to write "Dermoid Cysts" at the top of his paper. After wading through it, I glanced over the news from the different States, and noticed the following:

"Dr. Coale, of the University of Maryland, has resigned his chair and office in favor of L. Bernard Hinkel, Ph. G., M. D., a young rising physician of Annapolis."

Drs. King and Kieffer, of Baltimore, are now serving a term in the penitentiary for malpractice. Being called upon to do an operation for skin grafting on a lady's chin, they maliciously used the skin of a man's face, and as result, the lady grew a full beard.

Doctors Evans, Ford and Petrie have been speculating in (silver) salts this month with gratifying results.

The celebrated Doctor Adolph Rosett has just sent to press the fourteenth (and we understand the last) volume of his exhaustive treatise entitled "The Principles and Practice of Obstetrics, as I understand it."

Professor Howard W. Jones, B. L., M. L., B. S., M. D., is demonstrator in Otology at the veterinary college in Zion Center, Arizona.

Dr. L. B. Salters has accepted the position as instructor in Anatomy at the Woman's Medical College, of Baltimore.

Dr. W. D. Riordan has been appointed physician to the Old Ladies' Home of the same city.

Dr. Weed took first prize as being the handsomest man in the Maryland Medical Society. His office sign reads: "Hours--1 to 3 P. M. Ladies only!"

Dr. G. Carroll Lockard has been suffering with dilation of the stomach which he contracted while a student of medicine. Doctors Nice, Donahoo, Crist and Edwards became so fond of bones during their four years of college work, they are unable to do without them.

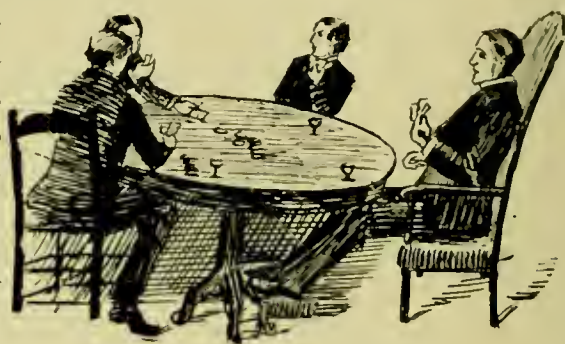
Dr. Clifford T. W. Sappington has been appointed obstetrician of the Italian ward of the U. of M. Hospital.

The Dago's have become so fond of "Sap," the little ones are taught to call him father.

Dr. Willis Alston, Jr., owing to his imaginary practice in the city, has had to resign his position as assistant to the nurses of the above hospital.

I was sorry to read that Little Guy Asper and "Baby" Brent had to be sent to the Children's Asylum as incurable. They were so peaceful, quiet and manly while a "house student." I do not believe they kicked down more than ten doors nor smashed more than fifty chairs during that time.

Dr. Hiram Harold Hartley got two patients *who paid* the first month he practiced, but he could not stand prosperity, and is now suffering with alcoholic neuritis, his attending physician is Dr. A. L. Levy. Latest news—Hartley cannot possibly live! After leaving Dick's office I wandered towards Maryland, and as I looked the State over I saw a good many familiar names and faces, especially in Baltimore. The first thing that caught my eye was a sign painted on the front of a large brick building, just outside of the city limits. It read: "Spengler's Hot Air Sanatorium." I entered the building and was informed at the office that the physician in charge was Dr. Nathaniel L. Spengler, he was at the present time in his operating room applying "his hot air cure" to Josiah Slicer Bowen for Marasmus or Rickets, diagnosis had not been made sure. Not having the time to wait for him, I left my card picked up one of his circulars and started towards the door. There were several testi-



monials in the little booklet that interested me very much. Two of them read as follows:

To whom this may concern: I took the "Hot Air" treatment for nearly four years and was cured of diseases too numerous to mention.

Yours,

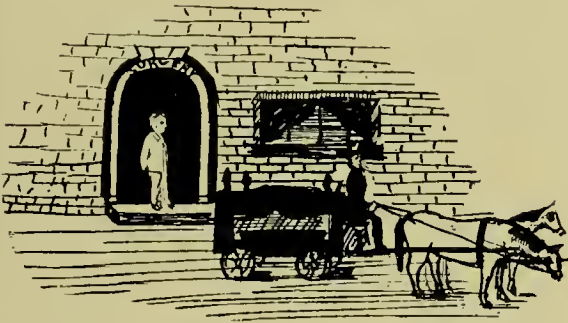
DR. C. W. GENTRY.

(Charlie is now chief physician to the Salvation Army of the South.)

Anybody and Everybody—

I am known far and wide as an advocator of the beneficial results obtained by using Bichloride of Mercury solution 12.000, but I also want the public to know that I use "Hot Air" on every case I treat.

DR. EUGENE H. MULLAN.



While I was standing on the street Dr. Thomas A. Mann drove by looking very sad. They say Tom performs a good many operations at his hospital these days.

After walking around the city awhile I decided to go up to the U. of M. Hospital to see if any of our boys were there. Just as I turned the corner, I recognized Dr. Naim Suliman Cotran coming towards me, wearing his old familiar smile. Naim was certainly dressed in the height of fashion, a regular "Bean Brummel," high silk hat, "Prince Albert" coat, light pair of trousers and patent leather shoes. He told me that he received a very good appointment from the city, soon after graduating, as "Physician in charge of the hospital for heart diseases." It is needless to mention that the head nurse is Miss C—.

He also told me that the people of Syria were still in rebellion, caused by the government "over taxing" them so that Dr. Shadid Khuzami might finish his education here in America.

When I reached the hospital I walked into the office and was surprised to be greeted by Dr. Charles A. Overman, the present superintendant. This was his reward for his good services as ambulance surgeon during the last three years.

As we were talking a person whose face seemed familiar went by the door; upon inquiring, found it to be Henry Mann Hodgson. He is now head porter. At first I was surprised, but on remembering that the hospital held an attraction for him I could not help from admiring his nerve. There were many changes on the staff, so I'll just mention a few: James E. Hurley is one of the visiting surgeons, James considers such operations as Cardi-acotomy and Pneumonec-tomy among the minor ones.

The other surgeons are, William I. Buppert, Howard J. Maldeis and William F. Talbot and Frederick J. Wilkins. Among the tending physicians are, Walter Wesley Sawyer, Wallace B. Eakin and A. P. Bohannan's names. Dr. Joshua Rosett is visiting nerve specialist.

While I was reading these names from the bulletin, Charles excused himself, so that he might change a suit and tie, as of old, he has a limit hour for each. At this moment Dr. Rollins Jefferson, Jr., came in wearing a pair of blue goggles. He informed me that he had to resign his position as Professor of the Clinical Laboratory because he could not distinguish colors, *especially* when looking through a microscope. I was sorry to hear this because "Jeff" was devoted to his work.

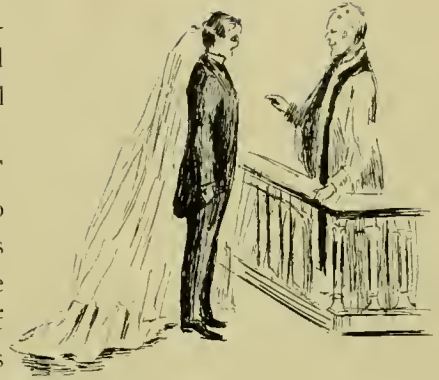
The doctor and I went up stairs to the Amphitheatre we entered, expecting to see some one of the surgeons operating, but instead found Dr. Howard S. Halloway delivering a "side talk" to the nurses. Can this really be our old joke I asked, if so, what a change, he used to be so bashful. We seemed to confuse him a little, so we withdrew and went down stairs to the dispensary, which we found to be in charge of Dr. Mannel Fossas. While I was waiting for the doctor to answer some of my questions concerning the clinic, I heard some one say in a high-pitched voice, "now do not try to carry all of those bottles, for I am going up stairs soon, so will take them up for you." On looking around I saw an old familiar sight, Briscoe standing in the drugroom window. Is Briscoe still working in the drugroom? I asked, yes, said Fossas, he received a very odd appointment, we do not understand just what it is. He is Winslow's, also Dr. Ashby's manikin, also acts as druggist, porter, elevator boy, secretary to the sup. of nurses, who by the way, is now Miss P—, also has charge of their annual 'Fairs.' It is needless to say that I did not get a chance to talk with him owing to his numerous duties.

"Next," said Dr. Fossas to the patients sitting on the bench. What is your name? he asked, speaking to a young man that looked as though he had seen better days. I thought I knew him, but before I could fully convince myself of the fact, he answered in a deep bass voice, my name is "Monsell Ray Bell." Where do you live? Bell seemed to hesitate, then he said: "I have no home," poor fellow, no home and sick. After a little pause, he told us "how it happened," he said: Soon after I graduated I gave up the idea of practicing medicine and went on the stage; Riggs did the same thing. We started out playing David Harum. I took the part of David, Riggs, of the cashier.

Everything went along in grand style for ten years. The first day of our engagement here in the city I contracted a heavy cold so we could not produce the play. Riggs had become so use to playing the part of the cashier he skipped with the money (following, you see, his idea of cashier), and I am left without a cent of money. We could not help from sympathizing with Ray, so we gave him what cash we could spare and then I started in to raise a purse for him. The "Doctors" gave him a "white ticket" and that is the last I have seen of the poor fellow. I hope he has recovered and will meet with better success in the near future.

Dr. Fossas showed me a picture; also a full account of the marriage of Dr. Augusta A. Babione that he had cut out of a paper from Toledo, Ohio. We all expected this, so by his permission I'll insert the picture.

On my way out of the dispensary, I bought a "News" and was surprised to find that it devoted the first page to the consideration of Dr. Albert Livingston Wilkinson's method of curing insanity at Bay View Asylum where he stationed. The "Doctor" claims that by delivering one of his orations every four hours which contains quotations from most of the noted writers, so puzzles the inmates that in their effort to grasp his meaning, their minds are rebalanced. This remarkable achievement does not surprise me in the least when I remember the stump speech he made on the eve of his election as president of our class.



I could not find any more of the boys in Baltimore so started to slowly inspect the State. Just on the border of this State and Virginia I saw Wilson driving along a country road at full speed. Mark was hurrying to the State convention of the Chicken Raisers' Association where he is to deliver a lecture on the Prophylaxis of Pip in chickens. As I longed to see Dan Watkins. I started for Hagerstown where I inquired for him, and was directed to the outskirts of the city where I would find the hospital of which he is sole owner. Imagine my surprise, on arriving at the place I was directed to, when I saw a magnificent building surrounded by a beautiful yard, in which there was a pond also a good many trees and statuary. I went to the office and found my old friend not much changed only a little stouter. He greeted me cordially and at once sent for his wife. Another surprise was in store for me, when Mrs Watkins entered, for she proved to be one of the nurses whom we all knew he was fond of once upon a time. She was of a very great assistance to him in his work. During our chat, he told me about some of our class mates, where they are and what success they are meeting with:

French went West soon after graduating, and is taking care of a large country practice, in North Dakota.

Cahoun is in New York City, prospering also; gives a great deal of his time to work in the slums.

De Cornis has given up medicine, and is making a tour around the world, having married a wealthy widow.

Craven has given up his large practice (?), and has now opened up the largest boot-black establishment in the South.

I just received a letter from Windley. Dan said: "Gene is living in a little cabin along Albemarle Sound, spending all his time in fishing and hunting. He has given up the practice of medicine—not because he was not successful, but because he was too tired to look after it."

LIBRARY
INDEXED
I also learned of Elird, and really felt sorry for that poor fellow. Being disappointed in love, he forsook his friends, and is laboring as a medical missionary among the natives of Borneo. He also told me about Collier—that Sara was rapidly becoming rich, as he is running the only drug store in Salisbury in connection with his practice. His prescriptions all read as follows:

Spirits Fermenti, ss.

Sig: Ad libitum.

After bidding the Doctor and his wife good-bye, I wandered down through Virginia, and ran across Dr. Fairfax George Wright. Dr. Wright is very popular among the old ladies of his section. They all swear by him. I tried my best to find out the charm, but could not. Of course, it did not surprise me to find that his office was at the "Old Ladies' Home." He asked me if I had heard what success Whittle and Iglehart had met with since they started out to revolutionize medicine? I heard of them lecturing to a very enthusiastic audience at Egg (center), and one or two other places, as Stony Creek and Bull Run, but I have not heard of them since.

Where is William E. Kurtz? Is he prospering as usual? Wright's face became very sad, then he said: poor fellow, he became insane trying to raise a mustache and is now in the State Asylum, which is under the control of Dr. David D. Coffee. I tried to discourage him knowing as I did, that the attempt once before made him very sick. I think also that he was disappointed in love, while a fourth year student at college. After learning the shortest route to North Carolina, I started out, wondering who would be the next member of that *wonderful class* I would meet.

As I was passing through one of the small towns, I noticed that there was a good deal of excitement in front of the justice office. After talking with about fifty men. I found out that Dr. E. C. Patterson had brought suit against a man for sending after him, and upon making an examination he found that his services were not needed. He, "the doctor," claims that the man had no right to send for him unless he was really sick, and claims \$1,000 damage to his reputation because he could not find any disease.

Dr. W. C. Linville testified that the people in his community understood his views so well on the above subject that he has not had a single case. On looking over his records they found that he had only treated two patients during his three years of practice. One of the patients was his mother-in-law. She is dead, the other I'll not mention for his sake.

I was not a bit surprised to find Dr. S. Dace McPherson, Professor of children's diseases at the University of North Carolina. He certainly makes a howling success as a teacher at his clinic, the baby's join in the "howl," but his assistant, Dr. Emil H. Lyon, has gained a great reputation for pacifying children.

His favorite prescription is:

Tr. Opii, one teaspoonful.

Syr. Simple q. s., one-half ounce.

Big teaspoonful every hour until child is quiet.

Some one of the boys told me that Dr. Loami Josiah Smith was practicing in a small town in South Carolina. So I started to find him. As I was walking along a country road I noticed a man out in the field digging potatoes, thinking, perhaps, he could tell me where Smith lived, I stopped and inquired, but before I had asked him I recognized the slightly bent form to be Arthler R. Hunter—goodness, what a change. He now wears a full beard, his hair long, his clothes are not pressed, as of old, in fact, he is a “typical farmer.” I asked “Simp” if he had stopped practicing medicine. Gosh—no—he said—I practice when I feel like it, but the people down this way seem to think that the only time they need a doctor is in the middle of the night and I had rather lead a sort of a farmer’s life than be away from my dear wife as much as a real doctor has to be. After I had met Mrs. Hunter, I could not blame him a bit for feeling that way. He told me that Smith lived in the next town and if I would rather ride than walk why he would *just about* hitch up his new bay team and take me there in less time than it takes to tell about it. He seemed in earnest, so I accepted with pleasure. (I’ll just mention that there were no rubber tires on the wheels).

We met Smith on the road in a funeral procession. He stopped his team and talked with us quite awhile, just as though it was a common occurrence for him to be in one. At times he seemed depressed, so on inquiring of him the reason, found, that by this death he had lost his last patient. I had a good practice when I first started out, but there are only a few left to help me “blow my horn.” The procession moved on, “Simp” took me to the station and I started out for Plant City, Florida. On arriving there at twelve P. M., I proceeded to find the street that led up to the city. I kept a walking and a walking, thinking that I would soon either come to it or else to the city. All of this time I was wading in white sand nearly up to my knees. Once or twice I fell into holes and came to the conclusion that I was either in the burying ground or else they were digging post holes. I noticed a few houses away back in, but thinking I was on the outskirts of the city, kept on moving. At last I came to a sandy desert. After some hesitation I turned back and went to the first house I came to. As the

shutters were opened I looked in and there was Bringham Young walking up and down the floor carrying a baby that was yelling as loud as it could. I did not want to disturb him, so retraced my steps (all except those that went into the holes) back to the depot. The station agent told me that Dr. Young was doing nicely. (I thought so, too). He also mentioned that Burch and O’Mara were in town last week visiting the Doctor. You know, I felt sorry for them he said; O’Mara told me that they never recovered from the nervous state they were thrown into when they graduated. Four years of *hard work* must have been too much for them. They are now selling Burch and O’Mara’s Candy Cascarets. (They work while we sleep).

I took the first train (which happened to be a freight train) to Tallahassee. As there was no room in the coach I had to get into a box car that was in front of it. Perhaps I was not surprised to hear some one call to me from a corner, of what I supposed was an empty car. On looking



around I saw my old friend, "Johnny" Fisher, he had that little grin on his face that is characteristic of him, especially when the—weather is good. He told me that practicing medicine was too slow and that he had made a good deal of money speculating, so decided to take a trip, in his *private car*, through the South. I was very glad to have met such a good, jolly fellow as he is, especially when traveling this way. After reaching my destination I tried my best to have him get off, too, but he said his *car* had been ordered to go through so he *had* to go. He really seemed to believe that he did own that car, perhaps he did, I never asked him. Bidding him good-bye I started up the street. This is a pretty city, I thought, but the people; why every other one I met wore some kind of a brace.

I felt very tired and weak so stepped into a drug store to get some medicine. I asked the druggist to give me something to (brace) me up. He looked at me as though I had committed some awful deed, then, he slowly took down a bottle of Bromo-Seltzer and gave me some. As I was paying him he said: "Do you live here in the city?" I told him that "I did not." "Well I thought you didn't," he continued. Why ever since Dr. Moor settled here, three years ago, we have hardly made our salt. He has made little children walk that never walked before, ("Fillet" has been doing Lorenz's Bloodless(?) operation, I see,) he also recommends Dr. Taylor's braces to every person that calls to see him instead of medicine. I must say his cures are remarkable. Last week a man went to him with an earache and he put a brace on his ear that pulled it upward, backward and outward. It cured the pain.

I thought it best not to see this wonderful Dr. Moor, because I was afraid that he would convince me that I needed a head brace for my headache before I could get out of town. As Jacksonville was near by, I thought I had better see the city before going North; also Dr. Terry has an office and laboratory right near the station. On arriving there I started out to find his office, which was only two squares away. The doctor was in, but I hardly recognized him, he had grown so thin. He said that ever since he discovered the Schuper-coci



Busiformus in his own blood, the people from all over the State were sending their blood to have it examined. I saw Everhart's name on a package; also Littlejohn's, who by the way is now physician to the President.

Terry mentioned that my old roommate, Ashbury, went through the city about six weeks on his wedding trip, bound for Bahama Islands. I knew that

he had received an appointment as surgeon in the regular army. So came to the conclusion that he had been sent there to report for duty, also was making it answer as a wedding trip. Having nothing else to do I thought I had better look him up, so after four or five days I located him on Paradise Island. I saw right away the government had recognized his abil-

ity as a surgeon by giving him this very important post, for I think there must have been all of ten soldiers in camp. Mrs. Ashbury was no stranger to me and I know her to be able and ready to aid him on any operation that he might attempt to do, but unfortunately or fortunately, which is it? they have not yet tried their combined skill. We talked along while about the good times we use to have in Baltimore, and naturally it created a very strong desire in me to return to the city. The next evening a steamer going North stopped at the wharf, and after bidding them a fond farewell, went aboard. We had been out about two hours when an awful storm came up which made the boat rock too and fro. It was very difficult for me to keep in my berth. I clinched the strap with all my might, but I soon became tired and fell asleep. I do not know how long I had slept, but the next thing I do remember was, that I was lying on the floor trying my best to locate myself. The surroundings were that of a well furnished office. On turning my head I saw Dr. Miles with a hyperdermic syringe in hand, sitting in a chair close beside me. He was saying, wake up my boy! wake up! I then remembered having asked him to help me out with my prophecy. "Well, doctor," I said, "I found the boys scattered all over the United States." "I do not doubt you," he answered quickly, but I had begun to think that you had either gone above or below this world to find them."

He seemed much relieved when I told him that I must return to the "barracks." So after thanking him for his kindness, I started out.

Let us now continue plugging,
Uncomplaining meet our fate,
Always onward persevering,
Learn to labor and to wait.

W. B. F.



Chops



UNIVERSITY :

All torment, trouble, wonder,
And amazement inhabit here.

Shakspeare.

FACULTY :

The origin and commencement of our grief.

NURSES :

Ambrossial tresses round her head,
A more than earthly fragrance shed,
Her falling robe, her footsteps swept,
And showed the goddess as she stept.

Virgil.

DR. MATHEWS :

The sick have ceased their sighing,
And have even found the grace,
Of a smile when they were dying,
As they looked upon his face.

THE LABORATORY :

A laboratory! a laboratory!
My kingdom for a laboratory.

Richard III.

SENIORS :

Knowledge intoxicates,
The fumes of it invade the brain
And make men giddy, prond and vain.

JUNIORS :

They almost make me waver in my faith
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men.

SOPHOMORES :

They work to pass, not to know,
And outraged science takes her revenge;
They do pass, and they don't know.

Huxley.

FRESHMEN :

Let's see if work and starving diet,
Can't tame the monsters into quiet.

EDITORS :

For us and for our tragedy,
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently.

Hamlet.



Senior Class Chops



ALSTON :

It is a damned ghost that we have seen.

Macbeth.

ASHBURY :

That if you now beheld him,
Your effections would become tender.

The Tempest.

ASPER :

A boy was I, a stripling lad,
My cheeks with youth's first blossoms clad.

Virgil.

ARMENTRONT :

If much you note him
You shall offend him and extend his passions.

- BABIONE :
Tame and obedient, I would stray,
Free through the streets a summer's day,
And home again at night repair
E'en of itself how late so'er.
- BARROW :
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon
Than such a Roman.
- BOYER :
Lo at thy coming how the starry spheres
Are moved to trembling, and the earth below.
Virgil.
- BELL :
A new star will illumine thy Native skies.
Virgil.
- BENSON :
Thou art powerless for knowledge is power.
- BOHANAN :
An unbruised youth with unstuffed brain.
- BOWEN :
He is yet but young in deed.
- BRENT :
Over acres nine from end to end,
His vast unmeasured limbs extend.
Virgil.
- BUPPERT :
Brevity is the soul of wit.
Shakspeare.
- BRISCOE :
A broken voice and his whole function suiting.
Hamlet.
- BURCH :
Unnatural though thou art,
Yet methinks there's wisdom and wit within thy rough exterior.
- CAHOON :
Strength is slack in limbs grown old,
And aged blood runs dull and cold.
- CARROLL :
'Tis every common
That men are merriest when they are from home.
Shakspeare.

- CARTER :
A man that fortune buffets and rewards.
Hamlet.
- CLOPTON :
I am not mad—I would to heaven I were ;
For then 'tis like I should forget myself.
Shakspeare.
- COFFEY :
Ah! What a sight is this to view,
How altered from the man we knew.
- COLLIER :
His sufferings may yield us yet a pleasant tale.
Virgil.
- COOPER :
Man, proud man!
Drest in a little brief knowledge.
Shakspeare.
- CRAVEN :
You cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear.
- COTRAN :
Of all my friends the wreck.
- CROSS :
A quiet tongue shows a wise head.
- DANN, (ROBERT HOUSTON VON) :
Born to increase your title as you grow.
- DECORMIS :
Take thy face hence—I am sick at heart.
- DONALDHO :
Thou art a boil, a plague sore, an embossed carbuncle in my
corrupted blood.
Shakspeare.
- EAKIN :
"Alice in wonderland."
- EDWARDS :
If you are a man then look upon that which might appal the devil.
- EFIRD :
With him I will endure whatever is decreed.
- EVANS :
To lock such rascals from his friends,
Be ready gods with all your thunderbolts,
Shakspeare.
- EVERHART :
A man of structure and firm abstinence.
Shakspeare.

- FITCH :
That one small head should carry all he knew.
- FOSSAS :
He our prattler from across the sea.
- FISHER :
Thou wretched, rash, imprudent man, farewell! *Hamlet.*
- GENTRY :
Stately of utterance, full of haughtiness,
Thy speech befits a messenger of the gods. *Aeschylus.*
- HARTLEY :
Not in the legions of horrid hell
Can come a devil more damned. *Shakspeare.*
- HAYES :
Conspicuous by his absence.
- HENKEL :
The obscure bird clamors the live long day. *Shakspeare.*
- HODGSON :
May be the devil; and the devil hath the power to assume a pleasing shape. *Hamlet.*
- HALLOWAY :
Within the infant rind of this small flower,
Knowledge hath residence and medicine power. *Shakspeare.*
- HUNTER :
Confusion now hath made his masterpiece. *Macbeth.*
- HURLEY :
And ye shall entangled be, by folly of your own. *Aeschylus.*
- IGLEHART :
Your large speeches may your deeds approve.
- JAMISON :
The world is still deceived with ornaments.
- JEFFERSON :
This profoundest student see
That that which burns will seldom freeze.
- JOHNSON :
A stranger from a strange place with strange ideas about strange things.
- JONES, W. M. :
Nor never lived on earth a wise bird.

- JONES, H. W. :
 To be humble of mind is God's best gift.
- KHUZAMI :
 Hungry Joe, a man of unbounded stomach.
- KIEFFER :
 All evil birds are banished from the place. *Ovid.*
- KING :
 Quickly from hence depart
 Lest the relentless roar
 Of thunders stun your soul. *Aeschylus.*
- KURTZ :
 With a pair of eyes like two fried eggs,
 And a nose like a Bartlett pear. *Riley.*
- LAKIN :
 Oh! judgment thou art fled to british beasts.
- LEVY :
 I am a Jew ; my synagogue—the laboratory.
- LINVILLE :
 "Brand new specimen."
- LINDLEY :
 Angels are bright still,
 Though the brightest fell.
- LOCKARD :
 Whose bones are marrowless,
 Whose blood is cold?
- LYON :
 "Copyrighted."
- LITTLEJOHN :
 He lacks not much that lacks a grave. *Virgil.*
- MALDEIS :
 Thou are not certain
 For thy complexion shifts to strange effects after the moon.
- MANN :
 Ah! I am living, living still,
 Through all extremity of ill.
- MINOR :
 Bound for hell, I am sure. *Shakspeare.*

MYERS :

Thy speech sounds like a lamentation.

MOOR :

Associate Professor and Lecturer on the Lorentzian theories of
bloody house parties.

MULLAN :

Hence, horrible shadow,
Unreal mockery, hence!

Shakspeare.

McPHERSON :

For naught so vile that on the earth doth live.

NICE :

Tremble thou wretch,
Thou hast within thee undivulged crimes unwhipped of justice.

NORTON :

The ploughman homeward plods his weary way.

Gray.

O'DONNELL :

If my pen treat you lightly,
Yet my spirit hath gravely,
Felt the wisdom of your customs.

OVERMAN :

This is the gate wherein slipped folly, and whereout slipped judgment.
King Lear.

PABST :

Hidden behind this mild exterior is a crucible of deviltry.

PATTERSON :

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen.

PETRIE :

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech.

PHILLIPS :

If you have tears prepare to shed them now.

RICHARDSON :

Such ruins would crush wisdom down.

RIGGS :

His actions were frequently blamed,
But his character was above reproach.

RIORDAN :

He wears the marks of many months well spent,
of virtue, truth well tried and wise experience.

RILEY :

Indestructible, indigestible, but still intelligible.

ROSETTE, A. :

And so glaringly bald was the top of his head,
That many the time he has musingly said,
As his eyes journeyed over its reflex in the glass,
I must set out a few signs of "Keep off the grass."

ROSETTE :

He shall spurn faith, scorn death and bear
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace and fear.

Shakspeare.

SAWYER :

Like a star of heaven
In the broad daylight,
Thou are unseen.

SALTERS :

Here's to our good friend whose genius was such
We scarcely can praise or blame it too much,
Who born for the universe narrowed his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.

SAPPINGTON :

He wasn't honored may be for his songs of praise were slim,
Yet I never knew a baby that wouldn't crow for him.

SLEDGE :

We live and are blest! 'Tis sweet to feel
Fate's book is closed and under seal,
For you alas! that volume stern,
Has many another page to turn.

SMITH :

Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and will wear him
In my heart's core, ay! in my heart of hearts, as I do thee.

SPENGLER :

But Brutus is an honorable man,
So are they all, all honorable men.

Shakespeare.

TERRY :

A man of integrity who
Seldom smiles, and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mocked himself and scorned his spirit.
Julius Caesar.

THIGPEN :

The lines of his face were as deep as sin,
His features have simply tumbled in.
Cook.

TORBITT :

Age sits with decent grace upon his visage
And worthily becomes his silver locks.

VILLAMIL :

From his cradle
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one,
Exceeding wise, fair spoken and persuading.

WALL :

Gentle in manner but vigorous in deed.

WALKER :

Unwept, unhonored and unsung.

WATKINS :

Of manners gentle, of effections mild,
In wit a man, simplicity, a child.

WEED :

Yes! I succeeded and have men's praises,
And cannot escape it all my days.

WHELPLEY :

As you are are old and reverend you should be wise.

WHITTLE :

A light pocket is a plague, but a light heart and a light love make
amends for much.

"If I were King."

WULKENS :

Than he no better, juster man hath lived.
Ovid.

WILKINSON :

Who much enforced shows a hasty spark
And straight is cold again.
Julius Caesar.

WILLIAMSON :

Here's some powder in a quill,
Corked up with a liver pill.

Riley.

WILLIS :

Unheeding and unheeded.

WILSON :

I own a mule, it's the first mule I ever had and will be the last one
—my mind is my mule.

Crowl.

WINDLEY :

How tired I am! I sink down all alone,
Here by the wayside of the present.

Riley.

WRIGHT, F. G. :

He had a laugh like the screech of a rusty hinge.

WRIGHT, G. S. :

Heaven above, deal between thee and me.

WATTERS :

Long to remain and bootless to return.

YOUNG :

An old man broken with the storms of life
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye,
Give him a little earth for charity.

Henry VIII.

L'EXVOI :

But when a erony takes your hand
In farewell to address you,
He drops all foreign lingo,
And simply says "God bless you."

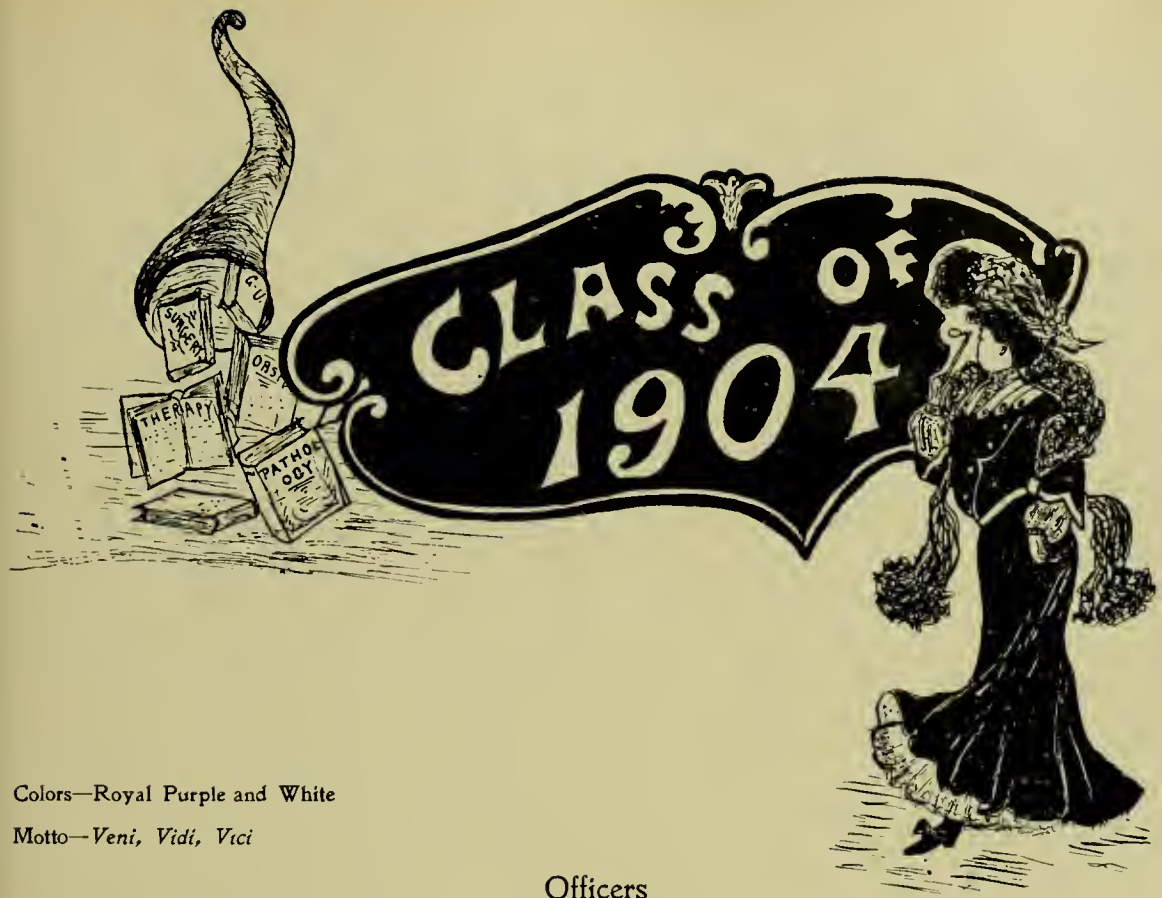
Field.







Class Members, 1904



Colors—Royal Purple and White

Motto—*Veni, Vidit, Vici*

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NOTHING was more truly said than "Science moves, but slowly, slowly, creeping on from point to point."

While science seems to us to be moving slowly, still it behooves us to move surely in all our research; for today we are standing on the threshold of senior-hood and one more year will see us begin the research unaided and alone.

Notwithstanding the fact that our props are soon to be tested, we are looking back with much satisfaction to those three milestones which so far mark our way along the hard and rugged road that leads many to fame. Let us all hope that it is leading us to that same cherished goal.

We look about us now after these three years of wearisome labor, and it gives us no little satisfaction and fills our breasts with just pride to see the same old familiar faces that greeted us when we first began the struggle. Added to these, are many from other institutions and of these, too, we are justly proud. True, these faces have changed, for a strong thoughtfulness which plainly indicates that "we are not of such stuff as dreams are made of" has taken the place of the old time thoughtlessness.

While we have gone on shoulder to shoulder through three years growing better, stronger and more determined in our work, in our zeal to learn, to know, we have too grown each one into himself and today, after three years of association, we stand with little class spirit. Co-operation seems to be a term foreign to us and each man stands for himself and nothing stands for our class as a body.

This is a day of united interests and much is to be gained by the hearty co-operation of the class as a whole in doing the class work. In the years that have gone every one has gleaned something of moment from this field of learning. Enough let us hope has been gathered to serve as a foundation for that superstructure which we must add in the years to come. If there be one of us who has not put in place these essentials, let him take as a warning these words and remember—"the day that is gone can never come again." There are some among us who have turned into gold more of the opportunities than others. But why should we mention these especially? Such lights shine always for themselves and all classes possess such luminaries. We are proud, though, of ours and in our pride believe that they shine brighter than any that other classes may possess.

The class as a whole has stood bravely by its work and not one man needs more praise than another, for the record we have made is *ours*. There are some of us who are not satisfied to make history such as will make us as a class renowned but branch out in individual lines making names for themselves alone in fields apart from medicine.

Those who have attempted individual history making have chosen well for who could be better suited to the trunk transfer business than Dutrow in all his great massive strength. It is not our intention to give any man's business free advertisement, but the ease and adroitness with which "Dut" handled that trunk all by himself, placing it on his great shoulders and carrying it across the street certainly needs mention.

Now Quillen is a good fellow (*ipse dixit*), but we do hate to be asked to swallow that yarn of his about his father clearing five thousand dollars a year on an acre of raspberries.

Travelling, too, has gotten to be a fad with some of us for it has not been long since two of our brethren wandered off to "Little Old New York" and took a hunting trip, shooting swallows at the "house of Lords."

Surgery is not neglected either by some of us for on Thanksgiving night two youths tried to find out what a traumatic aneurism is from Dr. B——, and found that after all it was only a thirst that was hard to quench.

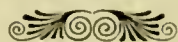
Now there are some of us who are receiving honors at the hands of the hospital. For these honors we in all our pride swell out our chests and stand six feet tall. But why should we not for honors like these are not showered upon the heads of the unworthy?

Let us not forget our honored and efficient president. Well does that mantle of dignity lay upon his shoulders and we are very proud of him but we would like to know why it is that he doesn't like to visit at 621 W. Lombard.

The saddest chapter of this is yet to be related. It is short but heart-rendering. It has been stated that one of our class editors has learned to smoke cigarettes and they all say that Bush taught him last Thanksgiving night.

We cannot close this without mention of the part we have taken in athletics for the past year. The captain of the football team was one of us. Though his other duties demanded his resignation before the season closed, we were truly sorry, for not many men here are better players. At centre, guard and end, too, we were ably represented. For the coming year, the manager of the team will be from our class.

Now in the end we are to remember that it behooves us to come together and show the same old time zeal for work so that we may all pull up this last sharp grade to graduation together, ready and equipped to fight the battles of life reflecting at all time credit on those who taught.



This page
has been dedicated by the
Class of 1904, of the Department of Medicine
to the memory of
John W. Waring, Jr.

Born April 21, 1879

Died August 28, 1902



Class Members, 1905



Yell

Oology, bugology, biology and bluffs,
 Tinctures and extracts, and other vile stuffs;
 Hammers and forceps, and long-bladed knives,
 We're the U. of M. Medicos. 1905.

Colors—Heliotrope and Royal Purple

Motto—*Ne Jupiter Quidem Omnibus Placet*

Officers

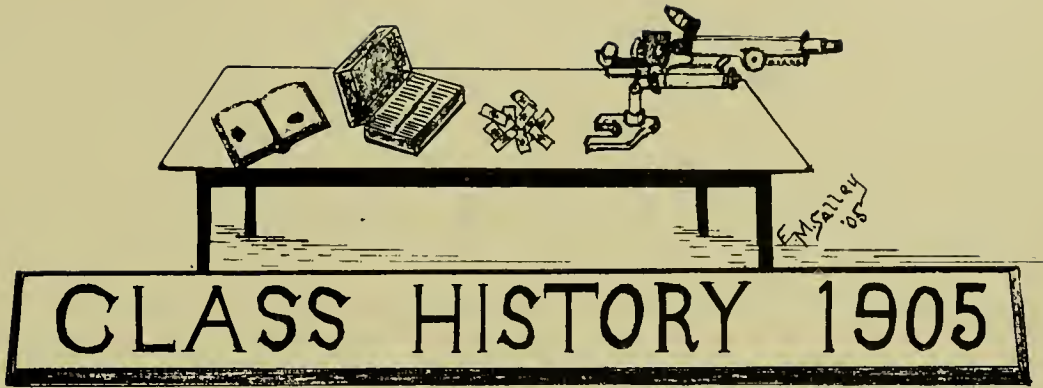
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NOT so many years ago this aggregation started in to attend a medical school in the little town of Baltimore. We numbered in the crowd chaps of all kinds and sizes. Many brown and freckled rubes, sporting goodly sized cuds and members of city guys; altogether forming this illustrious class.

Some of us had left the paternal pairs, with promises and resolutions to tear holes in medical theory, about the size hogsheads.

On arriving at this Eastern village, we had little time to dwell on our newly formed resolutions, being so occupied in finding a domicile for the winter and several other things too numerous to mention.

The gang that arrived the previous year, sailed in to make us feel at home, and instruct us to "Lick up Bozerine and spot the Perfect Blonds."

After one or two months of such instructions, we classified ourselves amongst the real guys.

Our rooms hung with signs, the relics of past desecration, such as "Annheuser on Tap," "Free Lunch Today," "No Electioneering Between This Point and the Polls," "Last of Old Poll," etc.

When we had finished the first lap, some of us had to borrow money to wire home. This is a copy of one message, "Dear Pa:—Successfully passed my exams. Kindly send me few rollers." Signed, Fond Son.

Naturally our indulgent pa's coughed up the necessary and the boys returned home to lay the foundation for a local reputation and dream of stunts done at Rathskellar's and the Palm Garden.

The manner in which the boys lived out the first year was well related in last year's history. How they digested bones and drugs and how indigestion was well nigh an epidemic about May 1st. But nuff sed—we made it.

When the time arrived for us to start on our second course we were all there with the goods.

As naughty "Sophs" our duty was to put the Freshmen through the mill. In performing our solemn (?) duty it was in order on several occasions to make applications of paint, so during this month of rushing business, we developed several artists.

We made it real interesting for the Freshmen along this line, giving them a chance to do stunts in singing, dancing and marching up and down the campus, and not a few showed considerable ability. Some of the faint hearts, rather than pass through the ordeal of having the bug applied, threw up the sponge.

One day in the latter part of October a crisis was reached between the two classes, which resulted in a general rough house in the Anatomical Hall. It required the presence of the Dean to quell the riot. "All's well that ends well."

Our officers were elected in the early part of the year and have credibly filled their positions. The campaign was marked by several amusing incidents; the most noteworthy was an attempt at a speech by one of the fraternity men in behalf of their nominee. The attempt was the death blow to their cause. Just as he was dilating most energetically, he met his fate, by a voice in the rear shouting "This is no Frat meeting," and the climax was reached; this being too much for the speaker he went away back and sat down.

The few closing months were devoted to hard work in preparing for examinations. The majority of the class made them successfully.

Of course it is very necessary in this short history, that a few lines be devoted to calling the attention of the readers, to the hard-working members of this class. In fact there are so many (?) that I am afraid that I could not get it all in this little space; so I will cite only the case of a Mr. Clarke, who in his first year put two *Materia Medicas* to the bad, and his second year made Gray's *Anatomy* look like thirty cents. We will not mention how many dusting brushes Delaney wore out keeping the dust off his books, for you might accuse the historian of telling what is not so.

Numerous idle hours have been spent by members of the class in the Y. M. C. A. room, talking of things good to eat, etc. We all had a few things to relate, but, oh my! When Kneisley got to "spittin' um out," we would have to renew the air in the room every ten minutes. There is one boy in the class that always carries a plug of good old stuff and never runs short of his supply. He calls it "Snap." After partial mastication we have all heard it splat. This boy, or rather man, who only recently attained his majority, and being proud of the fact, previous to the fall election he made the rounds, telling the boys that he was going home to vote a Democratic ticket and down one of the followers of "Abe." Now he is looking for someone to explain the advantage of being twenty-one.

Guyer-in-Chief, Slickerine Handler of the Cards, and Rattler of the Bones, went broke in a bet, on one of the columns of the cord; since then one of the latest importations from Harford County has started a bank account. Money talks. Parvis is stricken dumb. "Guy not lest ye be Guyed." (CXII.)

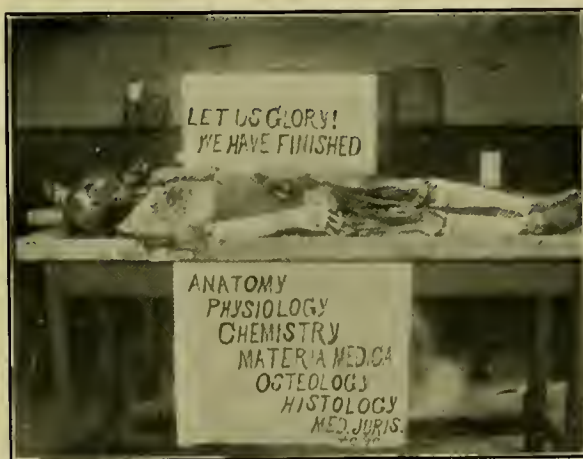
In the early part of December, Dr. Lorenz, the renowned surgeon, gave a clinic in the Anatomical Hall, and doubtless it need not be said, that the impression made on us will be more lasting than on the upper class men.

One word in regard to athletics, we were well represented on the football team by Captain Mitchell, W. W. Hala and A. C. Sloan.

Our members attended many social functions, and can tell of the generous hospitality of this city. Some impressions made at different gatherings will not soon be forgotten, as at the Central Y. M. C. A., Dr. Howard A. Kelly's home, and a dance in November largely attended by the boys.

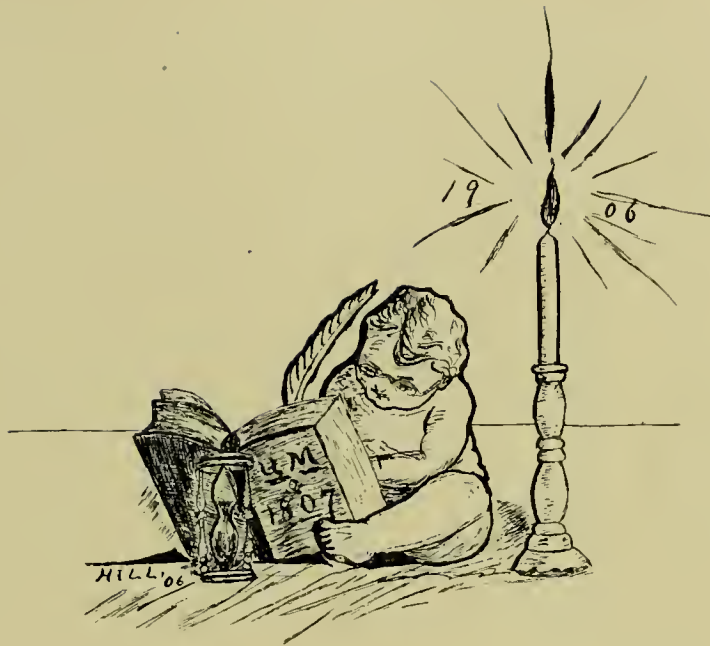
As another year has closed we have before us the many pleasant remembrances and the experiences of the past for a teacher in the future.

May this historic institution live long; its sons be known the world around, and this class always hold sacred the name U. of M.





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Seniors to right of them,
 Juniors to left of them,
 Sophs in front of them;
 Volleyed and thundered
 Shouted and yelled like—
 Boldly they marched and well,
 Onto the campus green
 Amid that awful scream,
 Marched all the freshmen.

SUCH is the experience of all the freshmen, how slow everything would seem without it! why going to college would seem like “our Sunday morning’s duty”—“our Sunday morning’s duty”—going to church. Our class is represented by students from Brampton, Canada, to Cape Horn, from Greenland’s Icy Mountains to Africa’s Coral Strand; all congregating in Baltimore; strangers in a strange land, not even acquainted with our own classmen, afraid to speak to any one for fear of addressing the wrong man. “All men look like Sophs to us.” Our first martyr whom I recall, was our former brother “Carey”—Carey announced that on a certain day at a certain place, there would be a meeting of the Freshman class. Now the day came around, but Carey never—I wonder why? “We never saw sweet Carey any more.”

Lectures would be opened by a short address by some Freshmen followed by the Sophs trying to sing hi(y) m (n)—“to death”—Hang all Freshmen on a sour apple tree, etc. Finally, after our third attempt we succeeded in holding our first class meeting, in the anatomical hall of the university building, it was largely attended: Mr. E. H. Rowe, of Baltimore was elected president, and Mr. A. B. Clarke, of Brampton, Canada, vice-president. The

class is greatly indebted to their officers for founding 1906 on so firm a footing, and may the fire of fraternalism and good fellowship kindled here, burn throughout eternity. This meeting was really our Pentecost, for here the spirit of enthusiasm descended upon us, and we were made one and the ninety-ninth class of the University of Maryland, the last class of the college century, the class of 1906, was born:—

Now that the bond is wedded,
And all our hearts agree,
Let us be up and doing,
Let work our watchward be,
Our hands with zeal and courage
Shall in this cause be plied;
Yet keeping peace unbroken,
With wisdom as our guide.

To our senior colleagues to whom we are indebted for courtesies extended, we wish you
—God speed, success and that

As you descend the hill of Mr. Fortune,
May you never meet his sister
Coming down Mis (s)fortune.



Concert for the Endowment Fund



UNDER the zealous leadership of a few resolute spirits, who are not to be daunted by any obstacles, the agitation for a large endowment fund for the University is coming well to the fore. Already the preliminary steps have been taken and there will be no let-up in the most vigorous efforts to force from the willing or unwilling pockets of the Maryland public that which this old Maryland University is justly entitled to and should long since have secured. So far the following things have been accomplished:

(1) An independent Board of Trustees has been appointed to hold all funds contributed towards endowment. This board consists of nine alumni of the various departments of the University, and is chartered under the laws of the State. Mr. Clayton C. Hall is its President, and General Lawrason Riggs, Secretary-Treasurer. It is self-perpetuating, and by its charter debarred from expending any portion of the principal of the Fund. (2) A general Alumni Association has been founded, the first organization of the sort in the history of the institution. This association is expected to bring together in close union the graduates of the various schools and weld them into a powerful body, capable of exercising a vast influence for the upbuilding and unification of the institution. It is union, and strength, and headship and corporation, and business methods that the University needs, and that it is hoped the Alumni may by earnest action be able to secure. (3) It being felt that there are defects in the present organization of the University which mitigate powerfully against the best directed efforts to secure endowments, an agitation of the charter has been started, resolutions and communications have been addressed to the members of the Board of Regents, urging them, on the ground of obvious defects in this institution, and the experience of nearly a hundred years to place the University upon a more modern and effective basis. In consequence of these efforts there has been much discussion on the subject and sentiment has undergone considerable change. The growth and development of the institutions all about us have opened the eyes of the friends of our University to consider why it is that it has lagged behind in the race and accomplished comparatively so little. With reflection will doubtless come a realization of the true needs of the University, and it is not likely that the imperative dictates of common sense, foresight and experience will be longer ignored. It requires no great effort of the imagination to realize what might have been accomplished in the last twenty-five years by a Board of Trustees, composed of men accustomed to the management of large financial interests and an active President.

(4) Subscription lists have been circulated among the alumni and an active canvas will shortly be entered among the wealthy men and business houses of Baltimore. It cannot be that an old Maryland University, interwoven, as this is, so closely with the social fabric of this community, will not meet with a liberal response. (5) Our students were not to be left out in this general upheaval of things, and so they arranged—at the suggestion and under the patronage of Dr. J. C. Hemmeter—for a concert, which was held by the class of 1903 (med-

ical) at Lehmann's Hall, in this city, on the evening of December 22nd. The programme embraced a great variety of vocal and instrumental pieces, including choruses by the Arion Society, under the leadership of Prof. John C. Frank; the vocalists comprised Miss Marie Gaul, soprano, and Dr. B. Merrill Hopkinson, baritone, the latter a medical alumnus of the University. Miss Gaul is a tall, imposing-looking girl, and her success, not due so much to her presence as her fine voice and excellent style. Dr. Hopkinson is ever ready to serve his Alma Mater, and it is sufficient to say that his voice has lost none of its brilliance, expression and force. Mr. Arthur Oehm contributed piano solos from Schumann, Liszt and Chopin, and showed that he was master of the instrument. A string quartette composed of Messrs. Theodore A. Martin, Arthur C. Martin, William H. Taubert and C. V. Prior, rendered very successfully two compositions of Hayden. A chef-d'oeuvre of the evening was the rendering by the Arion of Dr. Hemmeter's famous chorus "Hygeia." The performance concluded with a one-act play entitled "The Violin Maker of Cremona," from the French of Francois Coppee. The characters were taken by Miss Jennie Pearl Prosser, and Messrs. George Lursen, Frank Pleitner and Harry T. Whittle. Mr. George Maconber was stage director. This play worthily concluded a very interesting entertainment, and although the programme was unusually long, the audience listened patiently until the end. The concert was a success both in point of numbers and receipts, and about \$250 net have been realized from it. This amount will be placed in the hands of the trustees and will be held by them separately as a "Students' Endowment Fund." It is expected that the example of the class of "1903" will serve as a precedent and that each class will annually contribute its quota to this special fund. In addition to the general University Fund, a special fund will be started in each department, and efforts will also be made to induce wealthy alumni and citizens to endow buildings, laboratories, professorships, fellowships, scholarships, medals, prizes, etc.

The concert committee:

H. L. WHITTLE, *Chairman*.
 JOSIAH S. BOWEN.
 W. H. EVERHART.
 J. HOWARD IGLEHART.

PATRONESSES.

Mrs. L. McLane Tiffany,
 Mrs. Eugene Levering, Jr.,
 Mrs. Chas. C. Stieff,
 Mrs. R. Tunstall Taylor,
 Mrs. Alcaes Hooper,
 Mrs. William Painter,
 Mrs. Joseph T. Smith,
 Mrs. Frank Martin,
 Mrs. Samuel C. Chew,
 Mrs. Francis T. Miles,
 Mrs. Jordan Stabler,
 Mrs. David M. R. Culbreth,
 Mrs. John S. Fulton,
 Mrs. Charles J. Bonaparte,
 Mrs. B. Merrill Hopkinson,

Mrs. John C. Hemmeter,
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Mrs. Eugene F. Cordell,
 Mrs. William Osler,
 Mrs. Jesse Tyson,
 Mrs. Charles D. Fisher,
 Mrs. James A. Gary,
 Mrs. Isaac E. Emerson,
 Mrs. Charles E. Ford,
 Mrs. Katherine A. Taylor,
 Mrs. Thomas A. Ashby,
 Mrs. Harry Adler,
 Miss Esther R. Murdock,
 Mrs. R. Dorsey Coale,
 Mrs. Henry D. Harlan,
 Mrs. L. Ernest Neale,
 Mrs. William T. Howard,



Officers

President, WILLIAM J. STEWARD.
Vice-President, A. B. EAGLE. *Corresponding Secretary,* J. E. SHREEVE.
Recording Secretary, R. W. GARNETT. *Treasurer,* R. E. L. STRICKLER.
Chairman of Committee of Management, DR. S. C. CHEW.

THE past year has witnessed progress in association work at our University. The membership has shown a marked increase over that of the previous years. The room in the University Building devoted to the association work was refurnished last fall, and was made to present a very pleasant place where the fellows could meet between lectures and spend a social hour.

At the beginning of the college year a reception was held at the City Association parlors, which proved a great success. The "Young Men's Christian Association" in its various lines of work was presented by the General Secretary, William H. Morriss. The principal address of the evening was given by Professor Samuel C. Chew.

On October 23rd Dr. Howard A. Kelly entertained at his home, 1416 Entaw Place, representatives from the various associations of the city. The evening was pleasantly and profitably spent in conference and in inspecting Dr. Kelly's library, which contains many rare and valuable volumes.

The regular meetings of our association were discontinued for the greater part of the winter so that the members could attend the Sunday afternoon services given under the auspices of the City Association.

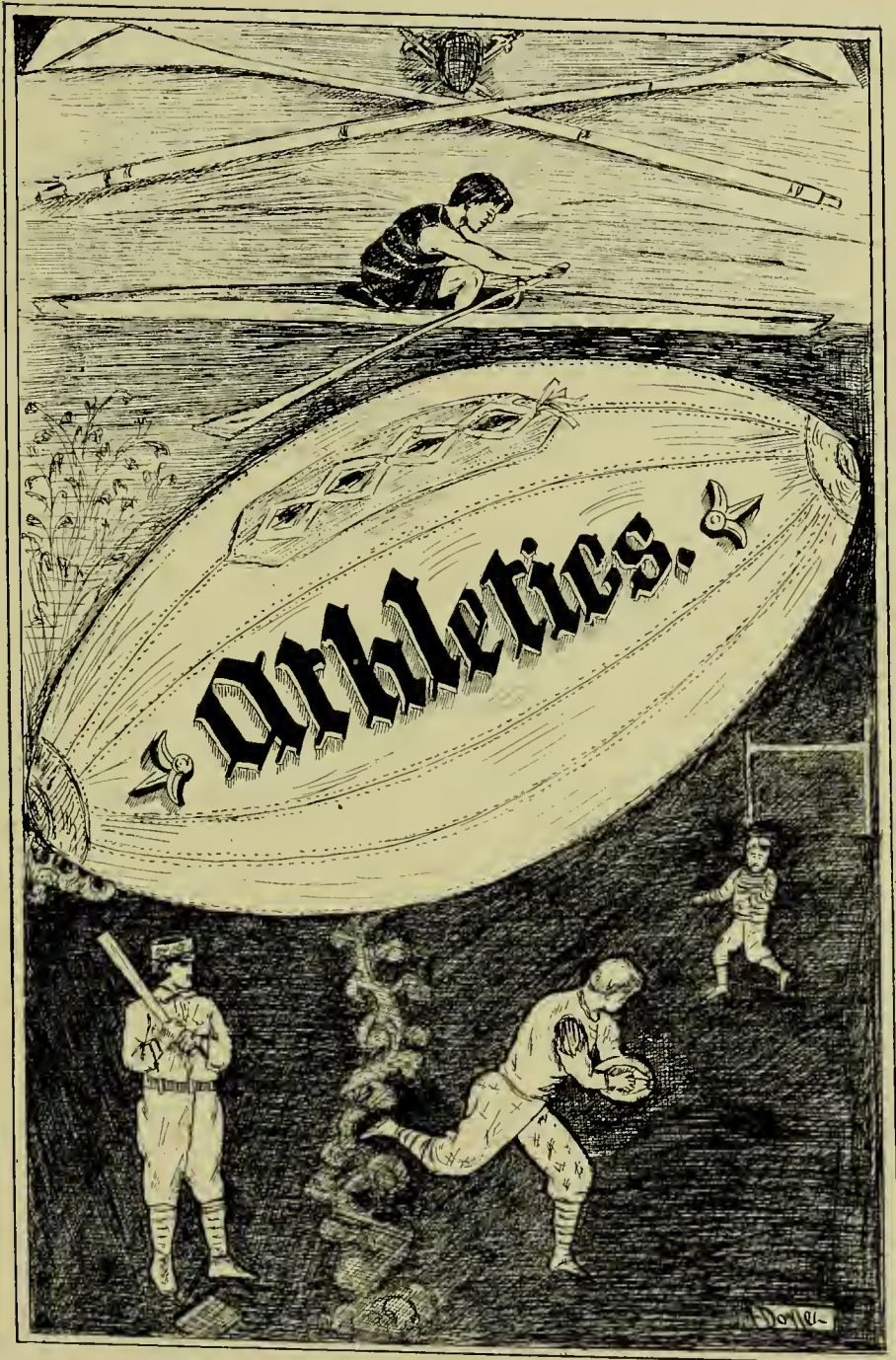
At the last two conventions at Northfield, Massachusetts, our association was represented and it is to be hoped that the delegation will be larger this year than it was either of the other two years.



When Pete Put On A Skate

There is a boy in our class
 Who's known as clever Pete,
 And seems to be a favorite
 And holds the regal seat.
 Good-natured, bright and cheerful,
 A perfect lad, indeed—
 And so there came an evening
 That Pete should take first lead.
 The fellows all arranged one day
 To have an evening's fun—
 They mentioned it to Peter—
 And 'twas scarcely said—when done,
 Together they all sauntered
 Down to a grand hotel,
 But hardly had the fun begun
 When Pete he did rebel.
 The boys were feeling lively,
 And they really were unkind—
 They ordered up the drinks until—
 Poor Peter was stone blind.
 Then out into the open air
 The boys did carry Pete,
 And vainly tried to land him
 And stand him on his feet
 Until, alas! he spurned them;
 And on the steps he sat.
 But when he rose to leave them
 He took with him—the mat,
 'Twas not long after this, by Jove!
 When rushing down the street,
 There came a burly red-faced cop,
 Who straightway made for Pete.

He collared him, and horrors!
 We saw him led away
 And landed at the Station-House,
 The entire night to stay.
 The morning dawned—and with it came
 A hearing for poor Pete—
 The judge with stern and austere face
 Did occupy his seat.
 "Now, how is this, young man," he said,
 "Your conduct seems absurd—
 Now, what's the reason of your act?"
 The answer Pete deferred.
 "I'll pay for it," said clever Pete.
 "But that won't do, Sir, no;
 You must abide by points of law—
 And that done—you may go."
 "Then what's the fine? I'm ready
 To 'cut this business out'—
 The charge, Sir, and I'll pay it;
 'Tis ridiculous, no doubt."
 The judge then seemed much taken
 By Peter's manner bold,
 He named the price—received it—
 Then said, in accents cold:
 "Now, see that this shall ever be
 Your first, and last offence;
 Your manner shows a noble soul,
 That's lacking common sense."
 "Tho' Peter differed with the judge,
 In his own heart he swore—
 He'd never steal another mat
 From anybody's door



University of Maryland Athletic Association



Officers

H. A. PALMER,	<i>President.</i>
W. C. McGUIRE,	<i>Vice-President.</i>
W. A. PARVIS,	<i>Secretary.</i>
R. M. MANN,	<i>Treasurer.</i>

Executive Committee

JUDGE HENRY D. HARLAN.
DR. CHARLES W. MITCHELL.
A. E. DANN.
M. MARKS.
H. VICKERS.

J. M. JOSEY,	<i>Manager of Foot-Ball Team.</i>
O. S. GRIBBLE,	<i>Captain.</i>
J. L. WINSLOW,	<i>Manager of Base-Ball Team.</i>

Athletics



THE season was started this year with a great amount of new material, which was thoroughly tried out, and will no doubt operate to our advantage another season. It is up to Maryland to win back her football reputation next year. We must have a better quality of football and a better spirit and unity of effort from the student body in general. It is a question now of spirit more than of winning games. If the right kind of spirit and plenty of it is shown we will have the winning team in due season. The athletic association is now on a firmer basis than it has ever been before.

We are extremely glad to see that the members of the faculty are looking at athletics in a better light than heretofore, realizing that to a great extent the success of a school depends upon its athletic ability. Under these conditions, and with hearty co-operation of faculty and students, there is no reason why Maryland should not take the rank in athletics to which she is justly entitled—that is in the front rank of Southern Colleges. With as many if not more students than any Southern College, why should not our team rank with the best? Instead, our teams rank with the smaller colleges, those with a hundred and two hundred students. Football being the only form of athletics indulged in by the students, there should be some preference shown them in assignments to laboratories, ward classes, etc., and owing to conflicting work it is with the greatest difficulty that representative men are induced to become candidates for the team. The football teams representing the University have always had a stiff proposition, being located in the heart of a big city, with no available grounds for practice, but we hope next season to be better equipped than we have been for the past few seasons. It is to be regretted that so few men become candidates for our football team. Last season our candidates for the team did not exceed 2 per cent. of the total number of matriculates, while at most of the Southern colleges they average from 10 per cent. to 25 per cent. If we could muster 5 per cent. of the students it would be a source of congratulation to all loyal friends of the University. The record of the team last season was gratifying in the extreme, despite the defeat of the team by Gallaudet 6 to 0 earlier in the season, and by Western Maryland during November, but the team atoned for its defeats of the earlier part of the year by defeating our old rival, Johns Hopkins University, on Thanksgiving Day by the score of 5 to 0, which was quite a surprise to the Hopkins men, for on comparative score they were about twenty points to the good, but they were outplayed at every stage of the game. Particularly was this noticeable in the second half. In the first half the Hopkins men had the possession of the ball, carrying it towards the south goal, which we were defending. It was distinctly down grade, and the rain of the night before made the footing very insecure, but our men braced up and took the ball away on downs on the fifteen-yard line and kicked, and on a fumble one of our men secured it. By straight line

plunging, sandwiched with end runs, we carried it to the seven-yard line, where it was taken from us by the referee, who claimed that it was third down, when in reality it was only the second, according to the line's men. (Inefficient officials are detrimental to the game.) In the second half the ball was in Maryland's possession most of the time, Hopkins making the required distance only four times. We were successful in scoring once, failing to kick goal, but were prevented from scoring the second time by the accidental interference of one of the officials, one of our backs having a clear field, but unfortunately came in collision with the umpire, and the ball was put in play at that point, when, according to the views of the spectators, a touch-down should have been allowed. It was extremely gratifying to see so many of the students present on Thanksgiving Day. The great improvement of the team during the last week, and especially the last game, was no doubt due to a great extent to the hearty support and co-operation of the student body. It is with pleasure that we extend our thanks and appreciation to Dr. Milton Whitehurst for his untiring efforts against great odds to put out a team which would represent the University in a worthy manner.

It is to be hoped that next season will find us with good material and the hearty support of the faculty and student body.

J. M. J.



Yells and Songs



Here's to good old Maryland,
 Drink her down, Drink her down,
Here's to good old Maryland,
 Drink her down, Drink her down,
Here's to good old Maryland,
The fairest of this fair land,
 Drink her down, Drink her down,
 Drink her down, down, down.



Air (Maryland).

Maryland, My Maryland,
We're off to fight for you again,
We're made of stuff that can't be beat,
We'll make old Hopkins wipe our feet,
And when we give this College yell
They'll wish their team was plumb in h—l.



Air (Mr. Dooley).

Oh, Johnnie Hopkins,
Oh, Johnnie Hopkins,
The bummiest team the College ever knew.
We're going to beat you,
We will defeat you,
And Maryland will wave over J. H. U.



Air (In the Good Old Summer Time).

In the good old foot-ball time,
When Maryland falls in line,
Our Boys go through for twenty yards,
Where'er they hit the line.
When the whistle blows
God only knows
What the Hopkins men will do
When Maryland plays the Hopkins jays,
In the good old foot-ball time.



Air (Dixie).

There's a foot-ball game to be played today,
And who's going to win?
 Well, I should say—
Why, Maryland, Maryland, of course.
The other team will feel rather mean,
For at foot-ball they won't be seen,
 Then Hopkins; be good;
 Go way back and sit down!
We're off to win for Maryland!
 Hurrah! Hurrah!
For Maryland we'll take our stand,
And wipe old Hopkins off the land;
That's what we'll do.
 Hurrah! Hurrah, for Maryland!

Air (Marching Through Georgia).

Our boys are on the foot-ball field,
They're gathered for the fray;
The Maryland yell is in the air,
We've come to win the day.
We'll teach the game of foot-ball
To our friends across the way,
While we are shouting for Maryland.

Chorus.

Then, Rush! Oh! Rush!
We'll rush the ball along;
A kick—a shove—
We'll send it through the throng.
No line can stop our fellows
In their rush fierce and strong.
While we are shouting for Maryland.



Air (Dolly Gray).

Good-bye, Hop-kins, you're a goner,
See, your line begins to fall!
Something tells us you are beaten
When Maryland has the ball;
See the red and black advancing,
Hark! I hear the fellows say:
Twelve to nothing now or never;
'Tis another Maryland day!



Mary had a little lamb,
Little lamb, little lamb;
Mary had a little lamb
Whose fleece was white as snow.
Everywhere that Mary went,
Mary went, Mary went;
Everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go.
Hurrah for Mary!
Hurrah for the lamb!
Hurrah for the teacher
That didn't give a ——!
Rah-rah-rah! Rah-rah-rah! Rah-rah-rah!
Maryland! Maryland!! Maryland!!!



Yell

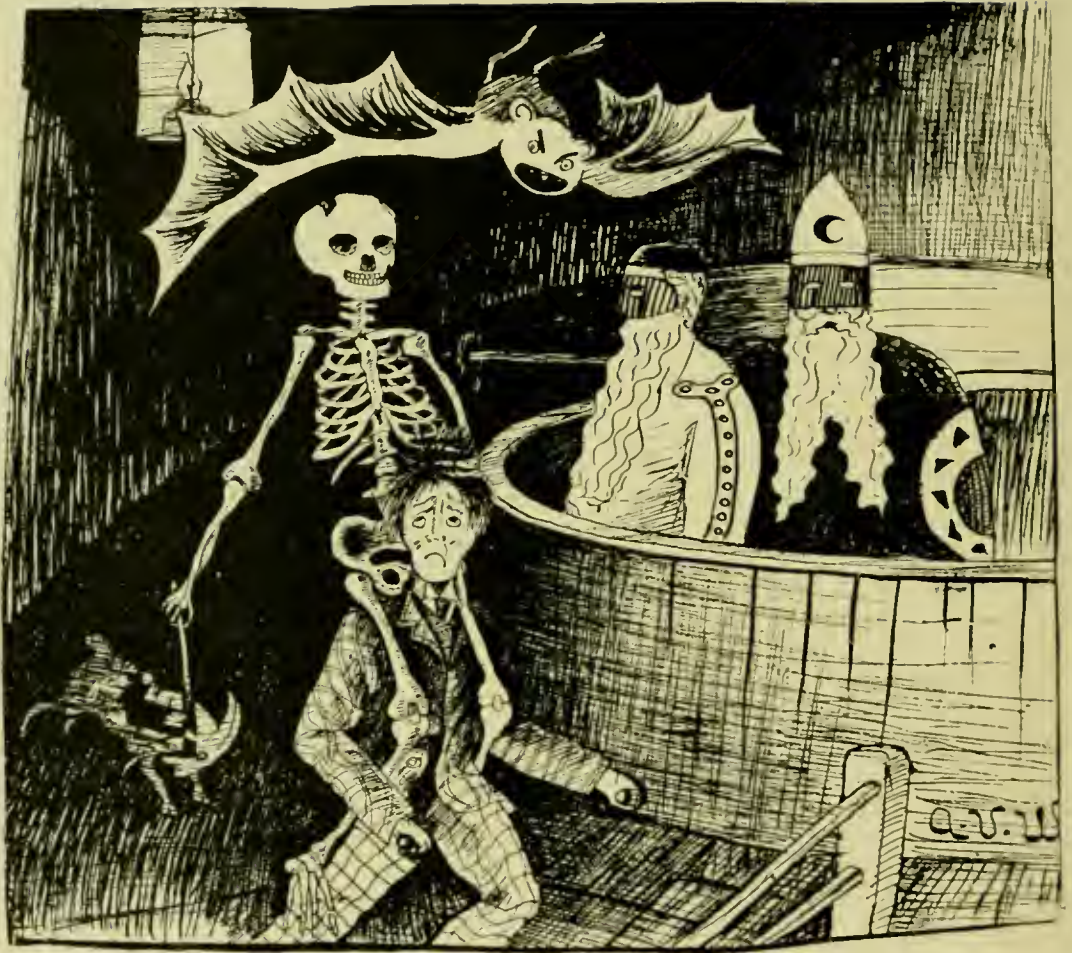
Heart, liver, kidney, spleen,
We're sterile, aseptic, we like things clean;
Chew 'em up, tear 'em up, eat 'em alive,
U. of M., U. of M., 1905.



Foot-Ball Team



FRATERNITIES



Our Fraternities



Kappa Psi, Delta Chapter

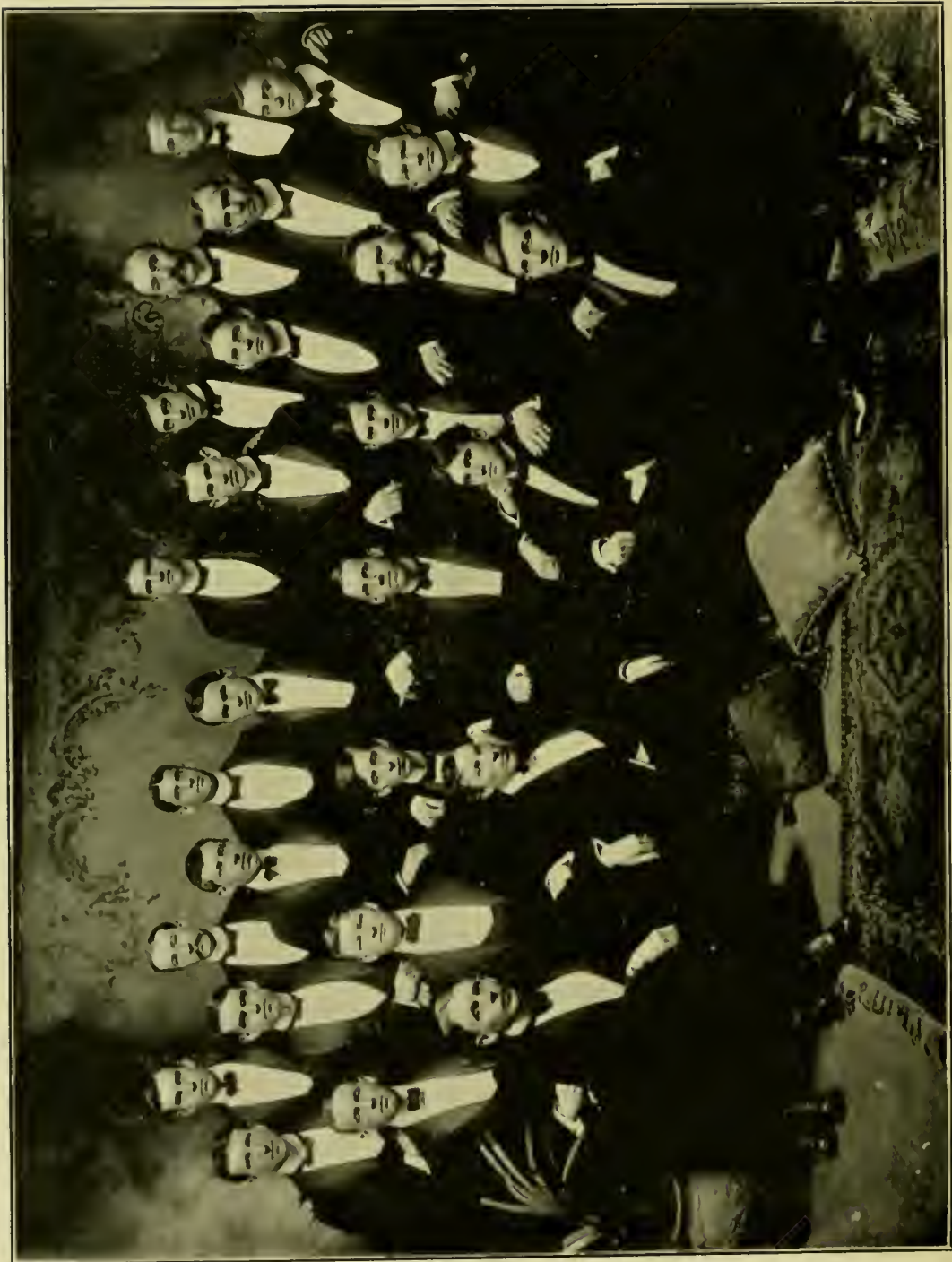
Phi Sigma Kappa, Eta Chapter

Xi Psi Phi, Eta Chapter

Psi Omega, Phi Chapter

Kappa Sigma, Alpha-Alpha Chapter

Phi Kappa Sigma, Alpha Zeta Chapter



Kappa Psi Fraternity



Dreka, Dhala

Kappa Psi Fraternity

DELTA CHAPTER



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ASPER, GUY P.	FLEETWOOD, E. A.	OVERMAN, CHARLES A.
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BUCHANAN, A. M.	HARRIS, RAYMOND V.	RAWLINGS, J. E.
BELL, M. R.	HUNTER, A. R.	ROE, E.
BLACKWELL, F. R.	JANNEY, FRANCIS.	SAWYER, W. W.
BOWEN, JOSIAH S.	JEFFERSON, ROLLIN, JR.	SLOAN, C. H.
CAHOON, J. H., M. D.	LAWTON, FRANCIS A.	STEVENS, L. M.
CARNAL, ROSCOE C.	LOCKARD, G. CARROLL.	WALKER, J. M.
CLARKE, A. B.	LOVE, B. E.	WATKINS, DANIEL A.
COLLIER, LOVE D.	LE FEVRE, E. B.	WEED, F. WATKINS.
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EGRID, LESTER J.		

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FRASHER, E. J., M. D.		



Phi Sigma Kappa Fraternity



.86325

Phi Sigma Kappa Fraternity

Founded in 1873

ETA CHAPTER



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WILSON LEE CAMDEN.
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COOPER R. DREWRY.
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GEORGE F. EWALT.
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HERBERT D. WALKER.
NATHAN WINSLOW.

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GEORGE DOUGLAS BARBER.
SAMUEL LUTHER BARE.
JOHN CROMARTIE BLAKE.
HUGH WARREN BRENT.
ALBERT DOLLIE EDWARDS.
GERMAN HORTON EMORY.

JOSEPH CLIVE ENOS.
ROBERT WALDORF FISHER.
LEO JOHN GOLDBACH.
E. JEROME GRIFFIN, JR.
ROBERT HOULSEWORTH HEIGHE.
RICHARD CALDWELL HUME.
HARRY EQUILLA JENKINS.
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN LAUGHLIN.

RICHARD CREACY LAMB.
THOMAS ALLEN MANN.
JAMES GREEN MATTHEWS.
EARL NEILSON SAPPINGTON.
WILLIAM DODDS SCOTT, JR.
JOHN HOLMES SMITH, JR.
GUY FITZGERALD SMITH.

Chapter Roll

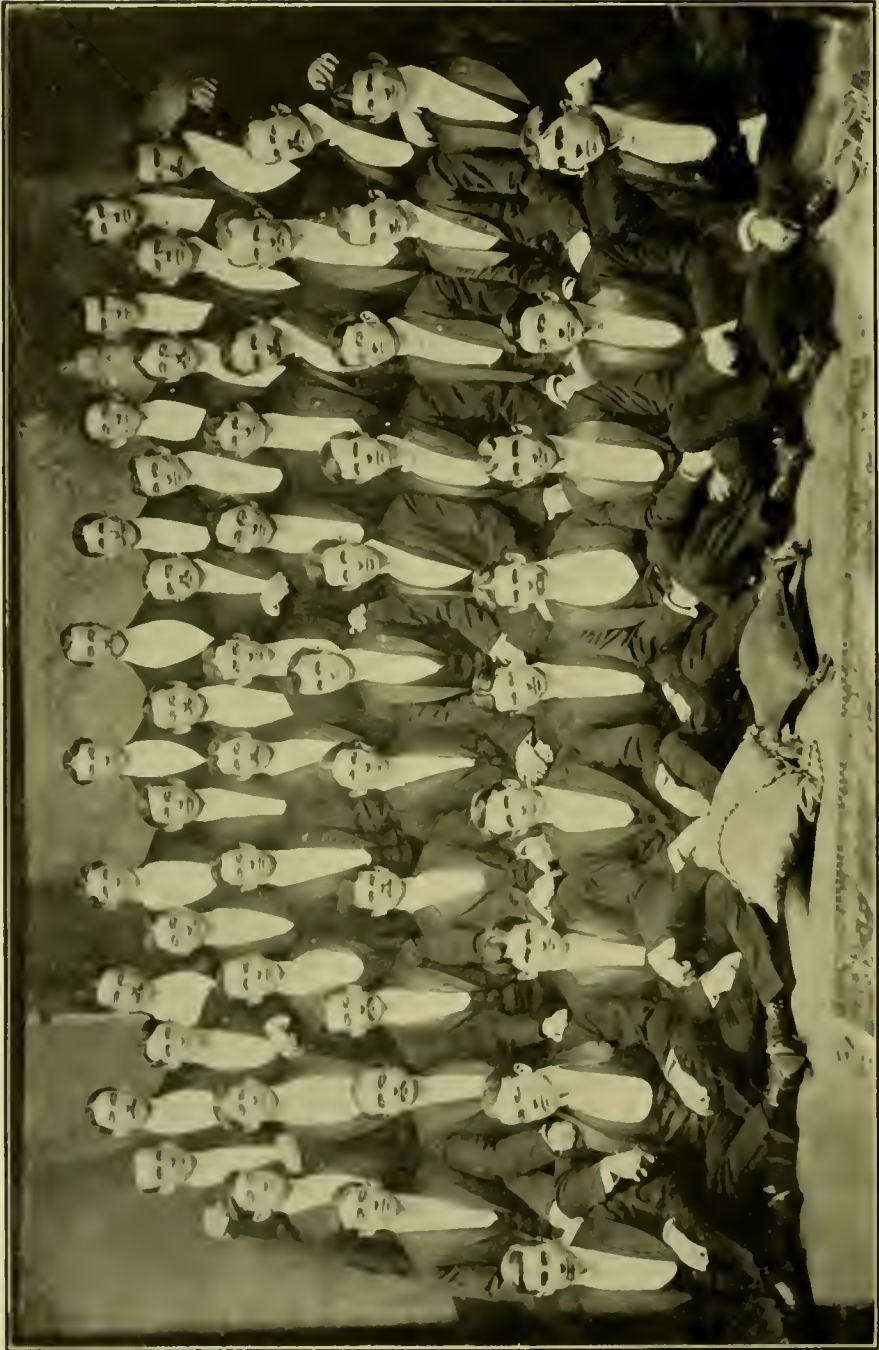
ALPHA, Massachusetts Agricultural College.	EPSILON, Yale University.
BETA, Union University.	ZETA, College of the City of New York.
GAMMA, Cornell University.	ETA, University of Maryland.
DELTA, University of West Virginia.	OMICRON, Mass. Institute of Technology.

Alumni Clubs

New York Club.
Boston Club.

Albany Club.
Connecticut Club.

Southern Club.
Morgantown Club.



Xi Psi Phi Fraternity

Xi Psi Phi Fraternity

ETA CHAPTER



Officers

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H. F. WOOD,	Roanoke, Va.		
E. A. FIREY,	Hagerstown, Md.		

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PROF. J. HOLMES SMITH.	DR. E. B. DAWSON.	



Psi Omega Fraternity





Roll of Chapters

ALPHA,	Baltimore College of Dental Surgery.
BETA,	New York College of Dental Surgery.
GAMMA,	Pennsylvania College of Dental Surgery, Philadelphia.
DELTA,	Tuft's Dental College, Boston, Mass.
EPSILON,	Western Reserve University, Cleveland, Ohio.
ZETA,	University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia.
ETA,	Philadelphia Dental College.
IOTA,	Northwestern University, Chicago, Ill.
KAPPA,	Chicago College of Dental Surgery.
LAMBDA,	University of Minnesota, Minneapolis.
MU,	University of Denver, Denver, Col.
NU,	Pittsburg Dental College, Pittsburg, Pa.
XI,	Milwaukee, Wis., Medical College, Dental Department.
MU DELTA,	Harvard University, Dental Department.
OMICRON,	Louisville College of Dental Surgery.
PI,	Baltimore Medical College, Dental Department.
BETA SIGMA,	College of Physicians and Surgeons, Dental Dep't., San Francisco, Cal.
RHO,	Ohio College of Dental Surgery, Cincinnati.
SIGMA,	Medico-Chirurgical College, Dental Department, Philadelphia.
TAU,	Atlanta Dental College, Atlanta, Ga.
UPSILON,	University of Southern California, Dental Department, Los Angeles
PHI,	University of Maryland, Baltimore.
CHI,	North Pacific Dental College, Portland, Ore.
PSI,	Ohio Medical University, Dental Department, Columbus, Ohio.

Alumni Chapters

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Kappa Sigma Fraternity

Kappa Sigma Fraternity

ALPHA-ALPHA CHAPTER



*Founded at the University of Bo'ogna, Italy, 1400. Organized in America, 1867.
Alpha-Alpha Chapter Chartered at the Academia Terrae Mariae, 1891.*



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When we approach the subject of such an organization as the Kappa Sigma Fraternity, whose history stretches back into that of medieval Europe, we are prone to stand aghast at the extent of a story, of which, with the present limit of space, only a synopsis is permissible. Over five hundred years have elapsed since first the society opened its doors to members; as many as the half a thousand years through which Rome was mighty, and more years than England has been almost omnipotent are those that crowd the cycle of Kappa Sigma's existence, for the Order was originally founded at the Universities of Bologna and Florence, by Emanuel Chrysoloras and Lorenzo de Medici in the year 1400, and its birth-place was a fitting one, Bologna, the City of Letters.

In that City of Italy, where the scholarly few of the world gathered from every civilized land, some of the greatest men that we now find named in the annals of the middle ages entered within the circle of membership, and their deeds and lives have had an incalculable influence upon the civilization that has proceeded from that nursery of learning, there where the Coliseum, with all of its significance, once extended its shadow, and on and on far beyond the confines of the Peninsula, opening the way for those greater triumphs of civilization in which Fraternal life took a leading part. On down through the ages Kappa Sigma thenceforth made its impress on fraternity history, until in the year 1867, several of the members sought to organize the first chapters in America, and found the soil ready for the sowing. So the American branch was organized at the Universities of Virginia and Alabama, and soon attained to prominence in the Greek-Letter world.

The Fraternity has prospered now until the width and breadth of the United States knows the fame of Kappa Sigma, and today near a hundred chapters exist under the name, acknowledging allegiance to the central body. However, although the Fraternity has a general representation over the United States, it is primarily a Southern fraternity, and has prospered the more in the home of American chivalry, where it was first transplanted into the new world.

The present chapter at the University of Maryland was granted a charter in 1891, and during the intervening sessions over eighty members have been admitted to Alpha-Alpha Chapter, which is flourishing in a gratifying manner; and, owing to its rapidly increasing membership, was recently compelled to relinquish its former home, the house of Gen. Robert E. Lee, on Madison Avenue, Baltimore, dear for its historical traditions, for more commodious quarters, at 1131 Bolton Street.



Phi Kappa Sigma Fraternity

Phi Kappa Sigma Fraternity

ALPHA ZETA CHAPTER



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ZETA,	Franklin and Marshall College.	ALPHA DELTA,	University of Maine
ETA,	University of Virginia.	ALPHA EPSILON,	Armour Institute of Technology
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House Men

"Hence: home you idle creatures; get you home.
You stoncs, you worse than senseless things."

—Shakspeare.

I.

Not an empty pleonasm,
Is this jingle of sarcasm;
Wit and wisdom, fun and frolic, so that he who runs
may see;
But the foibles, plainly written,
Of the men whom Fate has smitten,
And has stamped as her's eternal,—clinicals of 1903!

II.

Brent doth wield the brush artistic,
Draweth figures, cabalistic.
On "Iritis," writes sublimely, with a vim he never knew;
From the text-book's page pellucid
He hath borrowed phrases lucid,
Even as he might a dollar,—leaving naught but I. O. U.

III.

Fisher claims as "Uncle Glorious"
Him, whom people call "Victorious,"
Schley, whom you at once remember, as the man who
won the day;
Yet this kinship so emphatic
Gave him naught but what's erratic;
He with "Jeff" upon the curbstone in a sweet abandon
lay.

IV.

With an optic, that's prophetic,
I can see the case pathetic,
Shades of cancer and consumption mark Pete Carter as
their own;
Yet these troubles are a vision,
Almost smact of the Elysian,
As compared to luck at poker, when Burch tells him,
"We are done."

V.

Terry hath the "microscopia,"
Anything from Ethiopia
To the depths of Campo Basso falls a victim to his
glass;
Be you Polish, French or German,
Be you man, or beast, or vermin,
If you've veins, and blood within them, he will never
let you pass.

VI.

Like the nursery jingle "Twinkle"—
We surmise your latest wrinkle—
Yet we "wonder" as you "wander" down to your accus-
tomed place;
Fitch so live, that always "stellar,"
You will never have to tell her,
That you aped the moon, "were full," and had to hide
your blooming face.

VII.

Overman is quite a picture,
 Barring one gigantic structure,
 Just a spot that crowns him, caps him, sweet imagina-
 tion's fee;
 For it comes from borrowed trouble—
 Life to him is but a bubble—
 Every ill from gout to measles he has had save "house-
 maid's knee."

VIII.

When the winds blew soft and balmy
 Moons agone, one night Khuami
 With Frank Weed repaired to Neale's to fill their inner
 man;
 And the waiters, horror-stricken,
 Saw them eat—two hams, a chicken,
 Pies and biscuits, salad, oysters—'twas enough to fill a
 van.

IX.

Came the bill, in form gigantic,
 And the boys were almost frantic,
 For the state of their finances was, in common parlance,
 tight.
 Up spoke our brave Khuzami:
 "Why this bill it do alarm me;
 For belief me, O belief me, but we haf no appetite."

X.

Brigham Young, of Mormon ardor,
 Was no doubt your father's father;
 Yet no one would ever class you with the "Latter
 Saints" today.
 Well we know your trait, bibacious,
 Though you think the charge audacious—
 Little birds on lightest pinions carry news the livelong
 day.

XI.

You have heard the charge Darwinian,
 When he soars on learned pinion
 Back into the darkest jungles and makes "Monk" his
 father's ghost.
 Wilson, in your stubborn passes,
 I can't think but that the asses
 Years agone, begot you, gave you everything that is
 their boast.

XII.

When deep Josephat's environs
 Mark the spot for saints and sirens,
 Many Smiths from many lands will answer call from
 Gabriel's horn;
 Yet the one we know as "Larry"
 "Loami" though he must carry,
 "Chibiabos the sweet singer," is the best Smith ever
 born!

XIII.

With a vim that never falters
 Crist at mystic Hymen's altars,
 Thinks when M. D. crowns his labors, votive offerings
 to lay;
 Though he be a politician
 On that point claims erudition,
 With the "ring" he'll learn, he never knew the "boss"
 till marriage day.

XIV.

Hark, the tune! It is falsetto;
 Briscoe's voice and stature, ditto;
 Yet what matters, Morgan's dealings versus his, are
 naught, in truth;
 He prescribes for foul gastritis,
 Knows the thing that kills neuritis,
 Gathers in his shekels daily, hath the Midas touch
 forsooth.

XV.

In the summer time they sing of
 As the "good old time," the King of
 Sports and frolics, lovers tripping underneath the glo-
 rious moon,
 Babione to shores entrancing,
 Riverview-ward hied romancing,
 Found his idol, loved her madly, and he says, "We'll
 marry soon!"

XVI.

When "King Anthracite" was warring,
 And "Bitumen" did the starring,
 Many hearts were sad and anxious,—yet your fears an
 empty boast;
 Sapp's salvation lay in writing,
 Just a bit of sweet inditing,
 Made the serum hot within him, when they sent him
 back a roast.

XVII.

Phyllis, Betty, May and Doris,
 Leonore, Sabine and Chloris,
 All will seek, and seek it vainly, for one half so de-
 bonair;
 When no more their homes know Lindley,
 But to other groves as kindly
 Flies the bird, Bright bird of passage; we have loved
 thee well, ma cher!

XVIII.

When great Jove had made thee, Mullan,
 He looked on with features sullen;
 "Throw the mold away," he thundered; "little men I
 I do abhor;
 Make two thousand men like Atlas,
 Make them great, strong, and flawless,
 But a man like Mullan, never; never will I make one
 more!"

XIX.

Written speech has charms alluring,
 Letters claim a grace, enduring,
 When they pass from man to maiden, Cupid acts the go
 between;
 Willis when the rules are binding
 And the deuce to play, at finding,
 Write in cipher, enigmatic, that when found they can't
 be seen.

XX.

Asper, has thou thought, discreetly,
 Pondered o'er the subject deeply.
 All it means, in all its phases, these short words: "My
 wedding day!"
 You are young—and youth's a dreamer,
 May she prove the nymph you deem her;
 Hand in hand till Life's last sunset, wander o'er a rosy
 way.

XXI.

Kurtz and Willis Alston wander
 Arm in arm, and often ponder
 Which of all the many nurses nearest comes to their
 ideal;
 Whether it be Mary or Cora,
 Or the charming Flora Dora,
 Each most perfect; yet, my brother, it takes two to make
 a deal.

XXII.

From their mountain home they sent it
 Down to us to be tormented.
 Watkins, if mine were the pow'r, I would crush you as
 a fly;
 Oft your pranks have called, us victim,—
 Hear the universal dictum:
 "Even as he murders English, even so shall Danny die!"

XXIII.

Well we know your point emphatic,
 Genius labelled you "erratic"
 On the subject you will lecture on diurnally "technique,"
 And yet, Wright, your style of dressing
 Keeps us ever, ever guessing,
 If you made the trip to Ararat—it really is unique.

XXIV.

If my eye might grow prophetic,
 I could write a thing pathetic,
 How in years to come, Ashbury always will arrive too
 late,
 Be he called for scarlet fever
 Or diseases of the liver;
 When he comes the patient's spirit lives within the
 golden gate.

XXV.

Hunter, why that eye averted,
 Really, you seem disconcerted,
 And your speech is slow and halting when the nurses
 look this way;
 Yet quite harmless, I assure you,
 They would never dream to lure you,
 Far from your accustomed centers, Diana's model pro-
 tege.

XXVI.

There's a legend old and mystic,
 Telling of this measure drastic, sinful,
 How each lie as tribute claims, a hair from sinful fate;
 Spengler, in your shining cranium,
 (To the flies a vast proscenium),
 Every one will read your weakness and bewail your
 hairless fate.

XXVII.

Twin stars, these, so scintillating,
 That they each seem circulating
 In an orbit, high, exclusive, supermundane, hound to
 soar,
 Gentry, Halloway, we name them,
 Christened once again by Fame, when
 "Quit, Fool," says the Dean, and M. D. crowns their
 labors evermore.

XXVIII.

One day Lockard, bent on duty,
 Quite forgot the tribute Beauty
 Claims her own; he asked for water from a nurse, who
 stood hard by;
 "Sir," she said, "I think you've blundered;
 Never, yet, have I been numbered
 As an orderly; a nurse, sir! Yes, a nurse, sir! that
 am I!"

XXIX.

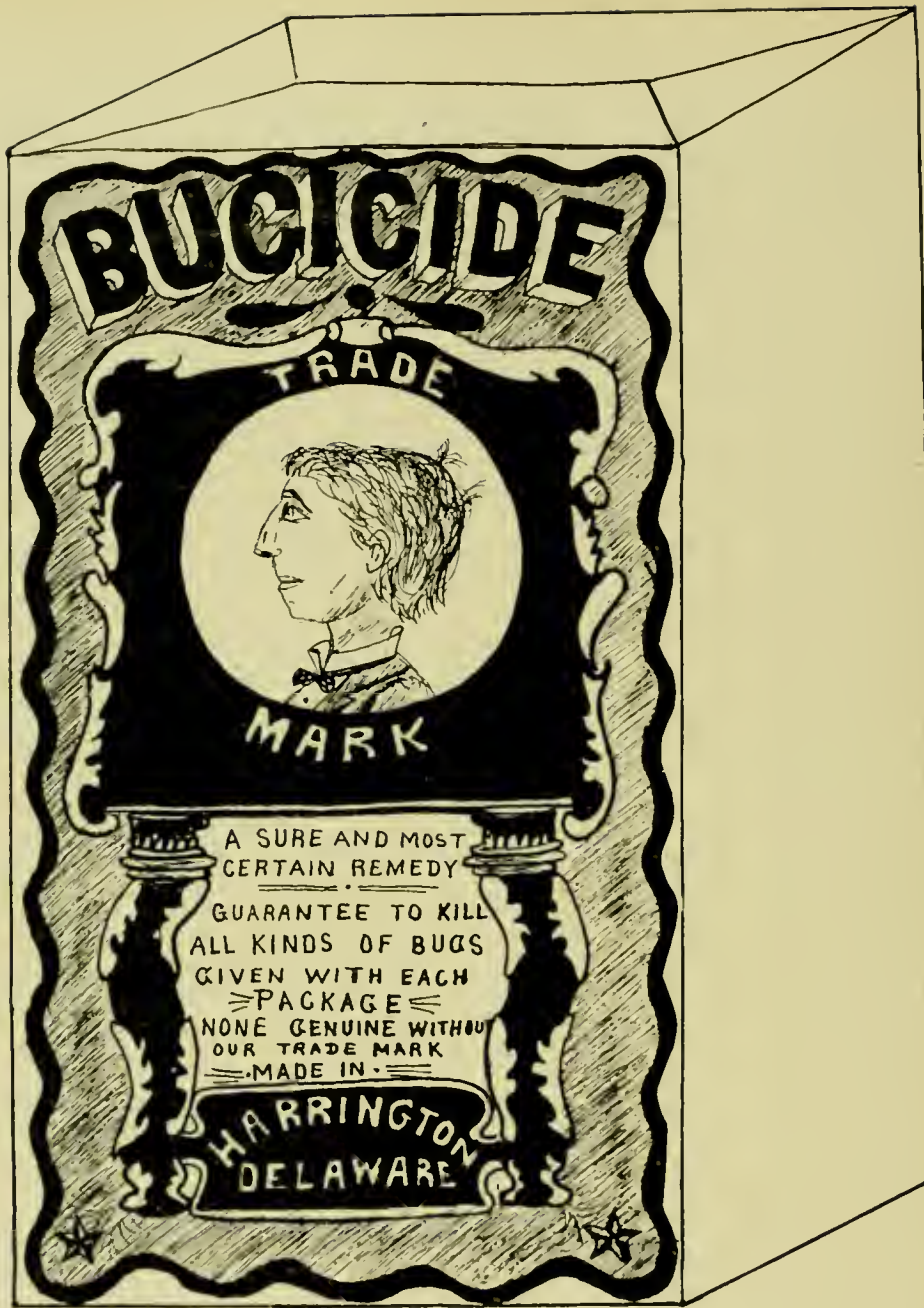
Syria's son, your avocation
 You have missed; a good location,
 Push cart filled with "orange, lemons," would have been
 the better plan.
 Boyie, if no patients call you,
 Do not let the fact appal you;
 Drop the M. D., haag out this sign: "Peanut Vender,
 N. Cotran.

XXIX.

Moore, dost mind the evening, cheery,
 How you made a welcome, merry,
 For your friends, and things were charming till old
 Bacchus took the floor?
 O, the ever-deaf'ning clamor,
 O, the woes of Katzenjammer,
 O, the waking in the morning when we've had "a night
 before!"

XXX.

Now, as papa says to Johnnie,
 With an air of sweet "bon homme:"
 "Really, lad, when'er I punish, why, the pain is always
 mine.
 Johnnie, though doth whimper: "Surely"—
 (And the victims add demurely)
 "Well, I notice when the birch descends, it's my back
 every time."



In Harrington, some months ago,
 A young man presumed to know
 A combination of certain drugs,
 Which he held was sure death to bugs.
 'Twas Ingcicide.

So forth he went, to advertise,
 By all the means he could devise,
 Dreaming of brick walls looming high,
 And great wealth in the by-and-by,
 From Ingcicide.

In future homes he thought his name
 Would be revered by every dame,
 And benisons would be received
 E'en from the plants that were relieved
 By Ingcicide.

But all these dreams soon came to naught,
 When of this drug a farmer bought;
 And when he used the powder fine
 It killed not bugs, but killed the vine;
 Oh, Ingcicide!



Toast of 1903 to the Nurses

RACEFUL, sweet and fair to see
The girl that crowns our reverie,
With lithesome form and mien sedate,
With cap and gown immaculate,
And when by chance, if we should pass,
We touch the gown of this sweet lass,
With silent tread and downcast eyes
She's off to have it sterilized.

Her feet e'er run in mercy's groove,
Her blessed hands were made to soothe,
Her lips—they only speak to bless—
Her eyes are founts of tenderness.
Ah! hands and feet, and lips and eyes,
Who know the road to Paradise,
We drink the students' toast to thee:

"Where'er we roam, on land or sea,
Our thoughts are yours, while mem'ry tells
A tale as sweet as chiming bells;
We drink the nurses, gone before,
We drink the nurses of 1904;
Yet, best of all, we drink to thee,
Thou charming nurse of 1903."

J. W. B. '03.





Naim Catran

From Syria's sunny skies there came
A man to us one day;
He wished to have M. D. and fame—
He had two years to stay.

When first he came he was quite green,
But he was quite discerning;
And soon by us it could be seen
That he was quickly learning.

At first he did not know the game—
Draw poker, we all call it—
He grabbed the tiger just the same,
And then he tried to maul it.

The game he played was very small—
A quarter was the limit—
They taught him how and when to call;
He put his money in it.

He bought his chips, a handsome pile—
All red and white and blue,
Dame Fortune he tried to beguile,
And win a pot or two.

"I'm sure to win," he softly said,
His prospects he thought sunny;
But that night ere he crept to bed,
The others had his money.

His luck not good, his thoughts next turned
To wine of ruddy hue;
To drink his whiskey straight he learned,
He downed the mixed drinks, too.

One night he went to Music Hall,
The "Kilties Band" to hear;
He tried the rye and Scotch high-ball,
He downed three kegs of beer.

Returned he to the house that night,
Condition quite distressing;
He fell into the bed all right—
Ne'er thought he of undressing.

His hat refused to fit next day,
His throat was parched and burning;
'Twas seen by both the good and gay
That he was only learning.

But like a wise man from the East,
He straightway to his senses came;
He dropped his cups, also the feast—
A good boy now is Naim.

H. W. B., '03.



“Class of 1903”

In the early autumn of ninety and nine
 There entered a class both large and fine;
 They came from near and they came from far,
 And they were green, as all Freshmen are.
 They had their rows with the second-year men,
 And mustaches were lost, as usual, when
 They were worn too long by a Freshman.

They had some trouble with Histology,
 And “Bones,” and names in anatomy;
 But by early spring they could usually tell
 The names of a muscle or two and—well,
 When the final exams came rolling around
 Most of them passed and few got found,
 And that’s not so bad for a Freshman.

In the Sophomore year the Schurman affair
 Took time and money, and raised a scare;
 But the class and the college stuck together like one,
 And old Justice Poe had the devil’s own fun
 When he tried to boss the students and all.
 Well!—He’s lost his job, that’s quite enough of a fall,
 And now it’s safe for the Sophomores.

The Junior year, with its sorrows and joys,
 Came around, and with it a crowd of the boys
 From the old North State to join the class,
 And to prove that the Tar Heel can make a “pass,”
 Or draw four aces, or work a bluff,
 Or even study, if there’s time enough;
 And that’s pretty good for a Junior.

And now in the spring of nineteen and three,
 Before we scatter, like sands of the sea,
 Let us drink a toast and give a long cheer:
 “To memories of Tommy’s” and “Tommy’s beer,”
 “To sweethearts and wives,” “Things present” “things past,”
 But best of all, let us drink the last
 To nineteen three and the Seniors.”

M., '03.

The Proper Spirit

His head was jumbled into the sand,
His arms were broke in twain;
Three ribs were snapped, four teeth were gone—
He ne'er would walk again.

His lips moved slow, I stooped to hear
The whisper they let fall.
He scarce could speak, but this I heard:
Old man! who's got the ball? —M.



Milk famine, half fed.
Starvation, he's dead.

R. Freshman.

Much study, 'tis said.
Prostration, he's dead.

—R. Sophomore.

Back branches, Hope fled.
Intoxication, he's dead.

R. Junior.

Much learning, swelled head.
Aberration, he's dead.

—R. Senior.

NEILSON—Clive, did you get your money back?

CLIVE—No; my generosity cost me twenty-seven.



A Bit of Advice to Freshmen

A pledge I make, no wine to take;
Nor brandy red, that turns the head;
Nor whiskey hot, that makes the sot;
Nor fiery rum, that ruins the home;
Nor will I sin, by drinking gin;
Hard cider, too, will never do;
Nor lager beer, my heart to cheer;
Nor sparkling ale, my face to pale;
To quench my thirst, I'll always bring
Cold water from well or spring;
So here I pledge perpetual hate
To all that can intoxicate.



Briscoe

The blest arms of Morpheus encircled his form;
Briscoe's sleep was serene—no thought of the morrow,
With its manifold heartaches, its bills to be met,
Or its vast possibilities—troubled him yet.
When a voice in the night: "Briscoe, rise and begone,
A Cæsarian section, by Dr. Allen, is on."
To the grim call of science, while the dream god looked
on,
"Is it woman or man?" Briscoe asked with a yawn;
And then wandered o'er groves, poppy-scented, to rest,
While Science retreated, with a shaft in her breast.



Knights of Rest

RESTERS.

FIRST KNIGHT.

ANOTHER KNIGHT.

KNIGHT BEFORE LAST.

LAST KNIGHT.

No record of early history, just grew. Limited (Very).

PRESIDENTS.

First Knight, Another Knight, Knight Before Last, Last Knight.

SECRETARY—DITTO.

TREASURER—DITTO AS DITTO.

Law.—(The only one, most rigidly enforced.)—Any member caught or found working, unless forced to do so, will be fined—the fine to be the price of a feed for the entire and collective number of Resters.

The sole ambition of the members of the organization is to *Rest*. The purpose being to cultivate in each Knight a taste and propensity for rest, (other easy things not excluded); also to stimulate the ability to get much of

this most desired healthful and self-satisfying element. With a knack of finding time to rest whenever an opportunity presents itself, and with an occult power of finding time to fulfill the above ideal desire whenever an opportunity does not present itself. All questions to become a law must be carried by four-fourths' vote.

MOTTO.—"Be good, and you will be lonesome."



In Memoriam

Our little William Billy Goat
 Has shuffled off this coil;
 He died a death most sad too see,
 Starched food it did recoil.
 He ate up Rester Last (K) night shirt,
 And died that same sad day.
 Now one of the Resters wears starch less,
 While all are less a goat-ee.

—WHITTLE.

Mr. Dooley on Prof. Lorenz at University of Maryland

NOTE.—In case Mr. P. F. Dunne reads this article, we hope he will not become discouraged. You're doing very well, Mr. Dunne; keep it up, and you may some day be able to write an article fully as good, and possibly better, than the following.

"I see," said Mr. Hennessy, "Thot Prowfissor Lowrinz wuz pullin' kids' legs down at th' Ooniversity iv Maryland."

"He wuz thot," answered Mr. Dooley.

"Did ye'er bye Danny see him do th' thrick?"

"He did not. He's a soffymoore," said Mr. Dooley.

"Shure phat th' H— is a soffymoore?" asked Hennessey.

"A soffymoore," said Mr. Dooley, "is a stewdent thot don't amount t' a pimple on a muskeeter's glutees max'mus, phin Prowfissir Lowrinz is around. Ye see, 'twas this way: Ye see, Danny wint t' see Mack the Colonel, who is th' whole shky, 'r in othir wurruds, th' main guy iv th' cawllidge, an' sez he, 'Mack,' sez he, 'will yez give me a ticket t' th' op'ration?' sez he.

"'Me dear bye,' sez Mack, 'ye soffymoores don't know a thing about this biznis, an' t'wuddn't do yez a bit iv good,' sez he. 'So yez had bether sthay out an' give thim thot undhershtan's it a chanst.'

"Jist thin in cums a big cow iv a woman, an' she sez t' Mack, sez she, 'Misther Mack, I'm a thrained burrse,' sez she.

"'Who thrained ye?' sez Mack.

"'Carrel Hagenbeck, th' greatest animal thrainer since th' days iv Danil in th' Line's Din,' sez she.

"'Good,' sez Mack. 'Here's a boonch iv tickets; bring ye'er cuke an' th' cop on th' bate along wid ye.'

"Nixt in line, cum a big buck naygur. 'Gud mornin', boss,' sez he t' Mack. 'Who are ye?' sez Mack. 'I'me th' colored gintilman thot elanes th' spittoons up at th' Rinnirt,' sez he.

"'Me bye,' sez Mack, grabbin' him be th' hand, 'I wuz afeard ye wuddn't cum 'round,' sez he, 'an' wuz goin' t' sind some tickets up t' ye,' sez he, 'becaws,' sez he, 'this is a grate thing, an' I wuddn't want ye t' miss it fr th' wurruld,' sez he. 'How manny waitthers up there kin git off fr th' afthernoont?' 'Sivin,' sez th' naygur.

"'Here's tin tickets,' sez Mack; 'sivin fr th' waitthers, waa fr ye'ersilf, an' two fr th' colored pracher an' his wife.'

"Thurd in line, cum a big fat shlob iv a woman, wid soup dhrainin's all down th' froont iv her vesht. Misther Mure, th' lad thot hilps Colonel run th' jint, hailed her wid a slmile an' a bow.

"'Wud ye moind givin' me yeer caard,' sez he, 'soze I kin presint ye t' th' Colonel,' sez he.

"'I hav'n't a deck wid me,' sez she, 'but if ye arre raley angshus f'r a game iv peenuckle,' sez she, 'I'll sind Thee'dore home f'r a pack,' says she.

"'No,' sez Misther Mure, 'I mane, phat is yeer name,' sez he.

"'Oh! Is thot phat ye want? Will thin, I'm Perry's wife,' sez she.

"'Wid a ginaflection thot cum near takin' a couple iv suspinder buttons along wid it, sez he, 'Missus Perry,' sez he, 'it gives me grate plisure,' sez he, 't' presint ye wid this packidge iv invitashuns,' sez he, 't' be dishtributed amooong yeer frinds as ye see fit,' sez he.

"'Be this time they was both resavin' th' cawlers, who wor lined up is faar is th' sidewalk. There wuz a homi'path docthor thot wanted t' git a few moore tips on pullin' people's legs, a hair tonic man thot wuz t' presint Lowrinz wid a gross iv his sltuff an' git a lether iv teshtimoneel, a bearded lady, fr'm th' Monnymintil, thot wanted t' see th' latesht cut in phwiskers, an' so on down th' line."

"'An' did they all git tickets?'" asked Hennessy.

"'Av coorse they did,'" answered Mr. Dooley. "The Colonel wuz nivir known t' rayfuse a person thot came t' him wid'a worthy cause.

"'Well, phin th' tickits giv out, ivirythin' wuz quite till th' time dhrew near f'r Sandy Claws t' show up; thin th' gang commined t' git t'githir f'r bizniz. They were all there, fr'm big Bawb Mitchell down t' little Feetus Harrison, an' t' hear th' nize they med ye'd think two 'r three He - - s had bin let loose on th' campus.

"'Hinnessy, i've heerd it sed, thot it's a cowld day phin a soffymoore gits left. If thot sayin's thru, awl th' th'momeeturs in Bawltimoore musht hov froze up thot afthernoone becaze a soffymoore cuddn't git into thot buildin', nosor, not even if he hod a boonch iv tickits five foot high. They pushed an' shlanmed an' shooved, but divil a wan got by th' dure. Mack held th' foort against awl cumers, big an' shmall, an' proved t' th' satisfashun iv awl thot he cud repel an' assalt is will is lade his gallant throops in parade on Pathrick's Day.

"'Phin th' hall wuz full, th' dures wor barred an' a fine lugin' cop surrounded aich wan iv thim. Bimeby a hack cum tearin' up th' sthreet, an' as soon as it sthops out joomps Rip Van Winkil, along wid Doc Taylor, who wuz doin' th' honors.

"'He wuz hailed wid cheer afther cheer an' a few tigers thrum in jest t' show they wor no haard feelin's."

"That did he luk like?" asked Hennessy.

"He hos a pare iv showldirs on him like John L., an' hos fine head iv futbawl hair. 'Tis a shame t' see sich a forrum washtid on a doether; he'd make a fine blacksmith.

"Will, aither he wint inside, th' gang made a few off'rins iv plaster iv parris t' wan iv th' cops, an' thot ended th' show."

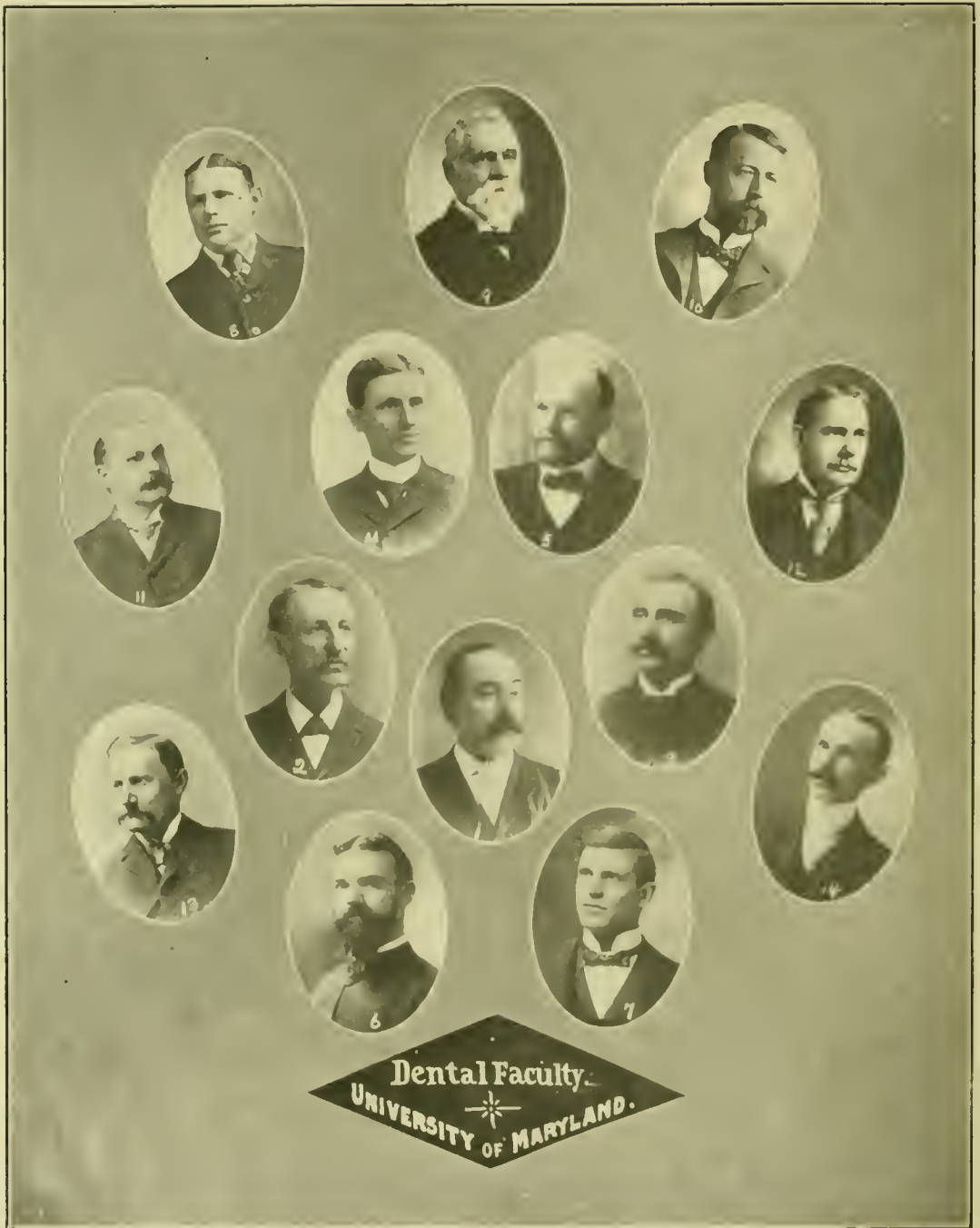
"An' is thot awl there is to it?" asked Hennessy.

"Av coorse it is," said Mr. Dooley. "Thot hod ought t' be enuff f'r ye, thot's awl th' soffymoores gut "

ALEC MCKENZIE.







1. PROF. FERD. J. S. GORGAS, D.D.S.
 2. PROF. JAS. H. HARRIS.
 3. PROF. JOHN C. UHLER.
 4. PROF. ISAAC H. DAVIS.
 5. PROF. CLARENCE J. GRIEVES.

6. PROF. JOHN C. GEISER.
 7. PROF. S. O. HEATHWOLF.
 8. PROF. R. DORSEY COALE.
 9. PROF. FRANCIS S. MILLS.
 10. PROF. J. HOMES SMITH.

11. PROF. CHAS. T. MITCHELL.
 12. PROF. D. R. M. CUTLER.
 13. PROF. RANDOLPH WINSLOW.
 14. PROF. HOLLAND.

University of Maryland, Dental Department



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Professor of Principles of Dental Science, Oral Surgery and Dental Prosthesis

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Professor of Operative and Clinical Dentistry.

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Professor of Materia Medica.

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Associate Professor of Prosthetic Dentistry.

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Associate Professor of Operative Dentistry

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O. S. GRIBBEL, D. D. S.,
Assistant Dental Demonstrators.

J. W. HOLLAND, M. D.,
Demonstrator of Anatomy.

H. M. FITZHUGH, M. D.,
Assistant Demonstrator of Anatomy.

A Brief History of the University of Maryland

BY FERDINAND J. S. GORGAS, A. M., M. D., D. D. S.



THE history of an University becomes not only interesting but instructive, when, after an existence of almost a century, its records become a chronicle of important events and its list of Alumni contains the names of men who have occupied some of the most prominent positions in their respective professions, and who have also been honored at home and abroad for scientific achievements and valuable discoveries.

The history of higher education in this country extends through four periods: the first beginning with the earliest settlement and extending to the Revolution, during which time the English system of that period prevailed. The second, following that great struggle for liberty, was distinguished by the organization of professional schools in medicine, law and theology. The third, beginning about the middle of this century, was characterized by the formation of scientific schools. The fourth, embracing the present period, has for its ideal, the system upon which the English Universities are now conducted, which includes continuous effort for the maintenance of the highest standard of professional learning, and the development of the highest talent. It was during the second of these periods that the University of Maryland was organized, the idea of establishing such an institution originating with Dr. John Beale Davidge as early as the year 1796, and who was instrumental in interesting in such an enterprise Dr. Nathaniel Potter.

Failing, however, to influence others in the same direction, Dr. Davidge began, about the year 1799, a private course of medical lectures, which were continued annually thereafter, and formed the nucleus of the present School of Medicine of the University of Maryland.

In 1807, Drs. Davidge and Potter, having associated with them Drs. James Coeke and John Shaw, delivered a more extended course of medical instruction during the Winter month, which course was interrupted for a time by the prejudice of the community against dissection, a mob demolishing a small anatomical building which Dr. Davidge had erected near the southeast corner of Liberty and Saratoga streets, the site now occupied by the Renert Hotel.

This violent demonstration, however, had the effect of uniting the medical profession of the city in the effort to establish a Medical School, and on December 18, 1807, an act founding a Medical College in the city or precincts of Baltimore, for the instruction of students in the different branches of medicine, was passed by the Legislature of the State of Maryland. This original charter is still in force, and when it was granted Baltimore was the third city in size in the United States, having a population of 33,000, and its growth from 1790 to 1810 far exceeded that of New York and Philadelphia.

The Board of Regents at a meeting held December 28, 1807, pursuant to an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, at the house of Dr. Davidge, elected the first medical faculty as follows: George Brown, M. D., Professor of the Practice and Theory of Medicine; John B. Davidge, M. D., and James Cocke, M. D., joint Professors of Anatomy, Physiology and Surgery; John Shaw, M. D., Professor of Chemistry; Thomas E. Bond, M. D., Professor of Materia Medica, and William Donaldson, M. D., Professor of the Institutes of Medicine. Dr. Brown having resigned, Nathaniel Potter, M. D., was elected Professor of the Practice and Theory of Medicine. Dr. John B. Davidge was the first dean.

The lectures of the first session of the chartered institution were delivered at the houses of Professors Davidge, Cocke and Shaw, to seven students, there being no graduates at this session.

Dr. Potter began his lectures in 1808. Dr. Donaldson declined to accept his appointment, but Dr. Brown continued to act as the President of the Board of Regents until the year 1812.

The second session was held in a building on the southwest corner of Fayette street and McClellan's alley, and the class consisted of ten members. In 1809 the vacancies in the Chairs of Chemistry and Materia Medica were filled by the election of Elisha DeButts, M. D., and Samuel Baker, M. D., and the matriculates had increased to eighteen. During the session of 1824-5 the matriculates numbered 320.

In 1810 the first public commencement was held, and the degree of Doctor of Medicine was conferred upon five graduates.

In 1812 Dr. William Gibson was elected Professor of Surgery, and Dr. Richard Wilmot Hall, Adjunct Professor of Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children.

A lot on the northeast corner of Lombard and Greene streets was purchased from Col. John Eager Howard, and the erection of the present University Building was begun in May, 1812, and the ensuing session was held in the partially completed structure. It was built in imitation of the Pantheon at Rome, and at the period of its completion was the finest structure devoted to medical teaching in this country. Its Anatomical Theatre and Chemical Hall were described in the papers of that date as being as extensive and appropriate as those of any of the European schools. On the completion of this building the idea was first conceived of founding a University upon the Medical School, and on December 29, 1812, the Legislature of Maryland passed an act authorizing the College of Medicine of Maryland to constitute, appoint and annex to itself the other three Colleges of Faculties, viz: "The Faculty of Divinity, the Faculty of Law and the Faculty of the Arts and Sciences, and that the four Faculties or Colleges thus united, shall be, and they are hereby constituted an University, by the name and under the title of the University of Maryland." The first Faculty of Divinity consisted of Rt. Rev. James Kemp, D. D.; Rev. James Inglis, D. D.; Rev. J. Daniel Kurtz; Rev. George Roberts, and the Rev. John Glendy. The Rev. Dr. William E. Wy-

att was appointed in 1819, and the last survivor of this Faculty was the Rev. J. G. Hamner, D. D. In 1878 this Theological Department ceased to exist.

The Department of Law was organized in 1823, and its first Faculty consisted of Messrs. David Hoffman, Robert Goodloe Harper, John Purviance, Robert Smith, Nicholas Brice and Nathaniel Williams.

This Law Department is in active operation, and among its Alumni and present Faculty are to be found the names of many of the most prominent jurists in the State of Maryland.

The first Faculty of Arts consisted of such eminent scholars as Charles W. Hanson, Rev. John Allen, John E. Hall, Rev. Archibald Walker, John D. Craig, Samuel Brown and Henry Wilkins, M. D. With the death of Rev. Edwin A. Dalrymple, about the year 1865, the Department of Arts and Sciences became extinct.

The first Provost of the University was the Hon. Robert Smith, who had occupied the position of Secretary of State of the United States. Professor Richard Wilmot Hall was the first Secretary of the Board of Regents. The present Secretary of this Board is the Hon. Judge Henry D. Harlan, of the Supreme Bench of Baltimore. The position of Provost was filled by that eminent scholar and jurist, the Hon. Severn Teackle Wallis, from 1870 until his death in 1894.

The second Provost of the University of Maryland, the Rt. Rev. James Kemp, D. D., conferred the honorary degree of LL. D. upon Lafayette in the University Building, Oct. 9, 1824, during the last visit of that illustrious Frenchman to the United States. The diploma was enclosed in a handsome silver box, and was the first instance of the conferring of this degree. The present Provost, Bernard Carter, Esq., is one of the most eminent members of the Baltimore legal profession.

In 1820 the Museum of the Medical Department of the University, at that time in Practice Hall, a large building adjoining the University Building, received through Dr. Granville Sharp Pattison, of Scotland who occupied the Chair of Surgery in the University Medical Department, the anatomical collection of the celebrated Scotch Anatomist, Allen Burns, which in variety, excellence and number was superior to any other in this country. Dr. Pattison resigned in 1827 and was succeeded by the celebrated surgeon, Professor Nathan R. Smith, M. D., who occupied the Chair of Surgery from 1827 to 1860, and was Emeritus Professor of Surgery from that time until his death in 1877.

The University Hospital, first known as the Baltimore Infirmary, was erected in 1823 on the southwest corner of Lombard and Greene streets, to which extensive additions were subsequently made. In 1896 it was determined to remove the main Hospital building and erect a much larger one on the same site. This new building, in accommodations, equipment and appearance, will compare favorably with any other in this country.

In 1837 the first dental lectures in America were delivered in the University of Maryland by Dr. Horace H. Hayden, one of the earliest practitioners of Dentistry in Baltimore.

Following the example of Harvard, Pennsylvania and other Universities, in 1882, by an act of the Legislature of Maryland, a new department was established under the title of "The University of Maryland Dental Department." The first Faculty of Dentistry consisted of Ferdinand J. S. Gorgas, A. M., M. D., D. D. S., Professor of the Principles of Dental Science, Dental Surgery and Dental Prosthesis; also Dean; James H. Harris, M. D., D. D. S., Professor of Operative and Clinical Dentistry; William E. A. Aiken, M. D., LL. D., Professor of Chemistry; Samuel C. Chew, A. M., M. D., Professor of Materia Medica and Therapeutics; Francis T. Miles, A. M., M. D., Professor of Physiology; L. McLane Tiffany, A. M., M. D., Clinical Professor of Surgery; J. Edwin Michael, A. M., M. D., Professor of Anatomy; John C. Uhler, M. D., D. D. S., Demonstrator of Prosthetic Dentistry; Frank L. Harris, D. D. S., and Lewis M. Cowardin, D. D. S., Demonstrators of Operative Dentistry; Randolph Winslow, A. M., M. D., Demonstrator of Anatomy.

A new Dental Building, containing a large, well arranged, and fully equipped Infirmary and Laboratory, also a Museum, together with extracting, impression and reception rooms, was erected on Green street adjoining the University Building, in 1882, to which no less than four additions have since been made. During the past summer many improvements have been made to the Infirmary and Laboratory.

The success of the Dental Department has been remarkable, as during the first session, which commenced October 2, 1882, sixty-six students were matriculated, and at the first Commencement, in the following March, the degree of D. D. S. was conferred upon the members of a graduating class numbering thirty-four. Every year since its organization the number of matriculates has increased, over two hundred being present at the recent sessions. In connection with their dental lectures, dental clinics and Infirmary and Laboratory practice, the dental students attend the same lectures as the medical students on Anatomy, Chemistry, Physiology, Materia Medica and Therapeutics; they are also admitted to all the surgical clinics.

The instruction in all branches of Dental Science is as thorough as it is possible to make it.

The University of Maryland at the present time consists of three departments: Medicine, Law and Dentistry, all moving along the lines of progress and establishing the fame of the University far and wide.

The Law Department has been enjoying a reputation second to no other in this country, among its faculty being a number of the Judges of the Supreme Bench of Baltimore, and other distinguished jurists.

All of the Departments of the University are in a most flourishing condition at the present time.

The Board of Regents consists of the following gentlemen:

BERNARD CARTER, LL. D., PROVOST.

SAMUEL C. CHEW, M. D.

HON. JOHN P. POE.

HON. CHARLES E. PHELPS.

FRANCIS T. MILES, M. D.

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JAS. H. HARRIS, M. D., D. D. S.

R. DORSEY COALE, Ph. D.

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CHARLES W. MITCHELL, M. D.

J. HOLMES SMITH, M. D.

D. M. R. CULBRETH, M. D.

The Young Men's Christian Association of the University has been in successful operation for a number of years, all students being eligible to membership, which includes special privileges in the city association.



I'm Willie from "Cullpepper"

I'm Charlie
from
"Fluvannah"

They met
by chance





Class Officers, 1903

Class of 1903



Officers

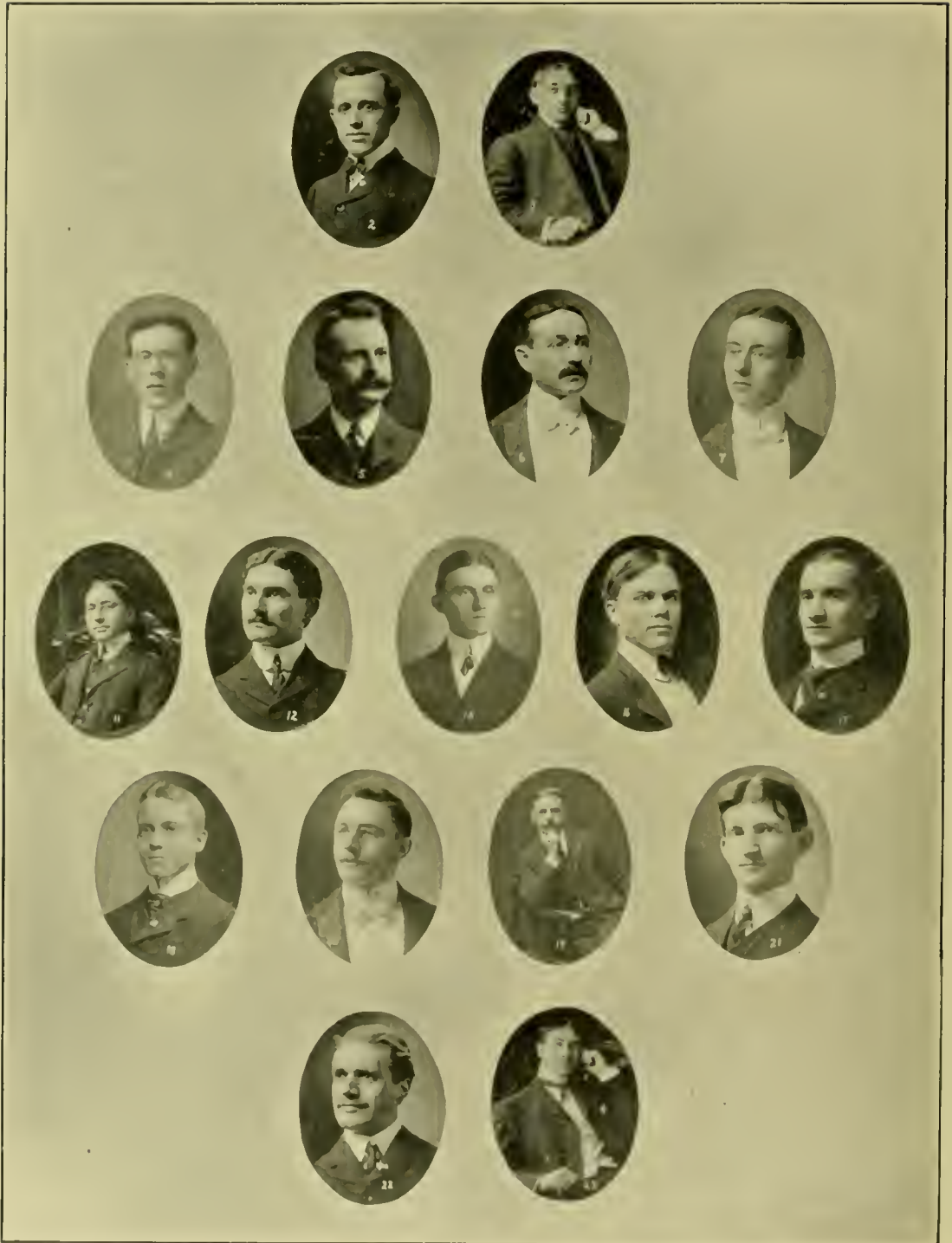
W. L. McCUTCHEN, - - - - - *President.* DAVID BROWN LEWERS, - - - *Valedictorian.*
M. J. BARBER, - - - - - *Vice-President.* A. F. FELIX, - - - - - *Prophet.*
S. G. JACKSON, - - - - - *Secretary.* J. A. TAYLOR, - - - - - *Historian.*
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Editors

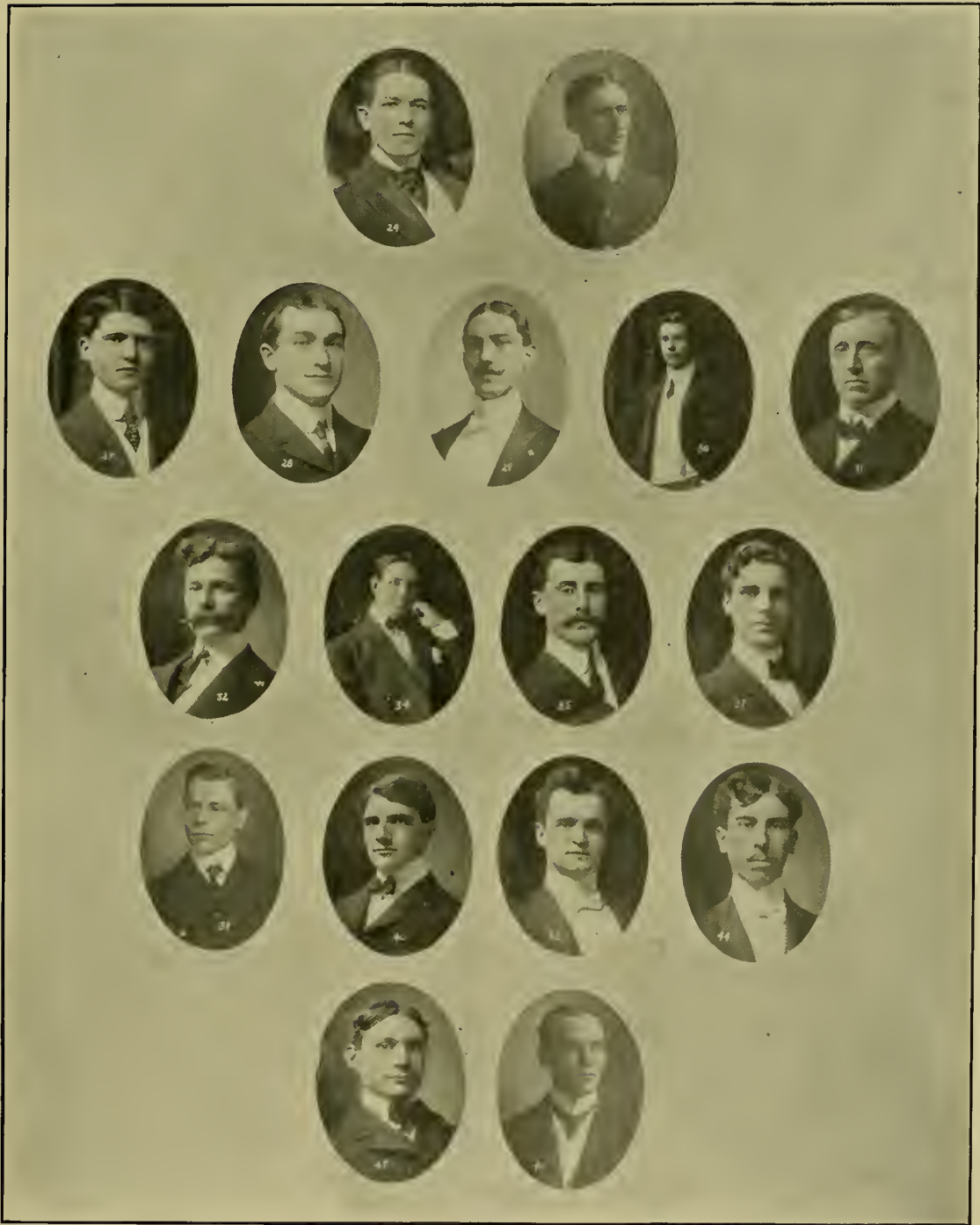
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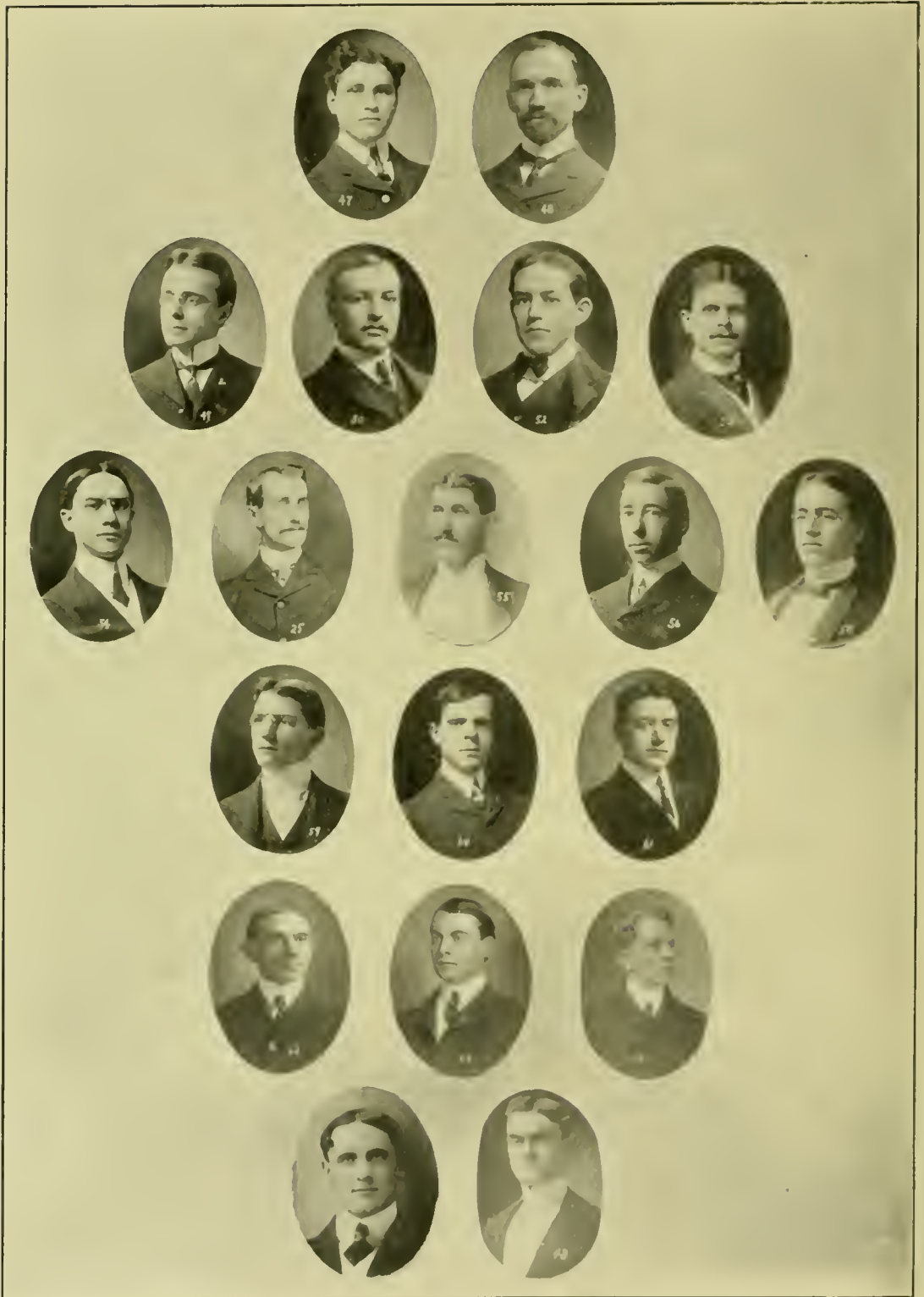
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R. W. SPRINKEL,
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Class Members, 1903



Class Members, 1903



Class Members, 1903

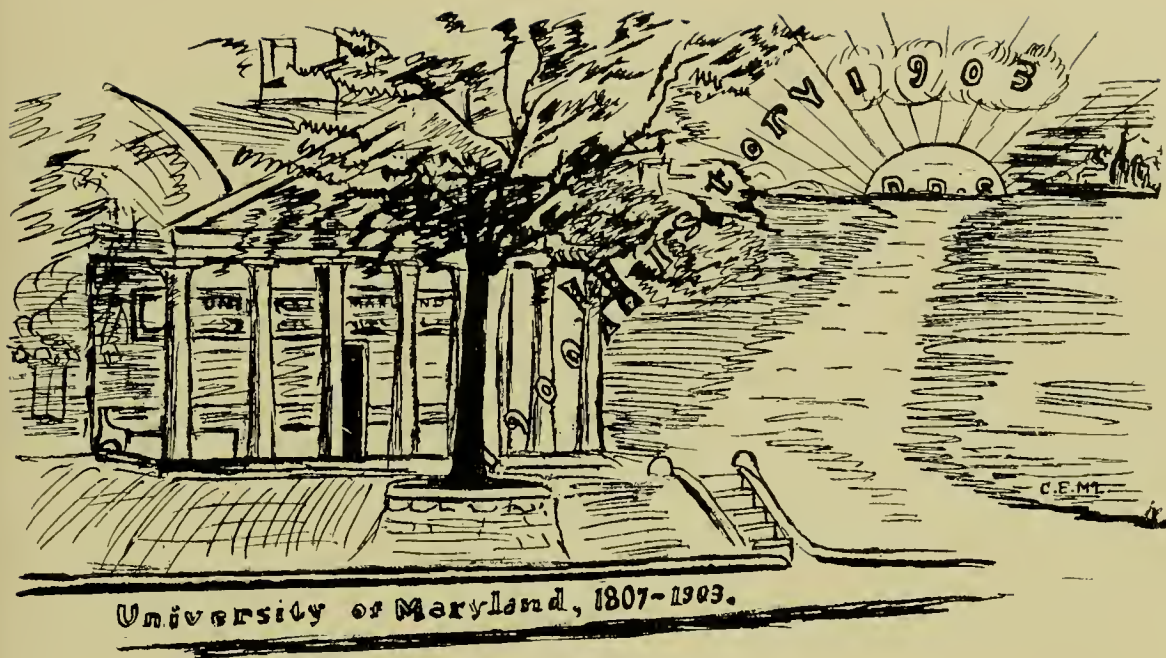
Senior Class



Members

1. BARBER, M. J. Π.Ψ.Φ., Canada.
2. BASKIN, E. Ψ.Ω., South Carolina.
3. BEDINGER, A. F. G. New York.
4. BELL, A. W. Canada.
5. BLACKBURNE, F. G. Pennsylvania.
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8. BURNS, W. B. Π.Ψ.Φ., Pennsylvania.
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10. CONYERS, W. T. Bermuda.
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16. FITCH, P. M. Ψ.Ω., New York.
17. FORDING, J. D. Π.Ψ.Φ., Ohio.
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19. HOMER, J. H. JR. Π.Ψ.Φ., South Carolina.
20. GOULD, H. L. Maine.
21. HERBERT, J. E. Π.Ψ.Φ., West Virginia.
22. HOODNER, F. A. Pennsylvania.
23. HASACK, A. H. Π.Ψ.Φ., West Virginia.
24. IDE, I. C. Π.Ψ.Φ., New York.
25. JACKSON, S. G. Π.Ψ.Φ., Nova Scotia.
26. JENKINS, R. D. Ψ.Ω., Georgia.
27. JONES, C. C. Ψ.Ω., Louisiana.
28. KEFAUVER, N. E. Maryland.
29. KNEF, J. P. P. Π.Ψ.Φ., New Jersey.
30. KUMLE, L., JR. Π.Ψ.Φ., California.
31. LEWERS, D. B. Ψ.Ω., England.
32. LAW E. McIVER Ψ.Ω., South Carolina.
33. LISBONA, M. R. New York.
34. MANN, L. E. Ψ.Ω., North Carolina.
35. MANNING, H. A. Ψ.Ω., Massachusetts.
36. McCUTCHEM, W. L. Ψ.Ω., South Carolina.
37. MOTT, C. B. Ψ.Ω., North Carolina.
38. McLAUGHLIN, C. E. Π.Ψ.Φ., Canada.
39. MYERS, T. R. Ψ.Ω., Maryland.
40. NAILLE, I. T. Π.Ψ.Φ., Pennsylvania.
41. NEWELL, F. R. Ψ.Ω., Vermont.
42. OBEAR, B. F. Π.Ψ.Φ., Missouri.
43. PARTRIDGE, G. T. New York.
44. FOSEY, A. A. Maryland.
45. PROUDHOMME, J. H. Louisiana.
46. RALLINS, G. C. Π.Ψ.Φ., California.
47. REMSBURG, E. M. Maryland.
48. RICE, E. Alabama.
49. SARGENT, H. H. Ψ.Ω., Pennsylvania.
50. SELBY, B. F. Maryland.
51. SEIPPELL, A. W. Maryland.
52. SHUPP, F. D. Maryland.
53. SPAHN, C. A. Π.Ψ.Φ., New Jersey.
54. SPRINKLE, R. W. Ψ.Ω., Virginia.
55. STEWART, G. H. Maryland.
56. STRICKLER, R. E. L. Virginia.
57. TAYLOR, J. A. Indiana.
58. THOMAS, H. M. Π.Ψ.Φ., Pennsylvania.
59. TERENCE, M. H. Georgia.
60. VALENTINE, F. J. Π.Ψ.Φ., Maryland.
61. WATKINS, L. L. Π.Ψ.Φ., Maryland.
62. WATSON, E. T. West Virginia.
63. WHITNEY, R. M. Ψ.Ω., Maine.
64. WOOD, R. D. Louisiana.





The debut of the Class of 1903 into the famed halls of the University of Maryland was fraught with no great significance.

Advanced quotations in the Amalgamated Copper market may have resulted—The Deeley and Consolidated firms being the principle speculative favorites, realizing with telling effect on our “wads.”

The condition of the market was never taken into consideration by us; we always bought stock whether up or down.

When Dr. Geiser introduced to us the subject of technics, the display of dental goods in the technique room was dazzling and might well make an Evans or Miller envious.

The impressions our worthy instructor sought to inculcate were so readily absorbed that we were at once eulogized and pronounced “The best ever.”

The initial lessons dealt with the anatomical structure of the molar and the two hundred and seventy vulnerable points for the streptococcus media, then came operative procedure, from the sealing of an apex to the manipulation of “Abbey’s No. 4.” One happening in, during the latter part of this course of instruction might have thought himself in a “Western Union.”

Pursuant to the able teachings of Dr. Uhler, full and partial dentures were constructed.

One member, prompted, no doubt, by motives of economy, endeavored to convert a paraffine base plate into vulcanite, and after patiently watching an old vulcanizer for an hour and thirty minutes, wondered “why the thunder” it didn’t come out right, while another

industriously pumped a lathe half the afternoon utilizing the drive wheel for a corundum stone.

With preternatural solemnity we approached Dr. Grieves with the first specimens of our mechanical skill in All metals:

Kefouver (he who gained so much take nickel (technical) experience during last vacation, was admonished to take a day off and go fishing, others were complimented and one received the consoling intelligence that his crowns were not worth a tinker's damn.

Examinations soon came and were passed creditably. For the examination in dental medicine choice seats were selected (by Prof. Gorgas) and we marched down to them with fear and trembling to the accompaniment of contagious melodies augmented by a whistling chorus.

Particularly noticeable at these examinations was the common desire evinced for the end seats, preferableness depending on the proximity of the coach.

Perhaps the most "striking scene" enacted this year was witnessed one day in Anatomical Hall, just before Prof. Harris' lecture, when Hamer took a high-priced seat. Seeing that he was actually sitting undisturbed, he lighted up (and swelled up) when in stalked Newberry whose quick eye (for trouble) immediately took in the situation. He strode before the "freshie" and pointed a suggestive finger aloft to which Jack very complacently blew rings of smoke at the skylight. The usual gentle method of elevating young men was resorted to, but not with the results Newberry expected. Two pugilistic stunts followed, and in the first rencountre, Newberry did a beautiful contortive act over the back of a seat, and in the second bout he perforated the air several times, but through inadvertancy put his neck under Honier's axillary space, whereupon, the latter straightway began the revision of the anatomy of his physiog. It is gratifying to state that Jack resumed and maintained his seat.

Vacation come on apace and in the interim a pleasant time was spent.

From the beginning of the intermediate term a deaf ear was turned to the incentives of pleasure, and with energy which had by this time been re-moulded to fit our uses, prodigious polysyllabical terms and brain-racking formulas, which terrorized us at first, were mastered.

It has been related of Hoodner, erstwhile of York, that during this year he had no affinity for his couch after his faithful old Ingersoll proclaimed 2 a. m.

The high noon functions were attended zealously through to the sweating process. On the examination reports appeared the names of several who made good round (O) marks.

Soon after these torturing pencil-pushing contests, preparations were made for another short period of recreation. So anxious were some to take leave, especially two from old Virginia, that they were prone to call out in their slumbers "All out for Culpeper," and "Next stop is Fluvana."

We reassembled after our last vacation, re-enforced by several representatives of other universities, for the crowning glory of college life.

The first historic event of this year was our class election. The bulletin apprised us of the date a week in advance, and for seven days the janitors swept cigar stumps. The meeting was called to order at 10.30 a. m. in the Infirmary by Mr. Wilmot L. McCutchen, who was chief executive in 1901-1902. After the usual preliminaries, announcement was made that nominations for president were in order. For a space an ominous silence reigned, which was broken by the clear voice of Mr. Jenkins who, without any display, nominated Mr. Ide. The nomination was followed by a speedy second, Mr. McCutcher being again placed. The nominations were closed precipitately. "—it!" (from the non-frat contingent.)

Recognition was demanded and secured by Mr. Orear, when there was a second hush, in anticipation of "a brilliant flow of rhetoric." These expectations did not arise from instinctive foresight altogether, but from "previous impressions." Ere Mr. Orear was fairly begun, it became whispered about that Dental Surgery was not his calling. The applause following his glowing eulogy on the first nominee was only equaled by that succeeding the resplendent eloquence of our worthy classmate from across the pond.

On the first ballot each candidate received thirty votes. All realized the occasion to be one of vital concern, and at this juncture the tension was at its height. Some hearts beat like a Snow & Lewis Automatic, and even a casual observer would have prescribed neurotics. Ballots were again cast, and when the result was made known, the defeated party submitted silently to the cold, cruel fact; the successful candidate, in a few well-chosen words, tendered his sympathy in behalf of his worthy rival, and thanks for re-election, Vice-President, Secretary and other officers were elected with more dispatch.

The meeting being adjourned the class immediately repaired to a delightful retreat which had been prepared for its reception. Here, refreshments and toasts alternated for hours. The good time enjoyed on this occasion beggars all description.

After departing from this place of good cheer, the remainder of the day was pleasantly whiled away before the footlights.

It would give the writer genuine pleasure to record the individual merits of the entire class which is representative of many states and countries. Several have given up unresistingly to the shafts of Cupid, Shupp being the last to succumb. Some of the members attribute Shupp's rashness to a misunderstanding on his part.

Previous to the holidays he had been assured by Ellet and Whitney that they were going before the Hymeneal altar on twenty-fifth, and were considering Madison Avenue as their place of residence till the end of the session. Shupp unfolded his plans and asked if arrangements could be made for another coup'e, and was informed that it would be altogether agreeable. Owing to an unlooked-for turn in affairs, old Windham and Fluvana postponed the date, and Shupp went it alone.

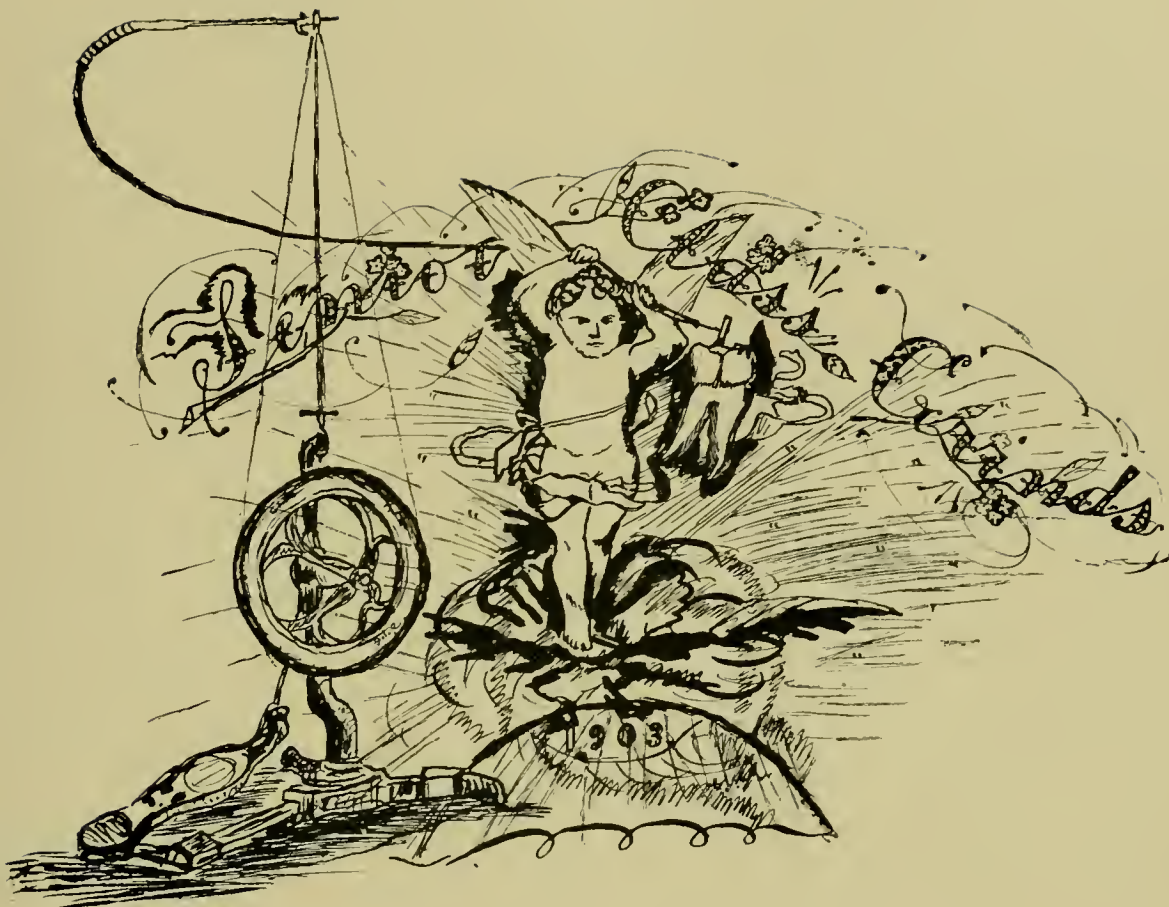
My task forcibly reminds me that these irreclaimable College days will soon be days of the past. Backed by so noble an institution and its exalted faculty, there are those in the class destined to win greater laurels than provincial renown. In the annals of future years, names from the roll of the Graduating Class of 1903 will shine resplendent. To these names age will lend honor.

The unity of spirit which has prevailed throughout the course is worthy of highest commendation. In the three years sojourn together we have mastered the same trials, attended the same lectures, passed the same difficult examinations, which will stamp indelibly upon our minds very pleasant recollections. The numerous visitations of former graduates is evidence that they cherish the memory of the old University and its faculty.

The time is near when farewells must be said and associations broken. There is a deep sincere sorrow in saying "good-bye" when we realize these broken ties may never be re-united.

May we go forth to our work, always holding in view the highest honor of our profession.





(1)—BARBER, M. J., Canada.
 "Labor itself is but a sorrowful song."

—Faber.

(2)—BASKIN, E., South Carolina.
 "I know too much already."

—Longfellow.

(3)—BEDINGER, A. F. G. New York.
 "If the heart of a man is depressed with cares;
 The mist is dispelled when a woman appears."

(4)—BELL, A. W. Canada.
 "Give thy thoughts no tongue."

—Shakespeare

- (5)—BLACKBURN, F. G. *Pennsylvania*
 "Hang sorrow! care will kill a cat!
 Therefore let's be merry."
 —*Williar.*
- (6)—BRIGGS, E. F. *Maine*
 "Of all the old wolves ever taken for lambs."
 —*Lytton.*
- (7)—BUMGARDNER, W. D., *Pennsylvania.*
 "I talk much, yet I say nothing."
- (8)—BURNS, W. B., *Pennsylvania.*
 "I scarcely understood my own intent."
- (9)—CONYERS, W. T., *Bermuda*
 "For a woman is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion."
- (10)—DE FERUELEMONT, E. *Belgium.*
 "Nose! Nose! Nose! Nose! and who gave you that jolly red nose!"
 —*Ravenscroft.*
- (11)—DIEHL, E. J., *Pennsylvania.*
 "Keep the golden mean between saying too much and too little."
Diogenes.
- (12.)—EARLY, E. A. *South Carolina.*
 "It is better to be rated to death by rust, than scoured to nothing by perpetual motion."
Shakespeare.
- (13)—ELLET, C. A., *Virginia.*
 "A lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing."
- (14)—FEAMSTER, J. H., *West Virginia*
 "I am that I am; seek not to alter me."
- (15)—FELIX, A. F., *Massachusetts.*
 "How softly sounds the voice of a woman."
 —*Lytton.*

- (16)—FITCH, P. M., *New York.*
 "So wise so young, they say, do not live long."
- (17)—FORDING, J. D., *Ohio.*
 "I will use the deck, but not the boat. I will also raise, but not the anchor."
Hoyle.
- (18)—GOUGH, A. H., *Delaware.*
 "He has a man's mind and a woman's might."
- (19)—GOULD, H. L., *Maine.*
 "Take care of the pence, the pounds will take care of themselves."
—Chesterfield.
- (20)—HAMER, J. H., JR., *South Carolina.*
 "Summed it up, searched it out, proved it vapor and wind."
Lytton.
- (21)—HERBERT, J. E., *Chesterfield, W. Va.*
 "I never thrust my nose in other men's porridge."
Cervantes.
- (22)—HOODNER, F. A., *Pennsylvania.*
 "Look now, I am concerned in my own interests."
Lytton.
 (A rival of the sub-marine goldworker.)
- (23)—HASACK, A. H., *West Virginia.*
 "Behold a man, but still he grows."
- (24)—IDE, I. C., *New York.*
 "He is complete in feature and in mind,
 With all good grace to grace a gentleman."
- (25)—JACKSON, S. G., *Nova Scotia.*
 "An all around good fellow * * * and that is enough."
- (26)—JENKINS, R. D., *Georgia.*
 "I have learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content."
Bible.

- (27)—JONES, C. C., *Louisiana.*
 "Why then do you walk as if you had swallowed a ram-rod?"
Shakespeare.
- (28)—KEFAUVER, N. E. *Maryland.*
 "He declared he knew nothing except the fact of his ignorance."
Diogenes.
- (29)—KNEF, J. P. P., *New York.*
 Those who wish to appear wise among fools, among the wise seem foolish.
- (30)—KUMLE, L. JR., *Colorado.*
 "None but himself can be his parallel."
- (31)—LEWERS, D. B., *England.*
 "I go my way onward and upward 'tis not a crown I desire but a plate."
- (32)—LAW, E. M., *Florida*
 "Oh, what may man within him hide,
 Though angel on the outward side."
- (33)—LISBONA, M. R. *New York.*
 "How long wilt thou sleep, O sluggard."
Bible.
- (34)—MANN, L. H., *North Carolina.*
 "Why dost thou court that baneful pest—ambition?"
- (35)—MAXNING, H. A., *Massachusetts.*
 "It is better to have loved and lost,
 Than never to have loved at all."
- (36)—MCCUTCHEX, W. L., *South Carolina.*
 "Cheer up; there is no Hell, but the worst is yet to come."
- (37)—MOTT, C. B., *North Carolina.*
 "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall."
Bible.

- (38)—McLAUGHLIN, C. E., *Canada.*
 We hope; we trust; we pray that some day he may awake.
- (39)—MYERS, T. R., *Maryland.*
 "Home keeping youth have ever homely wits."
- (40)—NAILLE, I. T., *Pennsylvania.*
 "My appetite comes to me while eating."
Orbicularis Oris.
- (41)—NEWELL, F. R., *Vermont.*
 "If you prick him will he not bleed."
Shakespeare.
- (42)—OREAR, B. F., *Missouri.*
 "For you, my friend, have a home and sweet and dear wife."
- (43) PARTRIDGE, G. T. *New York.*
 Some course old rubbish that we'd rather not have sown on our premises.
- (44)—POSEY, A. A. *Maryland.*
 "Unskillful he to form, or seek for power,
 By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour."
Goldsmith.
- (45)—PRUDHOMMER, J. H. *Louisiana.*
 "Thou cream faced loon,
 Where got'st thou that goose look?"
Shakespeare.
- (46)—RAWLINGS, G. C., *California.*
 "I was not born for courts of great affairs.
 I pay my debts, believe, and say my prayers."
Pope.
- (47)—REMSBERG, E. W. *Maryland.*
 "If thy hair and brains should change places, baldheaded thou wouldst be."
- (48)—RICE, E. *Alabama.*
 "It is not my crimes but my virtues that have destroyed me."
Cicero.

- (49)—SARGENT, H. H., *Pennsylvania*
I was made for something greater; nevertheless I will continue the fight.
- (50)—SELBY, B. F. *Maryland.*
"The devil hath power to assume a pleasing look."
Shakespeare.
- (51)—SEIPELL, A. W. *Maryland.*
God made him in a hurry on the wane of the moon,
Therefore we let him pass for a man.
(Capt. Jenks.)
- (52)—SHUPP, F. D. *Maryland.*
"What a fool I was to thrust my head into such a noose."
- (53)—SPAHN, C. A., *New Jersey.*
"Oh! Ye gods, render me worthy of this noble wife."
- (54)—SPRINKEL, R. W., *Virginia.*
"Behold the child by nature's kindly law—
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw."
- (55)—STEWART, G. H. *Maryland.*
All nature wears a universal grin.
- (56)—STRICKLER, R. E. L. *Virginia.*
"A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch, a living dead man."
Shakespeare.
- (57)—TAYLOR, J. A. *Indiana.*
Search me and know me and I will abide by the decision.
- (58)—THOMAS, H. M. *Pennsylvania.*
"Company, company, villianous company have been the spoil of me."
Shakespeare.
- (59)—TURENTINE, M. H. *Georgia.*
My figure was never of a devine propotion, and as for as my face,
nature made it against her wishes.

(60)—VALENTINE, F. J., *Maryland.*
I am weary; yea, my memory is tried.

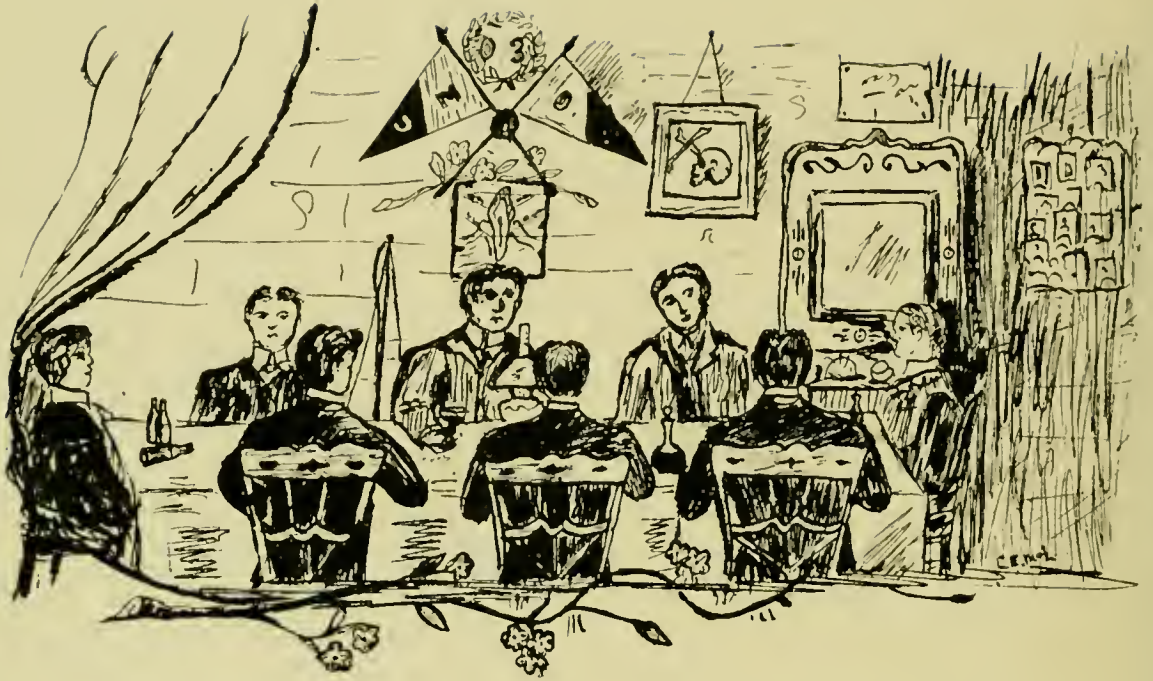
(61)—WATKINS, L. L., *Maryland.*
I owe much, I have nothing, I give the rest to the poor.

(62)—WATSON, E. T. *West Virginia.*
Not Hercules could have knocked out his brains, for he had none.

(63)—WHITNEY, R. M., *Maine.*
And when he entered every goose
Began to cackle like the duce,
The asses brayed at one another;
'Twas plain the creatures smelt a brother.

(64)—WOOD, R. D. *Louisiana.*
Man that is born of woman hath but a few days to live and is full of misery.
Burial Services.





A Night Off

Two Medies did one night invite
A bunch of Dents to take a bite,
A German supper they had spread,
With Cross and Pabst there at the head.

Sargent and Newell, old Hosack and Mott,
Tired Brown and Naille—composing the lot:—
A jolly crowd as luck ever cast
Together to laugh at one repast.

At eight o'clock we fell in line
To reach the hall at the appointed time,
The honored ones, who were to dine,
Were each presented with a stein.

Cross and Pabst, with money to lose,
Appointed Newell to sling the booze,
This he did with so much grace
It kept us busy to keep his pace.

While seated 'round the festive table,
Sargent tried to tell a fable,
Then Newell cried "this will not do,"
Let me pull a cork or two.

With mugs filled up to overflow,
Brown arose, saying, "let her go,"
We'll drink to the health of our hosts tonight,
And all responded—"Boys that's out of sight."

We all drank to the toast suggested,
Except our Mott, who alone protested.
Says he, boys this drink I cannot stand,
And will have to find me a different brand.

He excused himself, and off he went,
With mind and soul on one drink bent,
A peculiar tonic he did get,
Entirely new to the booze list yet.

And Mott, so like the good fellow he is,
Offered us all a drink of his fizz.
We all took a drink of the stuff he had,
But, sorry to say, we pronounced it quite bad.

The taste was dreadful and the effects were worse,
But Mott could stand quarts and still converse.
Its effects were slow, but they came at last,
And then poor Mott was a thing of the past.

Now for the supper our friends had prepared,
Nor time, nor money, nor pains had been spared.
Indeed it was a howling success,
We Dental men will have to confess.

It consisted of olives, cheese, crackers, and pickles,
And other good things, the palate to tickle.
Pretzels wimmerworst, and rye bread, too,
Topped off with something of a German brew.

At last, the hour came—we must sunder the ties,—
"Boys, what a time!"—the best time of our lives!
The pipe and the bowl and a true "gesundheit."
A hearty hand shake with our hosts, and, Good Night.

—SPIKE.



Prof. James H. Harris



Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

—Tennyson.

THERE are some men we do not know, not because they are unknowable, but because of our inability to see and understand. We see just what we have the power of seeing, and sometimes we have very little of that power—to our sorrow and loss, be it confessed. We are like the hero in "David Copperfield"—in some things poorly endowed with insight, having about enough to wake up and say, over our lost chances, "Blind! Blind!" Well—that is better than no waking at all.

There are other men we may not know, because they will not allow us to get beyond a certain distant relationship. Their speech is like the miserable music from a graphophone—a mechanical professional falsetto—without eyes, or soul, or heart vibration. They are *professional* to us, and nothing more. Well—no matter! Every dog has his day.

We are not righteous overmuch—not given to too much piety—but we are thankful to the Great Architect of the Universe that He built us men in our Dental Faculty, whom we can know and understand, and who have proven themselves, through the whole of our collegiate course, not only our teachers and masters, but our true and noble friends—and none truer or more capable than Prof. James H. Harris.

It is not within our province to unveil the private and domestic kindness of his life. Its charity, service, sacrifice, and moral rectitude are known and appreciated, yes, and *felt* as a good influence.

There is no sounder, cleaner or more ethical personality in the Profession than his. When the technics of mere Professionalism are desert dust, his name and memory will be green. It goes without saying that in that particular part of his work which we are privileged to see, he need call no man master. His clinics have been more to us than a thousand lectures. Lectures indeed are good, but where would Surgery be, and what would it be to the student if confined to *Lectures!* What the operating table and amphitheatre are to the medical student, with a Tiffany operating, such are the clinic and operating of Prof. Harris to the Dental Student.

No haphazard notes of his so-called lectures would ever do justice to the invaluable instruction imparted. The information is all of the highest practical importance, the very things the young and inexperienced graduate will need every day, first and last. A casual visitor might drop in and hear one of Prof. Harris' "talks," and judging by mere appearances, the easy relations he sustains with the boys, the banter back and forth between teacher and pupil, the easy discipline, and the abundant personalities, interruptions, and laughter—might conclude there was no serious instruction given there. But no greater mistake could be made. Some of us have been out in the practical world of our Profession, and we confess that the experience of our Master Clinician, given in his Quiz-talks, with such a strong setting of individuality, is of invaluable service to us. And when a man goes out into the practice of his profession and meets with any serious difficulty, almost his first thought is to appeal to the sound judgment and ripe experience and practical resource of our master and friend. It is not easy to combine these two qualities, but in this case the general result is good. That he loves the boys is one of the best known and appreciated facts in our college history.

Now it has been said that "comparisons are odious," and we have no desire to seem as if we were comparing Prof. Harris with other members of the Faculty. To eulogise him is not to detract from them. We may be and are justly proud of them all, and assuredly we are grateful to them. Furthermore it is sometimes a good thing to express gratitude and

appreciation in unmistakable terms, and we take great pleasure in now placing it on record, knowing how fully and heartily it will be endorsed by every man in the college.

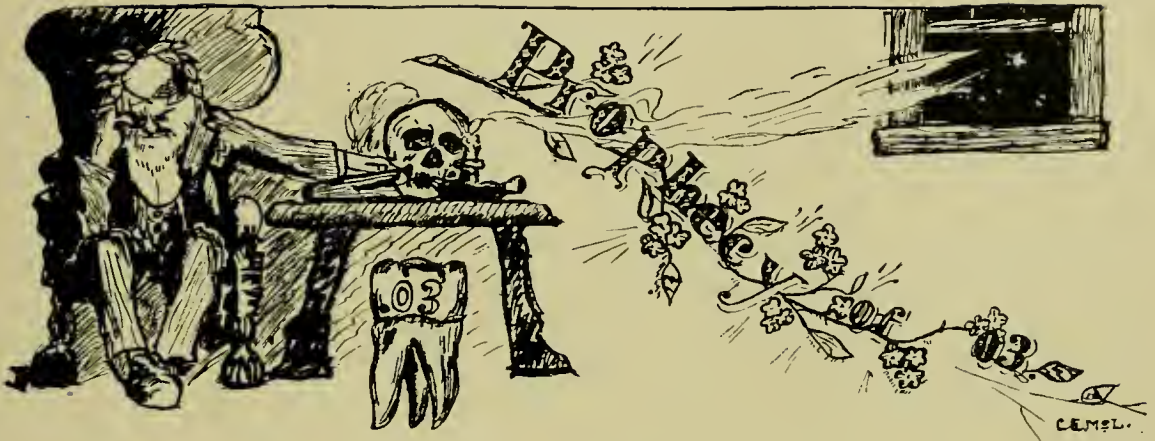
Of course every man of strong character and marked originality has the defects of his quality. Show us the man who places his very life on his convictions—who is fearlessly honest to friend and foe, and who has only scorn for all things mean and low and beastly—that man will surely have no easy path. “Uncle Jimmie,” as he is familiarly called, is no Machiavelli. He does not temporize, and he does not compromise. If a thing has the ring of truth to him, he has at once the certainty of conviction. He is positive about it, and everyone within range must share his conviction. Moreover, he will stand alone against the world in its defense. That kind of a man has done the world good before now. In another sphere he had been heroic. Alas, there are no heroes in Dentistry! Perhaps not.

Finally, there is not a man in this graduating class who will not be glad to have the signature of “James H. Harris” upon his Diploma, and a picture of the strong, kindly face in his possession before he goes. In after years these two things will often carry him back to lecture hall and clinic, and to the home on Hamilton Terrace.

He will be a better Dentist and a better *man* for having known “Uncle Jimmie.”

D. D. L.





STROLLING one day in the woods of wisdom, I at last came to a soft green spot, and feeling tired and hungry, lay down against the trunk of a large tree. At the same time spying some of its fallen fruit, I ate it. It was the tree of knowledge. From its effects I soon fell into a deep slumber. It seemed to me that I could hear many noises, confused sounds, far-off voices calling. At last I stood upon an eminence which seemed to support the skies. The whole world was visible to me. At first, individual things were indistinct to the naked eye, but soon I could make out everything on the face of the earth, for it came very near to me, revolving all the time; so in this manner I could see everything and everybody, each in turn.

Merciful heavens! Who was that coming towards me? Ye gods, it was Barber, easily recognized by his diamonds and watches. He was just emerging from a beautiful building in front of which was displayed a large "shingle" on which:—

DRS. BARBER, SPAHN AND O'REAR,
Celebrated Oral Surgeons,

was displayed in large gilt letters. Barber walked a square or two, holding fast to a small satchel. He stopped at the "First National Bank of ———". He was going to "stow away" some "dough" for the firm. Evidently they were making their gold crowns pay. How could it be otherwise, after the careful training they had under the skillful tutelage of Spahn at the University?

Next my eyes rested on one of Pennsylvania's prosperous towns. Blackburn was there very conspicuous with his neatly trimmed "imperial," working away in his laboratory on some extra fine molars for a rich old lady. Thinking of the *modest* little sum he was going to *soak* her, he was giving vent to his mirth by singing that oft-repeated hymn so popular in former days, "When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there."

This pleasing and soothing picture of Blackburn was suddenly interrupted by loud voices from a distant quarter. At last my attention was riveted to the noisy spot. It was Taylor up to one of his old pranks. Being very successful in his practice, and having more of this world's goods than was really necessary for himself, he was trying to induce a gentle, sweet-faced maiden to share his profits with him. Unable to persuade her by gentle, loving force, he was just about to pry open his secret drawer of pistols and knives, when lo, who should stalk in? Manning, of course, looking very "wise," as in the days of yore. Our hero always attentive to the fair sex, made (Leight) of his deed, and was (Eager) to see his little friend out of harm's way, and continued his journey on to Worcester.

All this while my eyes were naturally seeking that dear, old familiar spot. I was rewarded. Again I gazed upon Baltimore. One of the first things to attract my attention was a magnificent new marble structure. On its beautiful facade was carved in large bold letters:

DAVID BROWN, D. D. S.,
the World's foremost exponent of Dental Prosthesis!

In evidence, as skillful aids, he had Newell, Mann, Fitch and Mott. Brown, being a wise and far-seeing man, naturally put Mott at the head of the Ladies' Department. Here they had all kinds of plates: ready-made plates, semi-ready plates, plates to order, plates whilst you wait, of all sizes, shapes, colors and prices.

My attention was wrested from Brown's fine establishment to a big crowd surging up West Fayette Street. At last, in their midst I spied Hamer, now a copper, holding our erstwhile dignified president by the collar. Says Hamer, "show us your license certificate and I'll let you go." With a freezing look McCutchen led him to his office in the Randolph, and proudly showed him his right to practice. As Hamer left the door the Doctor angrily shouted at him: "Remember I am no longer practicing in the Virginias."

A little further South I saw Herbert and Feamster practicing together. Always dignified and professional, they relieve suffering humanity in their quiet, unobtrusive way.

Ide and Sargent, elated over their success in "Bones, Molars and Briefs," have opened up a publishing house in Philadelphia. In his spare time Ide writes up articles on Sporting News. To give his narratives more reality and interest he sits at the green-table himself once in a while.

Crossing New York City, my eyes searchingly on the lookout for old acquaintances, I chanced upon a large sign bearing in large, flaring red letters the following inscription:

The New Century Dental Parlors,
DRS. JONES & JENKINS.

I had no sooner read the sign than my classmate of former days—Jenkins—stepped out on a small platform to address an already large crowd. He was the same as ever—

that eternal cigar was still there, and as he glanced over the faces below him, he smiled, almost amused at the *truth* (?) he was about to impart to his suffering fellow-citizens. Then ostentatiously removing the ashes from his cigar, he broke into an outburst of oratory that would have graced any pulpit. He expounded the needs of dentistry, and then why "our methods are the best." Dr. Jones and himself having a new system of painless dentistry identified with no other in this country or abroad. Same old Jenkins—"lots to say" Jones, I found the same also, tidy and neat, oh, *so neat*. He benignly smiled upon patients as they entered, his look meaning in so many words, "I am so good to treat you. Don't you think I am nice?"

Being somewhat fatigued I lingered awhile in one of their reception rooms, and absently glancing over one of the daily papers, I read with considerable interest that Briggs was still recutting burrs. In fact, he had so much to do in that line now that he had given up his practice to devote his whole time to it. The door opened. Turning around I saw Gould strolling in with his carpet-bag. He did not look quite the same as in former days. He sat down, and to my inquiry of how he was getting along, he told me that having other things to do, he had forsaken dentistry. As it was, he was just returning from Boston, where he had been summoned as an "expert witness" in a big lawsuit. His spare time he devoted to the culture of the soil. He also informed me that Whitney was still in Maine, but that he no longer enjoyed the sweetness of bachelorhood. Yes, he was now a benedict, and as happy as he could be. He was at that time at "Old Orchard" beach with his *family*. His practice, modest at first, had increased to such an extent that he now needed a partner. In remembrance of past days, Shupp was called upon and, although he and "Whit" had not had the pleasure of living jointly in marital bliss on "Madison Avenue," they now enjoyed that procrastinated pleasure on the rocky shores of Maine.

Coming South from New York I happened to meet Knef, Prof. Harris' right bower. "Practicing dentistry, Knef?" With a superior look Knef surveyed me. "No sir,"—with emphasis! In a nutshell, he was acquiring fame and fortune by writing articles for the leading periodicals of the day. Actually, he was engaged in writing articles for the "New York Evening Journal," telling the American people how he *did* Grone and made fortune in the New Jersey courts.

Next there loomed up a fair vision. It was old Connecticut. A familiar face struck my eye. It was my old chum, George Partridge. "Spike" was still the same fellow, same face, same bristling mustache, same hungry look in his eye.

Learn of me what joy may be
In loving one like my M. . . e.

This scene of Partridge soon moves away, and my attention is next attracted by a dull rumbling noise. Soon I find myself in one of the Western States. I spied a large covered wagon rolling over the prairies; drawn by eight mules. It stopped at a small town. Soon

the whole population is grouped about it. The covering was soon thrown off, and Jackson stepped forth to tell the astonished people that they were about to hear some of the world's wonders. He, the manager of these traveling dentists, has discovered a new process: "Dentistry by electricity" is his topic. Before setting in to the serious part of it, he introduced some artists who tried to demonstrate their skill in vaudeville acts. Naille, the man with the soprano voice, sang one of his famous ones, whilst Hosack took them by storm with his sensational high dive from a tally-ho. Thomas and Kumle performed some of their rare and difficult gymnastic feats for the edification of the crowd.

What has happened to the prophet? Can't say, for at this point of the game, he wakes up. Perhaps he has no future. Let's watch.

A. F. FELIX, *Prophet*.





Freshman's arrival
at college.

Freshman 1900-1901

We were Freshies, and the freshest
 Lot of jays you ever saw.
 We came here for the purpose
 Of pulling teeth from any old jaw.

We have done, yes, we've done it,
 And the patients how they yelled.
 And we know they sometimes wished us
 In those regions known as *Hell*.

Juniors 1901-1902

We were Juniors, yes, were Juniors,
 But that wasn't saying very much.
 We were Freshies deep down in our hearts,
 But Juniors in our touch.
 We blew the hayseed out our hair,
 The green from in our eyes,
 And the Freshies look like thirty cents,
 Much to their surprise.

Seniors 1902-1903

Uncle Jimmy, he has told us
 That we don't know very much,
 But we'll show him in the future
 That we, at least, can keep in touch.
 Before us stands the great wide world,
 And face it now we must.
 Farewell, kind friends and classmates dear,
 A hearty hand-shake, a sigh, a tear.



Senior Leaving
college.

—SPIKE.



Junior Class Members

Class of 1904

Officers

1. F. W. DOBSON, Canada, Ξ.Ψ.Φ., . . . *President.*
2. H. A. PALMER, Virginia, Ψ.Ω., . . . *Vice-President.*
3. J. C. RICHLEY, Pennsylvania, Ψ.Ω., . . . *Secretary.*
4. E. A. FIREY, Maryland, Ξ.Ψ.Φ., . . . *Treasurer.*
5. J. E. SHREVE, JR., Maryland, Ξ.Ψ.Φ., . . . *Historian.*

Members

- | | |
|--|--|
| 6. BERKHIMER, H. L., . . . Pennsylvania. | 35. KUHEN, BRANDT H., . . . Germany. |
| 7. BOHNSON, J. C., Ψ.Ω., . . . Maine. | 36. KOELZ, W. J., Ξ.Ψ.Φ., . . . West Virginia. |
| 8. BOWMAN, J. C., . . . Virginia. | 37. KOERNER, J. F., JR., Ξ.Ψ.Φ., . . . Maryland. |
| 9. BROBST, M. C., . . . Maryland. | 38. LITTLEJOHN, T. F., Ξ.Ψ.Φ., . . . South Carolina. |
| 10. BROOKS, H. C., . . . New York. | 39. LOEW, M., . . . Germany. |
| 11. BROWN, J. O., . . . Maine. | 40. MANN, I. M., . . . North Carolina. |
| 12. BROWN, S. B., Ξ.Ψ.Φ., . . . Maryland. | 41. MARCHANT, C. C., . . . Virginia. |
| 13. CAMERON, M. D., . . . New York. | 42. MARKS, M., Ξ.Ψ.Φ., . . . New York. |
| 14. CARLETON, J. DeL., Ψ.Ω., . . . North Carolina. | 43. MCCARDELL, W. S., Ψ.Ω., . . . Maryland. |
| 15. CHERRY, H. A., . . . Massachusetts. | 44. MCFARLANE, F. G., . . . Canada. |
| 16. CION, B. B., . . . New York. | 45. McNULTY, W. F., Ξ.Ψ.Φ., . . . Maryland. |
| 17. CROWE, E. W., . . . Maryland. | 46. MORRIS, J. A., Ξ.Ψ.Φ., . . . New York. |
| 18. DARE, C. E., . . . New Jersey. | 47. MORRISON, R. J., . . . North Carolina. |
| 19. DAVIS, H. E., Ψ.Ω., . . . Virginia. | 48. MOORE, S. W., . . . Pennsylvania. |
| 20. DEGENRING, A., Ξ.Ψ.Φ., . . . New Jersey. | 49. OLIVER, A. H., . . . Canada. |
| 21. DORMAN, R. O., . . . New York. | 50. PECHE, A. J., Ψ.Ω., . . . Virginia. |
| 22. DOYLE, B. E., Ψ.Ω., . . . New York. | 51. ROGERS, C. N., Ψ.Ω., . . . Rhode Island. |
| 23. ELLISON, E. L., Ψ.Ω., . . . Virginia. | 52. ROSS, W. R., Ξ.Ψ.Φ., . . . Canada. |
| 24. FELIX, A. M., Ξ.Ψ.Φ., . . . Massachusetts. | 53. SHIRLEY, W. C., . . . Virginia. |
| 25. FLOOD, J. A., . . . New Hampshire. | 54. SMITH, C. F., . . . Jamaica. |
| 26. FOSTER, M. I., Ψ.Ω., . . . Maryland. | 55. SMITH, S. B., Ξ.Ψ.Φ., . . . Canada. |
| 27. GAYLE, J. H., . . . Louisiana. | 56. SPANGLER, N. R., Ξ.Ψ.Φ., . . . Pennsylvania. |
| 28. GEORGE, M. S., . . . Canada. | 57. STONE, E., . . . South Africa. |
| 29. GLEASON, G. R., . . . Florida. | 58. WALKER, F. P. W., Ψ.Ω., . . . Connecticut. |
| 30. GREEN, W. E., Ξ.Ψ.Φ., . . . Maryland. | 59. WALLACE, J. M., Ψ.Ω., . . . South Carolina. |
| 31. HOLLAND, L. C., . . . Virginia. | 60. WILLIS, J. R., Ξ.Ψ.Φ., . . . Pennsylvania. |
| 32. JONES, B., . . . West Virginia. | 61. WOOD, H. F., Ξ.Ψ.Φ., . . . Virginia. |
| 33. JONES, E. J., Ξ.Ψ.Φ., . . . Canada. | 62. ZUBER, C. E., Ψ.Ω., . . . Louisiana. |
| 34. KAHN, E., . . . Maryland. | |

History of Class of 1904



"We know not how the leaf expands, the flower unfolds, the fruit ripens. Gradually, imperceptibly, line by line, tint by tint, we see the effect produced."

Another year has passed, and the Class of 1904 stands with almost undecimated ranks after the conflict against ignorance and superstition. True some were forced back by the guardians of the oracles of Physiology, Chemistry, etc., but we are waiting for them on the other side under the shade of the trees only too happy to receive them with open arms when they shall surmount these barriers.

Even at the end of the second year the signs begin to point to the men who will be foremost in the profession. These are gradually developing their latent powers, as the bud slowly opens its petals under the caressing hand of the sun.

During the past year fourteen members have been added to our class. They come from Universities North and South. To our already full list of foreigners another from "Over the Rhine" is added. Paramount in interest to the Class was the election of officers for the ensuing year. The wire-pulling began early, so when the meeting was called, a great deal of interest was manifested in the result. F. W. Dobson was elected President, without a dissenting voice. After the new members had been formally introduced to the Class, the meeting adjourned.

The Class was very enthusiastic over football. It lent its aid financially by a large subscription and materially by the services of its members. These were a credit to the team, and in several instances made the star plays of the games. Harry Palmer, Grand Master of the Megaphone, was leader of the cheering which signalized the victories.

As we look back on the year, we remember those October mornings that found us introducing certain strangers to some of the features of University life. They bore on their faces the marks of displeased dieties. They performed pilgrimages around the campus and neighboring streets, sockless and barelegged, and harnessed to a cart drawing their betters. In the Lecture Hall they "went way back and sat down." "If nothing were doing," we selected one to spin on the table or make a speech on the infallibility of the Juniors.

We must mention in passing the Moustache Club. Some paid the penalty of cutting off their "fuzz," while others have started on the hopeless task of raising a moustache. Cheer up, you who grow weary, and take fresh inspiration from the following. The Deacon was in the Technique Room, when a lady approached and asked him to do some work for her. He replied, "Madame, you must see a Demonstrator." "But sir," she replied, "I want you to do it, you look so professional with your white coat and *imperial*."

We must acknowledge the ability and skill of our South African, but he should be more discreet as he places a filling on a "highly vascular dentine" to remark, "I am zee best vork-

man in zee College. Zee my medal. I would have gotten another, but I was too small to carry it."

A great change has taken place in the discipline of the students this past year. Lient, J. C. Bohmson, U. S. V., from Maine, has been generally accepted as Director. He takes a prominent seat and directs the seating and maintains order. His commanding personality and fiery-red face will brook no disobedience in the most obstreperous. While making a visit, he called attention to his military figure and stated that Bachrach had kept his picture in his showcase for five months on account of this. Owing to the timidity of Director Lient, J. C. Bohmson, it sometimes falls to the lot of George to give the various commands. Recognizing many of the latter's characteristics, Harry Palmer now addresses him "Dr. Marwood Windy Spontaneous George." Like Helen's Babies, so anxious to "shee the wheels go wound," he extracted a tooth after filling it.

The New Yorkers of our Class are very energetic. They work hard from morning 'til night. One, especially, is at the door every morning when it is opened, and has to be driven out at night.

In naming over the cranial bones McCardell said he would not bother about the small bones, the Scapula and Clavicle. He is not a woman hater, and delights in exchanging pictures.

"Dr. Ira" is a "wonder." He is a brilliant scholar and skillful workman. His thesis on "Protoplasm or Living Matter" has made him renown. His position, as Assistant Demonstrator of the Summer Course, has given him a great reputation with the ladies.

Our Yankee from Connecticut has a characteristic wit. With two hundred four score and six dies he is trying to make some one feel sick. He and "Annie" Moore travel together.

You seldom see one student cause so many to break the Third Commandment as Koerner. Can you guess the reason? From his mouth was taken the model for bridge-work in all the classes. And what a spooner! why he would spoon a clothesline, provided it had a dress hanging on it, and at the mention of "soft soap" his face brightens up brilliantly.

Although there is little fat in Mellin's Food, that company has an excellent testimonial in Bill Colts. Bill seems to be alright "above the eyes," but, strange to say, he took the wrong train home. The very large "white corpuscle," with which he travels, renders null any bad influence he might have on his classmates. Bill says, "that Crushed Oats (Palmer) will debate with Prof. Gorgas on Dental Science in the year 1916."

Everyone should attend one of "Happy Hooligan's" clinics to see a new filling material he uses. He saw the Lorenz operation, and can tell what it is to be chased by a cop.

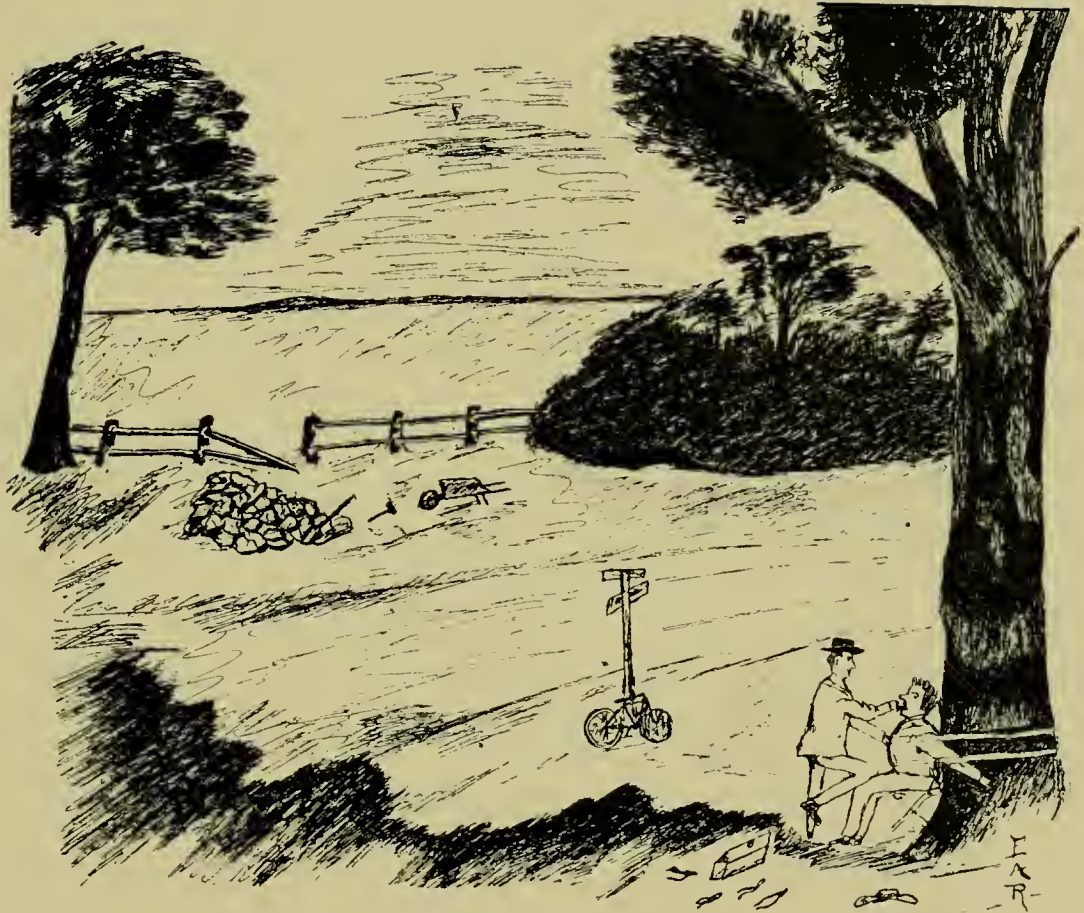
"Dr." Palmer is still with us and gets along very well with an occasional trip to some unknown port. While in Baltimore, he never sits in a room without a light. His medicine chest will cure all the ills to which humanity is subject. Not wishing to detain Dr. Gorgas

because he was quizzing him beyond the allotted time, he said, "Excuse me, Professor, but the bell has rung."

Two milestones of our course have been passed, and now only one remains before we shall reach the summit—"Graduation." The year has been a progressive and successful one, and we are pleased with the decided advance we have made in Dental Science. To attribute to the proper source the cause, is impossible, since it has been as the leaf expands, the flower unfolds and fruit ripens."

JAS. E. SHREEVE, JR., *Historian.*





A Student's business methods between his Junior and Senior year.



Freshman Class

What's the matter with the
Freshman?



Freshman Class, 1902-'03



Officers

FREW, A. L., *President*, ΞΨΦ, New York.
 LESTER, B. A., *Vice-President*, ΞΨΦ, Canada.
 HILDEBRAND, G. O., *Secretary*, Virginia.
 PYLES, C. T., *Treasurer*, Maryland.
 DULA, A. M., *Sergeant-at-Arms*, North Carolina.

Members

AROSEMENA, L. A. ° ° °	Ecuador.	JENKINS, E. J.	Maryland.
ARCHAMBAULT, M.	Rhode Island.	KIRVEN, E. G.	South Carolina.
BRUNER, K. M.	Missouri	KENNEY, J. J. Ξ.Ψ.Φ.,	New York.
BARRE, J. H.	Massachusetts	KUHNEN-BRANDT, H.	Germany.
BARTON, W. J.	New York.	KATZ, D.	Russia.
BLATT, H. G., REV.	Maryland.	LONG, B. R.	North Carolina.
BOYLAN, P. W.	Massachusetts.	LESTER, B. A. Ξ.Ψ.Φ.,	Canada.
BROWN, W. B.	Maryland.	LUBIN, C.	New York.
BROWN, A. S.	Maryland.	LEVY, D. A.	Maryland.
BUSH, W. G.	New York.	MOFFETT, S. F.	Texas.
BOND, W. H.	Florida.	MATTHIEU, F.	Maryland.
COCHRANE, O. L. V.	California.	MARTIN, G. E.	Maryland.
CUTCHIN, R. L. Ψ.Ω.,	North Carolina.	MILLER, E. W.	Virginia.
COOMBS, W. P.	Delaware.	MOYSE, E. F.	Nova Scotia.
CLEMENTS, J. E.	Massachusetts.	MILLER, J. E. C. Ξ.Ψ.Φ.,	Pennsylvania.
DAVIS, H. M.	Maryland.	METZ, J. F.	Maryland.
DAVIS, E. L.	Maryland.	MARKS, R.	Canada.
DEAN, G. F.	West Virginia.	MURPHY, M. J.	New York.
DIMOCK, W. E.	Nova Scotia.	McCLUER, F. W.	Virginia.
DIAL, R. T. Ψ.Ω.,	South Carolina.	McVANE, A. W. Ψ.Ω.,	Maine.
DUNNE, J. H. Ξ.Ψ.Φ.,	Massachusetts.	McINTIRE, W. R.	Connecticut.
DULA, A. M.	North Carolina.	McCANN, J. J.	Canada.
ETCHISON, B.	Maryland.	McCLAUGHLIN, H. H.	Pennsylvania.
FREW, A. L. Ξ.Ψ.Φ.,	New York.	McCLUNG, J. L.	West Virginia.
FIELD, S. B.	Maryland.	NASE, O. Ξ.Ψ.Φ.,	New Brunswick.
GEOGHAN, W. E.	New York.	O'CONNOR, J. A.	Georgia.
GRAHAM, F. R.	New Brunswick.	PRICE, W.	Maryland.
HALL, N. G. Ψ.Ω.,	Rhode Island.	PYLES, C. T.	Maryland.
HILL, G. E. Ψ.Ω.,	Maine.	RHEINERT, A.	Maryland.
HAND, W. L.	North Carolina.	ROSS, J.	New Jersey.
HAGUE, G. H. Ξ.Ψ.Φ.,	New Jersey.	SKAGGS, E. P.	West Virginia.
HEALEY, P. T.	New York.	SAXON, G.	Pennsylvania.
HUGHES, R. L.	Maryland.	SPERON, W. H.	West Virginia.
HELMS, L. H.	New York.	SNYDER, G. A.	Pennsylvania.
HOTCHKISS, J. W. Ξ.Ψ.Φ.,	Connecticut	SPEASE, R. L. Ψ.Ω.,	North Carolina.
HOPKINS, J. S.	Maryland.	SNIVELY, C. L.	Maryland.
HILDEBRAND, G. O.	Virginia.	STRAITMAN, G.	Maryland.
HELDMAN, A. H.	New York.	SAUTER, J. W.	New York.
HASSEY, M. A.,	Massachusetts.	SORCUSEL, F. W.	Germany.
HASSEY, W. E.	Massachusetts.	WALTMAN, J. E. Ξ.Ψ.Φ.,	Maryland.
HOWARD, O.	New Brunswick.	WAREHEIM, G. G.	Pennsylvania.
JENKINS, J. V. Ξ.Ψ.Φ.,	Virginia.	WOODWARD, H. F. Ψ.Ω.,	West Virginia.

History of Class of 1905



A mere record of passing events cannot become history until it is looked at through the telescope of years. Perspective is developed, and only then can the relative importance of events be appreciated.

Among the members of our Class may be those who are silently and, it may be, unconsciously, laying the foundation of a career comparable only to a Harris or a Hayden. And why should there not be, when the inspiration to greatness of both soul and work is so well nurtured and cherished in the very bosom of our Ancient University.

In the less accurate sense, of course, the Class of 1905 has a history, and one not less worthy of record than those preceding. As Freshmen, we were not permitted at the outset of our career to enjoy that profundity of knowledge regarding the laws, written and unwritten, which would have saved us from the snares and pitfalls cunningly devised by our brethren. Accordingly, with much fear and more trembling, we bowed and took our first dose of "Dental Medicine."

Our first duty as new students was a self-imposed one, namely, the adapting of ourselves to the new and, in some ways, startling environment. To this desirable end the Juniors offered a willing hand, repeatedly proffering their services gratis, which was the only thing we can remember getting for nothing. It was a great satisfaction to be so kindly received in the lecture rooms, where we were offered seats in front, and then to be literally approached by those good Juniors with outstretched arms—but let us refrain from telling how those same outstretched arms began to pass us up. It is not history. It jars us.

Next the moustaches received attention, and several, if not all, were left in a miserable, wrecked condition by the destroying angels. Lester tried to swallow his, but in three minutes it looked as if it had been swallowed for three days.

The magic turn-table, with its civilizing tendencies, brought us at once into the very "whirl" of college life. Then when we were snap-shot at in our most negligee undress clothes, we presumed it was all mortal man could do for us, and a "photo" of the product was desirable. We posed gracefully in spirit. How could externally?

Gradually the reason for all this consideration at the hands of our friends dawned upon us, and lo, it was for our own good. Some said it was for the glory of the Junior Class. The point is disputed. However, we were adapting ourselves to our new conditions, but the toil of it was simply marvelous. Under the protecting wing of our genial Prof. Harris, the Class met and elected officers, making Ad. Frew, President; B. A. Lester, Vice-President; G. O. Hildebrand, Secretary; C. T. Pyles, Treasurer, and A. M. Dula, Sergeant-at-Arms.

Class Pins and Class Pictures are accessories which have not been neglected.

The Class of 1905 is one of the largest that has entered the Dental Department. Recruits have been wrung from many walks in life, and even from the pulpit. What will be the fate of the *little* leaven? Ask McCann.

From Ecuador to Northern Canada they have come rolling in to join the Class of 1905 which shows that the name and fame of the University of Maryland is well nigh world wide. Some did not have to come far, E. J. Jenkins, for instance. The "Grand Old Man." Married, but happy. If he would invite us up we would know more about him. Good-bye, "Jenks." Nase was surprised at the size of the town, so he procured a souvenir quite early. Hall is an artist, but he should *Blott* out those sketches he makes. Some call Snively the light of the Class. He is all right though. "Noisy Barton" does not sound nice, so it will probably drop if he is good. Lester, well there's nothing to say. He speaks for himself. Kirven, however, deserves passing note, since he represents the cotton kings of the South. To look at him one would scarcely suspect his wealth. For proof, vide, his christmas presents. Hague is good goods from New York. Minds his own business and hates the women—nit. Woodward comes from West Virginia. Goes out between the acts, and is a confidential worker—when he works. Hand came all the way from North Carolina to get his leg pulled. He did not enjoy it either. It might have been worse. South Carolina got clear of Speas last year, so he is one better than the rest of us. Still he is a Freshman.

From New York State came a can (McCann), contents, a football player that caused, he says, the downfall of Hopkins on Thanksgiving Day. His delight is the Extracting Room. At every period he will rush out and exclaim, gleefully, "I just pulled H—— out of a nigger." A priceless relic sends California from her goldfields, Cochran. He will shine in Dentistry as does the precious nugget from his native soil. Out of the wilds of Ecuador, South America, hails the progressive Arosemena, who says if he makes a "grown" (crown) every month, he is satisfied, and thinks that very good in his country.

Missouri sends a pair of deuces, Dean and McClung. Play cards, boys. And from the Eden of Maryland hails Pyles, Etchison and Davis, and unless the flaming sword waves too hard, they will shine in their chosen vocation. New York hurls us a bouquet, a "Bush" covered with buds of intelligence. Though the stage has lost a Lawyer Marks in Uncle Tom's Cabin, the profession has gained a Harris or a Grieves.

One day a suffering damsel seated in the rack of torture (the chair) looked up into his eyes and exclaimed, "I commend my spirit to my Creator, and my mouth to you, Dr. Bush." We think it queer he never took the hint.

Then there is Lanky Hopkins, of Maryland; Marquis de Lafayette Archambault, of Rhode Island; Wareheim, of Pennsylvania; Healy, of New York; Bond, of Florida; Dial, of South Carolina, and a host of others that are good goods and never go out at night. N. C. (Nuff Ced). Dimock, of Nova Scotia, the ladies' man. To think of the ladies is to think of Dimock. One evening, at a certain theater, a damsel, catching his irresistible eye, fainted dead in his arms. Producing smelling salts, always in his possession, the maid was quickly restored. They then walked home together to talk the matter over.

From the Empire State came our worthy President, bent on revolutionizing the Dental Profession. He at once placed a large order (25 cents) with a local photographer, determined that his likeness, as well as fame, should be known throughout the world. He is fond of opera, especially if the theater is not over crowded. Hotchkiss, from Connecticut, is another valuable acquisition to the profession. His a most enthusiastic dissector, but the Extracting Room, however, with its "barbarous" methods, has no charms for him. Dula, of North Carolina, our valiant Sergeant-at-Arms, and ever a believer in time-saving methods, thinks the breath far more preferable for extinguishing gas than the old-fashioned "style" of turning a stop-cock.

Hill, of Maine, our most distinguished-looking man, thinks it decidedly "naughty" to throw stones after dark. Waltman, of Maryland, is a man of wonderful resources. He is a talented musician, and along with Dentistry has decided to take up floriculture, devoting considerable attention to the cultivation of "May" flowers. Moyses, from Canada, will undoubtedly shine in the Dental Profession, but has, at present, a mania for knocking down signs. McClure, of Virginia, seldom declines an invitation to dine, but it was whispered that his appetite was poor the morning following his first day's dissecting.

We cannot close our narrative without mentioning Hildebrand, of Virginia; Saxton, of Pennsylvania, and Kenney, of New York, who, though they have refrained from favoring us with any items regarding themselves, are certainly made of the right "stuff," and will undoubtedly succeed in their chosen profession. Already we have begun to learn that work must precede success. A watchword of the struggles on the Ancient Roman race course was "Non palma sine pulvere," and we can only deserve the palm if we take our share of the dust inevitably whirled upon life's busy arena. We came to work, and in every sense the cost is great which brings to our mind the thought expressed by Tennyson: "Every door is barred with gold, and opens but to golden keys." Yet we have resolved that in the pursuit of our chosen vocation we shall neither turn aside nor look back till the portals of our profession are spread wide and we are bid to enter.



A Molar Farewell

Joyous days we've had at the grand U. of M.,
And the friends we made there, so dear;
'Tis oft we will think of sweet hours spent with them
To cheer us when life's pathway with trouble is drear.

Then will our memory recall the glad past,
And also the Baltimore girls' beauty—
Which oft made us put off our "exams." to the last,
Until awakened by the voice of stern duty.

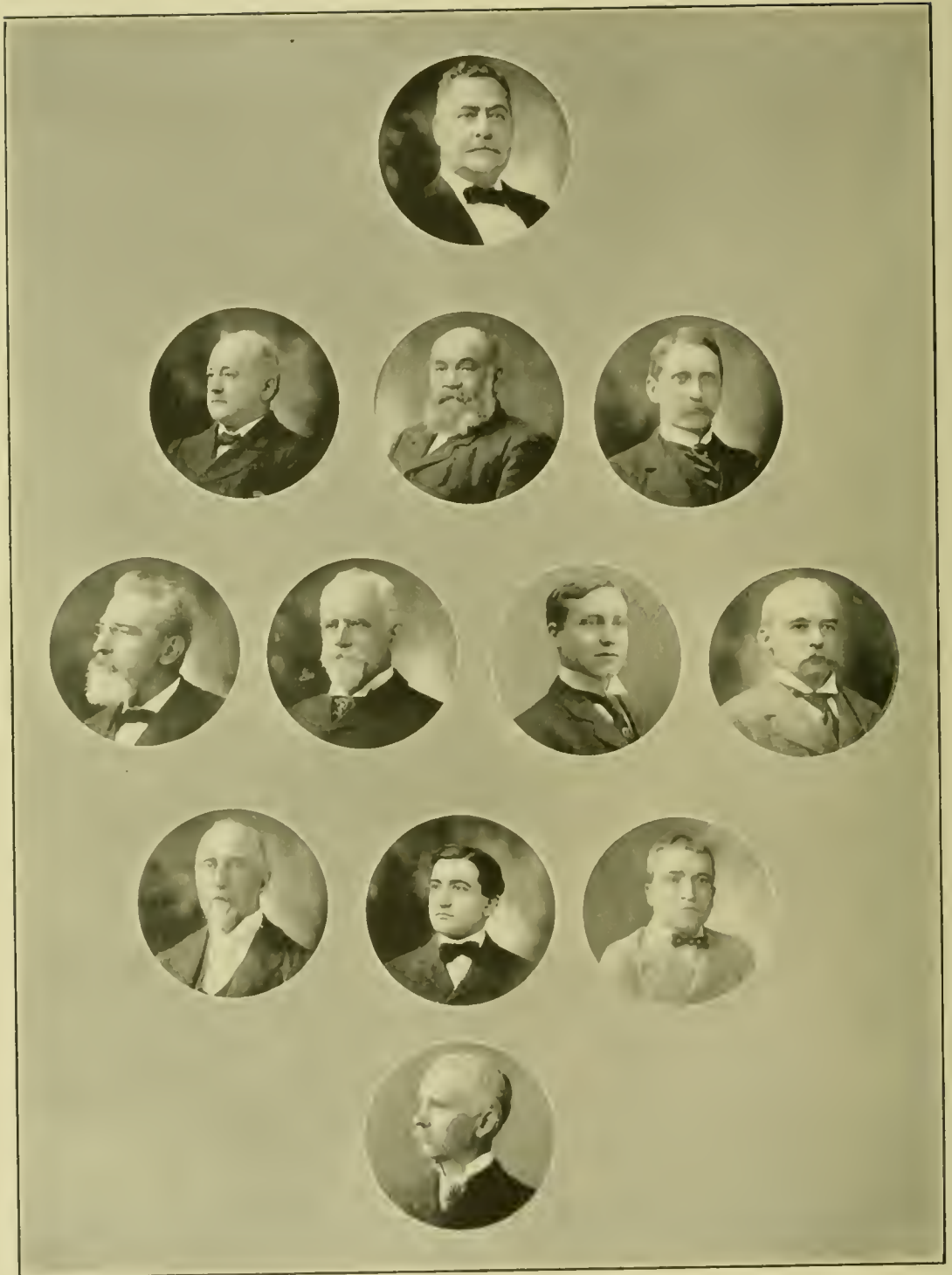
O! the crowns we have made, and bridges made, too;
Just to make a lassie's smile the more winning;
And the kisses we stole—the sweet "tu-lips" dew—
That made greater desire for more sinning.

To all these farewell, though sad we must part,
But Dame Ambition doth beckon us onward;
Yet no other "filling" shall exclude from our heart
The Alma Mater we love, at corner of Greene street and Lombard.

C. N. S.







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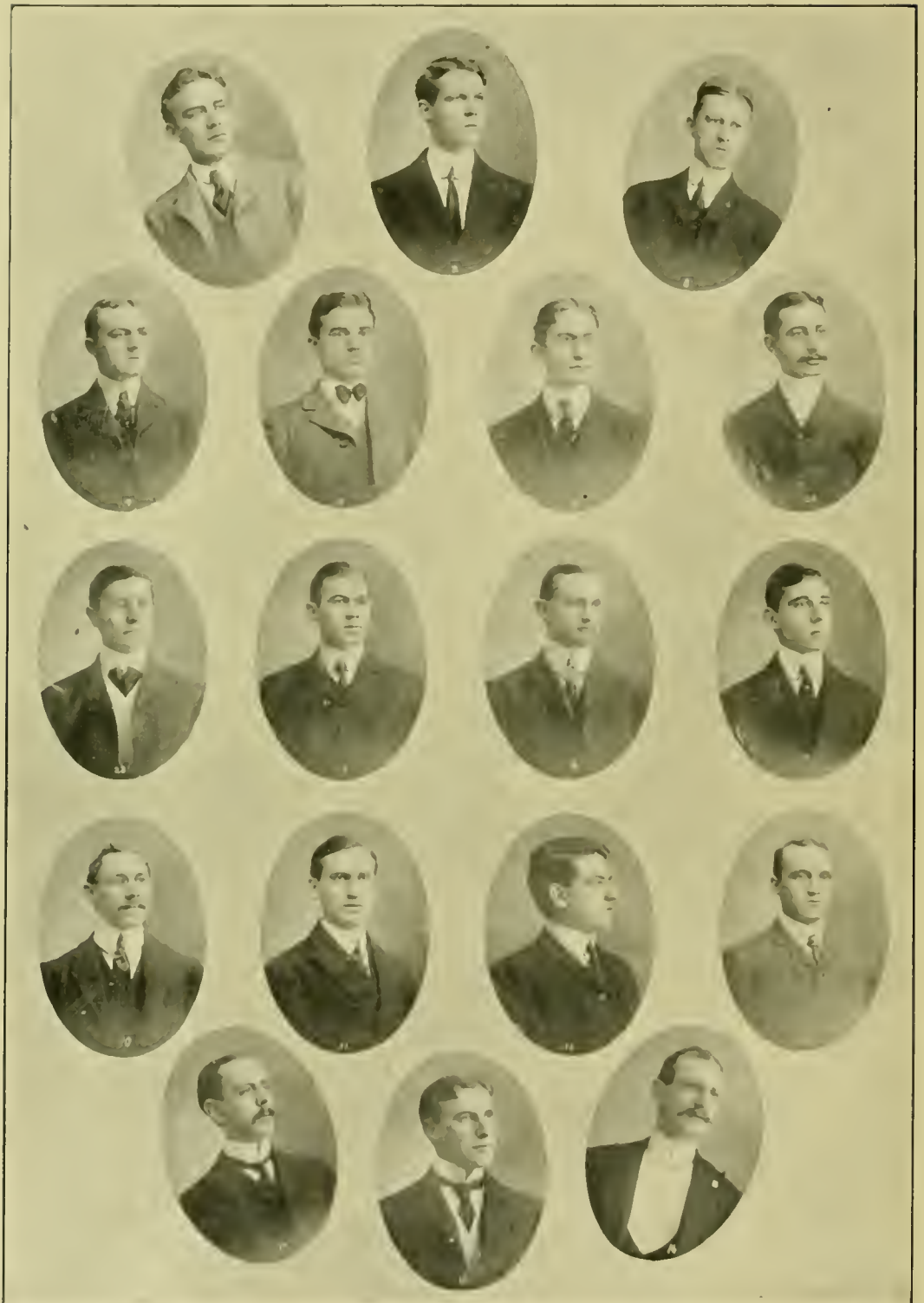
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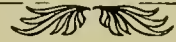


Class Members, 1903

CLASS OF 1903.

ANNUAL BANQUET

JUNE 2d, 1903



Most Potent, Grave and Reverend Seniors

Yell

Ge hee, ge haw, ge hee, ha, ho,
 Pinky, Panky, Ponky, *Pec*,
 Hanky, Honky, Hinky Dee,
 U. of M. Law. 1903.

Colors: Black and Blue

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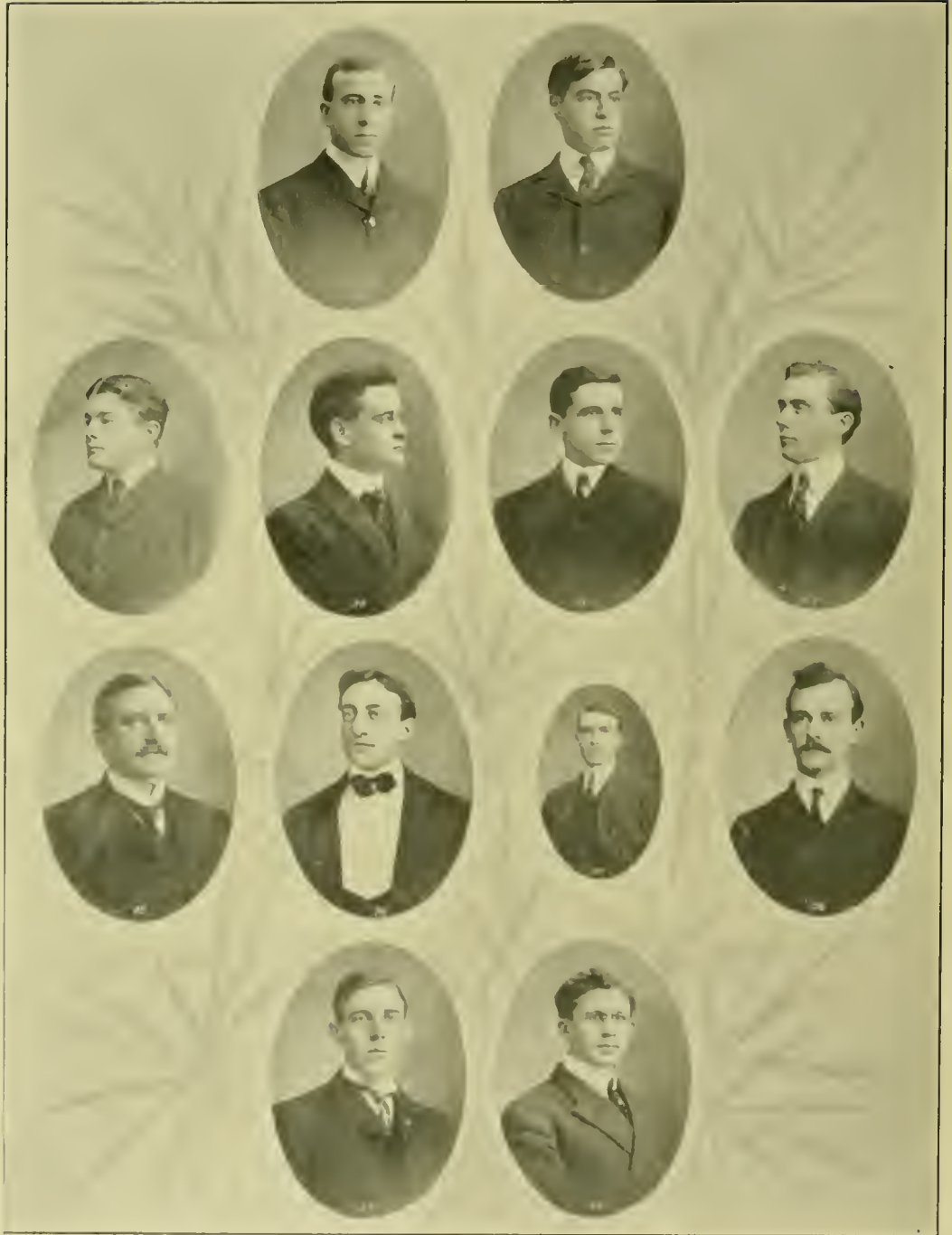
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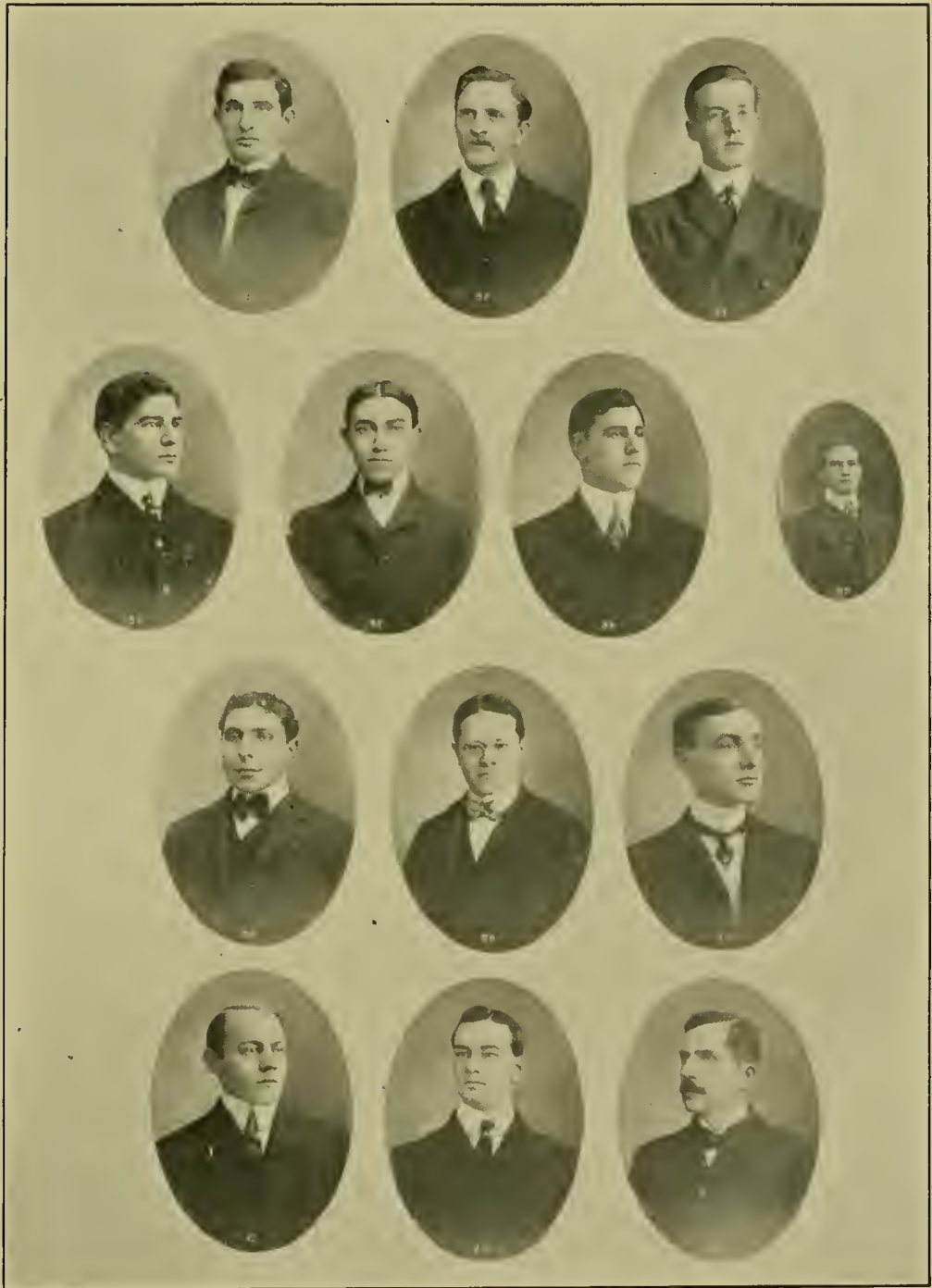
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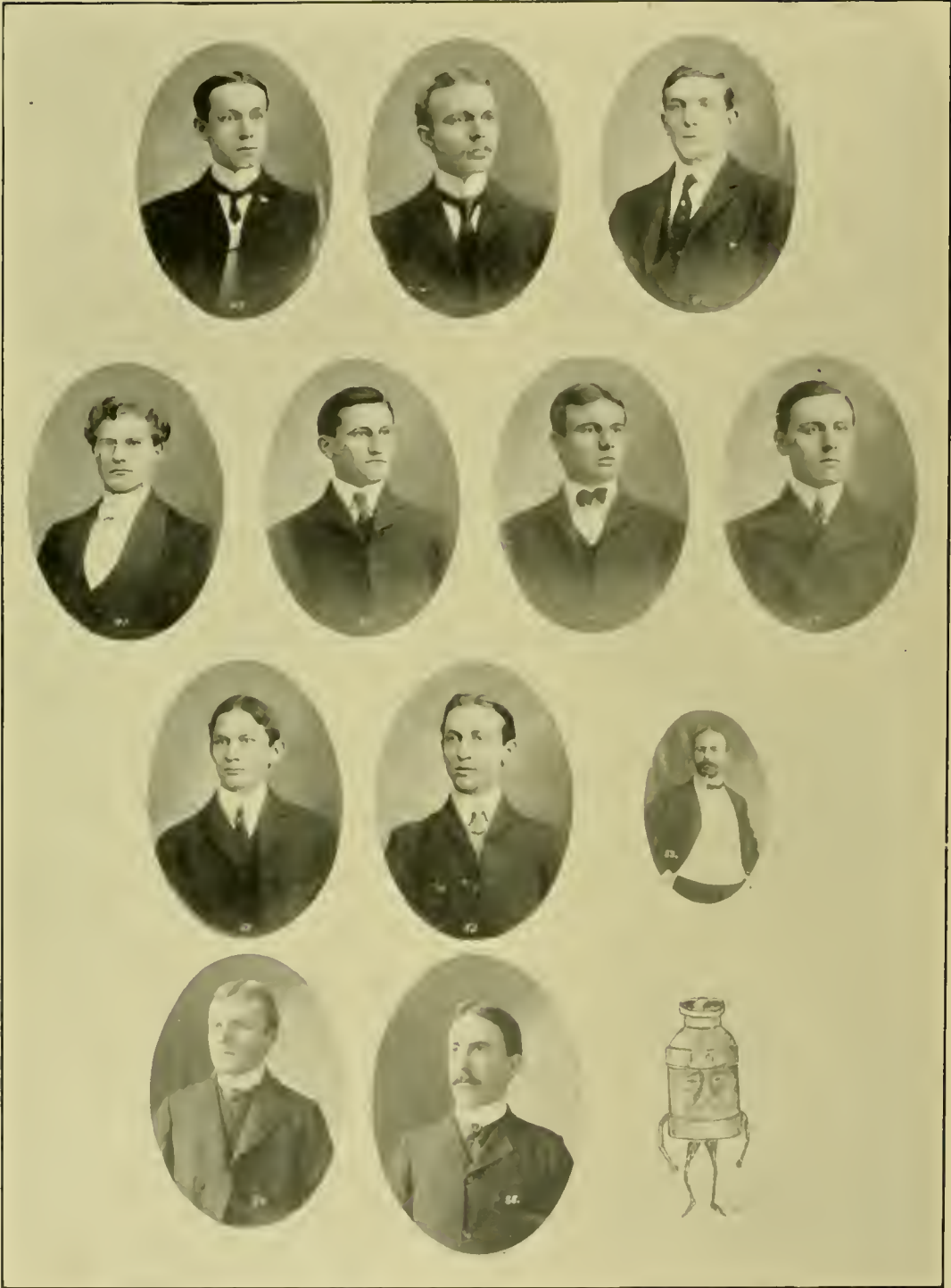
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NCE more it is the painful duty of the historian, in pursuance of the powers vested in him *virtuti officii*, to chronicle, so far as he may be able, the glorious deeds which have characterized the actions of his colleagues in the tortuous path to the Mecca of their hopes and ambitions—the degree of L.L. B.

In beginning this history the historian is reminded of the fact that some carping critics may say that he should date the commencement of the history in order to make it thoroughly complete from the time when its various members first entered the classic portals of the University, but in order to guard against any such criticisms it may be said that if he should endeavor to carry out such an idea he might be compelled to pry into the hidden secrets of the nation, so he thought best to avoid personalities and to endeavor to generalize where possible.

The historian wishes the class was in the same blissful state as the nation in the adage, and had no history, but unkind fate has “adjudged, ordered and decreed” otherwise, and may it never be said that a man, who is supposed to have all the conservative characteristics for which the gentlemen of the legal profession are noted, had violated the stern and unbending law which “runneth back to the time when the memory of man knoweth not to the contrary,” and says that a class must have a history. So let it be. No longer are our steps dogged and our rest broken by the vicissitudes of Lawrence Lawbreaker or Thomas Trespasser. The rule in Shelley’s case has expired by limitations, so far as we are concerned, and although some may say “there is much to be said on both sides,” yet I am constrained to think that most

of us are glad that they are past. May they R. I. P. And, on further consideration, I may say the general consensus of opinion is that we "have arrived,"—in other words, my long suffering readers, we have the center of the stage—the calcium is on us. We are the whole show, and, if, perchance, any member of the other classes should be seen, it should be borne in mind that is only by the reflected light from the aureole which surrounds our actions and proclaims us as the center of attraction, all reports to the contrary notwithstanding. But let it never be said that we cast any reflections on any other class. The magnanimous spirit which pervades our actions sternly forbids that we should indulge in such feminine pastimes. We are perfectly willing to let the other classes have any glory that may be left over, but, after taking into consideration the magnificent achievements of our members, I hardly think there is glory enough for all. Our actions speak for themselves. Other classes have preceded ours, but in *pari parsu* as they sank into obscurity on the road to oblivion. We emerged from the embryonic stage of our existence into the perfected (?) condition in which we now appear before the startled public. That genius will not be downed, is amply evidenced by the fact that the minds of these budding legal lights have reached such astounding proportions as to render our present commodious (?) quarters totally inadequate to meet the demands put upon them, and, as a result, the side wall has been pushed out. It should be borne in mind that this fact is let out only in strictest confidence, for if it should come to the ears of the faculty it might prove a ground for action and this history introduced as an admission by a party to the suit, and thus the humble historian might do great and irreparable damage to his colleagues. But I feel sure that the trust reposed in you will be faithfully kept. Our class entered these sacred precincts on or about October 1st, 1900, as will more particularly appear by reference to the Register of the Law School of the University of Maryland, marked "Exhibit No. 1," which is filed herewith and prayed to be taken as a part hereof, and has pursued the even tenor of its way to fame during the past three years. Our class is one of the largest which has ever graced the halls of our Alma Mater, and would have been still larger but for various actions, suits and some little conflict of law, as will more fully be seen by reference to the records of the cases of the *Faculty of the Law School vs. The Students of the Class of 1903*, and, although somewhat harrassed by these actions which have been instituted at intervals of about four months, yet most of us have contrived to uphold the honor and dignity of the class, and pursue their uninterrupted march to Commencement Day. Verily are examinations a vexation to the soul, and well do we have the truth, of the familiar maxim *Ignorantia legis neminem excusat*, impressed upon us. In passing, it might be well to allude to the fact that quite a number of our class, not being satisfied with the slow passage of time, anticipated matters, and, regardless of consequences, took the Bar Examination, and to their eternal credit may it be said that not one of the number failed to measure up to the requirements. Truly, "coming events cast their shadows before." Classes have come and classes have gone, but there never was one which contained a member who has shown such uncommon generosity as one Jones, who for three long years has linked his fate with ours and trod the same paths in the common desire to acquire legal lore. He has

reached our hearts *via* the well-known path which is said by some to lie through the organ which the medical experts regard as the seat of dyspepsia. It is said that plans are now under way to secure a position for the Hon. B. B. as chief of the commissary department in one of our prominent eleemosynary institutions. It is well that the class election is a thing of the past, otherwise it might have been surmised that B. B. was making a "big bid" for popularity and was emulating "Big Bill" Devery in his East Side campaign in New York, but perish the thought.

There are numerous other members of the class whose deeds I might endeavor to recount, but space forbids; and it only remains for the historian to say, in conclusion, that if he has not recorded events which may be of interest, it is not because he is trying to avoid the duties of office, but may be attributed to the long time that has elapsed since the time that the aforesaid events took place.

Wherefore, since he has fully and faithfully performed each and every of the duties devolving upon him, he prays that an order may be passed dismissing him from a further continuance in office.

And as in duty bound,

HENRY HISTORIAN.





WHEN Appollo decreed that I should write the prophecy of the Class of 1903, being only the great great grandson of a prophet, I greatly feared. So at noon I went to my room to do sacrifice to the gods, and, while prostrate before them Mercury bade me arise and go to Delphi, and there all should be given to me. Then suddenly I remembered having read in some books of ancient lore of a famous oracle at that place that miraculously foretold the future. The next morning I started on the holy pilgrimage and in due time reached that ancient sanctuary. The temple showed marks of age, but it presented the same holy spectacle it did in the days of Homer. I found there the aged priest, and made known my prayer. He motioned me to stand at the gate of the temple while he approached this greatest of all oracles for whose utterances kings had awaited in fear and trembling in days gone by.

Suddenly, as the priest had stretched forth his magic wand, fumes began to arise from the pit. I caught glimpses of mortals wrapped in garments of smoke. Great roaring sounds like the blasts of Vesuvius shook the temple. I heard the hideous cry of demons and the piteous wail of the lost echo in the distance. Serpents with long green bodies clung to the walls of the pit, leaping out their venomous fiery tongues. But, as I waited, the smoke slowly died away. The deafening roar was softened into a low rumble like the rolling of a distant thunderstorm. The cries had hushed. The serpents let go their hold on the slimy walls and fell with a splash into the muck of the pit. Then the priest arose and came to me, and, as I knelt before him,

he took from his vestments a peculiar little green box in which he said was written an answer to my petition.

After doing the venerable priest homage and paying him tribute I embarked for Baltimore guarding carefully my little magic box.

I now sit in my room gazing into this little wonder of magic and before me are passing the shades of my fellow classmen in some unknown future time. I speak and, behold, you answer me. How very unconscious you are of this procedure now. But I must hasten to write it all down that you may read. Now I see Ottenheimer, Hull, Spilman, Painter and Patterson in the dreary Northland exhausted after their fruitless search for clients and cases. They go into the ice business, and a little later, as they drive into New York City, we hear the deep voice of Ottenheimer proclaim "*Ice free from trusts.*"

Now appears a railway track stretching through the heart of Siberia; by it stands a grim prison; the door opens and, behold, Sewinski and Schoen march forth chained together. They tell me they fell in with Emma Goldman and joined the Nihilists in an effort to deliver their native country from absolute despotism and have been banished by the Czar.

Lo, I hear sounds of music and an Oriental court appears. The Dowager Empress of China sits on her throne, while near her stands Griffin clad in the yellow jacket of old Li Hung Chang and is the Queen's favorite, while before her dance Carson, Crane, Wilbur and Medders to the music played by Gunther. I look at our old friend Griffin and impulsively I call out "Mike!" but he tells me his name is no longer "Mike," as the Empress, having a special dislike for the Irish, had it changed to Hung Ting Fang.

I next behold a lonely and desolate island; the blue waves beat upon its shore, and dull, gray mountain peaks stud the mainland. Here live McDorman and Hanna, Admiralty lawyers who, in addition to the practice of their profession raise Irish pigs and Dutch hens which they sell to their cannibal neighbors. The lens of my magic box lights up again, and, lo, before me is a bamboo court in the Philippines; in it is seated Frederick Foster, Chief Judge; before him Kraft is arrayed for marrying a 200-pound Filipino woman. Brown, who is now a missionary, has performed the ceremony and is the chief witness. As his Honor the Judge is about to give the case to the jury, the Filipino bride draws from her sleeve a stiletto and attacks Brown, for which she gets thirty days for contempt of court. Browning, who is also in love with the lady, throws a large banana stem at the Judge; a free fight follows. In the meantime somebody set fire to the building. The Judge rushes out giving the order to "kill and burn."

Like a flash my vision is transported, and I see the pyramids of Egypt lifting themselves in majestic splendor the scions of the twelve tribes pass rapidly before me, and now the historic Nile as it flows in tranquillity through the many tangled bullrushes to the sea; on its almost placid surface floats a Panama basket in which are crouched Philip Mosese and Moses Levinson. They are hiding from their clients whom they have overcharged and, like their great namesake and law-giver, they, too, have taken to the bullrushes.

Again sound comes from the box, but this time they are of war. G. R. Roberts has made himself dictator of Venezuela and is fighting everything in sight. On the battlefield I see him give his orders, and the insurgents are quickly routed and dispersed. In his newly appointed cabinet I recognize Anders, Miles, McCusker, Robinson and Eichelberger. He immediately hangs all the lawyers in his realm and divides their practice among the members of his cabinet.

Again, I see my native shore, and before me is the great city of San Francisco, where Herman Brothers, A. W. and E. W., run a peanut and banana stand. "O, thou city of the Great Salt Lake who hast married and given in marriage many daughters. Thou who hast given many wives to one man, give unto me another" thus prays Pirscher after having seventeen wives, forty children and ninety-two grand children. Near him lives Owens, who has also adopted the faith and is now a high priest, but objects to more than three of the fair sex as life companions.

The sacred walls of a cathedral next fill the magic box where, standing before the altar clothed in all the vestments of his holy order, is a long, lean and wan-featured saint; this is France.

On the plains of Montana I see Hartlovc, Kinnaird, Jelenko and Cadwalader marked by short, stubby mustaches and large eyeglasses, they wear the broad hat and leather leggings of the rough rider, disciples of Teddy and already have presidential aspirations.

Down in Kansas, Desch is happily married to Carrie Nation, who was once widowed. They have several small Nations under control, all professional saloon smashers.

Now fumes arise as of a great burning. Behold, it is an opium joint owned and managed by McCeney, Raffel and Athey in Chicago, but the joint has been raided by the police, and the guilty members are quickly carried to the Federal court, where they succeed in bribing the judges, Colonel Morris and N. D. R. Allen, and thus escape.

Trudging along the dusty highway in patched garments and some minus patches with tin cans around their necks. I see Towles, Whelan, Danmann and Hemmeter. Written on a placard which each carries are these lines:

My name is Weary Willie, and my home I do not know
As I trudge across the weary sand;
But it seems to us so funny that our clients have no money
To place within a Weary Willie's hand.

Another flash and before my vision speeds an automobile, but the next instant I heard a crash and a splash as the auto collided with a milk wagon, and from the scattered milk cans arises our old friend B. B. Jones still in the milk business and also vigorously brushing away the milk. I recognize Harvey and McLanahan, whose auto has thus wrought such disaster. I follow them to the trial, where Chief Justice Marshall, renowned for his pompous language, renders the following decision: "Ye owners of the auto shall not only compensate

but shall further remunerate, exonerate and ingratiate our old friend by presenting him two cows and a calf exemplary damages for such indignity to his milk business."

F. H. and Guy F. G. Smith have formed a combination in politics and are now in control with their party. In their employ and under their guidance as ward heelers and stump speakers I recognize Bridge, Brindige, Benson and Dennis.

Next I see Mrs. Petherbridge passing her bonnet for stray nickels while her husband turns the crank and does the monkey act as an organ grinder. And now a great library is before me, where Drs. Sparks and Radcliffe, with the assistance of Luhn, Winslow Aiken, Thomas and Loeb, are revising the international code.

A haze like an early morning mist threaded with occasional light flits across the lens of the magic box, and now it lights up for the last time and I see the river Styx and old Charon as he pilots the shades of those of whom I have not written into the mist beyond.

MY CLASSMAN.

Since you have read through your future,
If within these lines it should be,
And if the vision herein given
Is not what you'd hoped you'd see,
Arise not in anger at the prophet,
But quietly your passions subdue.
Remember, 'tis my painful lute
To write exact, to be true.
Now if the truth doesn't suit you
As it has been unfolded to thee,
Just cuss the old priest at Delphi,
For it is his prophecy.





Gans' Monument



Wanted---A new faculty.

Address, Students, University of Maryland, Law Department.

Notice---I wish to notify my friends that I was among the also-rans for Vice-President in the Class Election of 1903.

JOSEPH LOEB.

Attention---A most startling discovery. How to learn law. On receipt of \$10 I will enclose you this wonderful discovery. This is no fake.

Address, WM. E. WARING, JR.

Buy Pirscher's Hair Tonic. Best on the market.

Testimonial---I have used Pirscher's Hair Tonic with magnificent results and heartily recommend the same.

EDWIN A. SPILMAN.

Wanted---An energetic and vigorous young attorney, with a bright future, wishes a position as counsel for two or three large corporations.

Address, HENRY E. MILES.

Wanted---A seat on the Supreme Bench.

Address, HENRY P. BRIDGES.

Large Reward---Any one giving information as to the whereabouts of a certain Wm. F. Petherbridge, who left his happy home some years ago to attend the University of Maryland, Law Department, will be handsomely rewarded. Address, N. Y. Z., University of Maryland.

A man twenty years of age; wealthy, refined and handsome as a dream, desires to meet a lovely, loving brunette. Object, matrimony. Will exchange photographs. Strictly business.

Address, GERMAN H. H. EMORY.

Wanted---A Degree. Will exchange for it all my law books, good as new, having been used sparingly. Address, WM. H. HANNA.

Wanted---Someone who will listen to my lectures with interest and be able to tell me what I am talking about when I finish.

Also, someone to publish my lectures for the students.

Address, PROF. HENRY STOCKBRIDGE.

Wanted---Information as to how I am to graduate with the present senior class. Address, EUGENE H. OBER.

Buy Bagby's Moustache Inducer.

I have used Bagby's Moustache Inducer with marked success. It is wonderful.

EDGAR W. HARTLOVE.

Milk---Sweet, Sour and Buttermilk. Don't spend your money for milk when it can be had for the asking. It is a pleasure to furnish you, even though viewed with suspicion. Address, B. B. JONES.

Wanted---By one skilled in the art, a position as manager of some political aspirant. Address, JAMES C. McLANAHAN.

Notice---The gentlemen in the class will oblige me greatly by laughing heartily at my jokes. PROF. JOHN P. POE.

Wanted---A position with some legal firm with a large, remunerative and lucrative practice. Address, JOHN R. BUCKINGHAM.

Notice---For a limited space of time I will deliver a few choice lectures on "Modern Orators." Illustrated by the Lecturer.

Address, ALEXANDER KINNAIRD.

Notice---Buy my book, young gentlemen. Your library is not complete without it. It is the only good book on the subject. You can't afford to be without it.

PROF. CHARLES E. PHELPS.

Wanted---A chance to stump the State in the next Presidential campaign is desired by a man with a full, rich base voice. No remuneration asked.

Address, EMANUEL E. OTTENHEIMER.

Notice---Information will be given for a small fee to those desiring to pass the examinations with credit.

Address, EARLE A. KRAFT.

Wanted---A few more sample copies of law magazines for the Library. We also have room for about a dozen more old books. Nothing but old books will be accepted.

Address Law Faculty, University of Maryland.

The following books have been recently published:

"How to Sleep During Lectures," By BILL PIRSCHER.

"How to Study Systematically," By GUY FITZ-G. SMITH.

"My Travels In and Around New York,"
By WALTER D. OWENS.

"How to Look Pretty Without an Effort,"
By MOSES A. LEVINSON.

"How to Argue a Moot Court Case,"
By C. GERARD AIKEN.

"The Art of Pleasing the Fair Sex,"
By EDWIN J. GRIFFIN, JR.

"Corporate Suretyship," By W. B. ATHEY.

Wanted---Will pay a reasonable fee to those furnishing me with ready wit.

SOLOMON V. JELENKO.

Notice---Will assist the professors when quizzing the class. Please be orderly and don't joke.

N. D. R. ALLEN.

Notice---A few lectures will be given at reasonable cost on English etymology. Only a few students need apply.

Address, GEORGE W. L. SIWINSKI.

Wanted---Read my Book on Scullers, and you can win.

GEORGE H. BROWNING.

Notice---A few lectures on Common Sense and the Elements of Law. Apply to,

EDWIN R. McDORMAN.

Wanted---Parties desiring to bequeath their degrees can do so by applying to

GEORGE L. P. RADCLIFFE.

Wanted---Experiences of a former Police Commissioner. Apply to

JOHN T. MORRIS.

Lost and Found---Lost one year. Liberal reward if returned to

SAMUEL K. DENNIS.

Lost and Found---The Presidency. Will the present incumbent reward me?

THOS. B. MARSHALL, JR.

Wanted---New Board of Editors for Class Book. Apply to

BONES, MOLARS AND BRIEFS.





Her Smile

When Pansy smiles,
The golden sun doth hide his head in shame,
The roses cast their petals in a crimson-scented rain,
Ye tiny flowerets peep from underneath the ground,
And happiness is rampant all around,
When Pansy smiles.

When Pansy smiles,
I wist the angels envy her merry, laughing eyes,
Dewy as diamond dew-drops, soft as summer skies;
And the flowers fain would borrow her dimpled, sun-kissed cheeks,
Where pink and rosy blushes each one the other seeks,
When Pansy smiles.

When Pansy smiles,
It seemeth me the earth more brightly glows,
And everywhere her loveliness in sweetness doth repose,
O, she's so very witching and extremely debonaire,
That you had best beware, lest your heart she doth ensnare,
When she smiles.

When Pansy smiles,
Two laughing lips reveal their treasured pearl,
Like the dainty blossom the parting leaves unfurl;
Then something's surely wrong with me, my heart is all a'whirl,
Such a winsome creature is she and a tantalizing girl,
When she smiles.



ROASTS



ANDERS, AARON R. :

Should we detract his worth,
'Twould argue want of merit in ourselves.

AIKEN, C. GERARD :

The most puissant and chivalrous prince that ever
Appeared since Alexander the Great.

ALLEN, NEWTON D. R. :

His own opinion was his law.

ATHEY, WILLIAM B. :

The Presidential campaign wore out his energies.

BAGBY, A. JULIAN :

Who says he was not a man of much plot
May repent that false accusation.

BENSON, CLIFTON D. :

The eye of time beholds no name
So blest as thine in all the rolls of fame.

BRADY, JAMES H., JR. :

What, three and twenty years in law ?

BROWN, H. ROSCOE :

His name is legion.

BROWNING, GEORGE H. :

Indeed, this counsellor
Is most still, most secret and most grave.

BRUNDIGE, T. W., JR. :

Did you, I say again, in all this progress,
Ever discover such a piece of beauty,
Ever so rare a creature?

BUCKINGHAM, JOHN R. :

There is something greater than the king himself
That sits behind the throne.
High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.

CADWALLADER, THOMAS F. :

An earnest disputer and a peremptory dogmatizer.

CARSON, J. HARRY. :

Each gossip's dream,
Each village-fable domineers in turn
His brain's distempered nerves.

CRANE, WILLIAM H. :

An elegant species of the genus *Anthropoides* or grallatorial bird.

DAMMANN, J. FRANCIS, JR. :

The weary way hath made you melancholy.

DESCH, OTTO G. :

He never did a foolish thing and never said a wise one.

DENNIS, SAMUEL K. :

Hark! There is eloquence still lapping on like water from a cistern.

EARLE, JAMES T. :

Just for a handful of silver he left us,
Just for a ribbon to stick in his coat.

FICHELBERGER, PAUL W. :

Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness freezeth.

{ EMORY, GERMAN H. H. :
{ SMITH, GUY F. G. :

The sportive twins,
Two sons of Priam in one chariot ride,
Glittering in arms and combat side by side.

FOSTER, FREDERICK. :

A seemely man withalle and goodly of his speche.

FRANCE, JACOB. :

He had some lucid intermissions.

GOLDEN, GEORGE W. :

I have bought *golden* opinions from all sorts of men.

GRIFFIN, EDWIN J., JR. :

Well, Boss, de Democrats gimme five dollars,
And de Pro'hibitionists gimme free, an' I voted
Foh de 'Publicans.

GUNTHER, JOSEPH R. :

For my part, I will not consent to take one step without knowing
on what principle I am invited to take it.
Puzzled in mazes and perplexed with errors.

HANNA, WILLIAM B. :

A whimsical fellow.

HARTLOVE, EDGAR W. :

More advancement and more learning
Is the wealth to be amassed;
And to act that each new average
Still is higher than the last.

HARVEY, WALLACE P. :

With grave aspect he rose,
And in his rising seemed a pillar of state,
One whom nature has framed many stories high.

HENMETER, CHARLES F. :

Up rose the bowsy sire,
And shook from out his pipe the seeds of fire,
Then snapped his box.

HERMAN, ADAIR W. :

Our poet thinks not fit
To impose upon you what he writes for wit.

HERRMANN, EDWIN W. :

He will have the last word though he talk bilk
for it.
Bilk? What's that?
Why, nothing; a word signifying nothing and borrowed
here to express nothing.

HULL, THOMAS B., JR. :

Too little wit and too much plain dealing for a statesman.

JULENKO, S. VICTOR. :

Seldom he smiles and smiles in such a sort
As if he mock'd himself and scorn'd his spirit
That could be moved to smile at anything.

JONES, BENJAMIN B. :

Let me be no assistant for a State,
But keep a farm and carters,
A ship that passes in the night.

KEARNEY, JAMES L. D. :

And when a lady's in the case,
You know all other things give place.

KINNAIRD, ALEXANDER. :

Knee deep in technicalities,
A radical in thought he puffed away,
With shrewd contempt the dust of usage gray.

KRAFT, EARLE A. :

How would you like to be me,
And have a girl as sweet as she?

LEVINSON, MOSES A. :

Stern lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
A most benignant grace,
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face.

LITTLE, JOHN M. :

He found the blessedness of being little,
Mirable dietu, the office sought the man.

LOEB, JOSEPH :

I have been shaved—mischiefe and a thousand divells cease him—
I have been shaved.

LUHN, JOHN A. :

Thou cream-faced “loon,”
Where got'st thou that goose-look?

MARSHALL, THOMAS B., JR. :

He is so naturally inconstant, that I marvel his soul finds not some
way to kill his body.
O, matter and impertinency mixed,
Reason and madness!

MILES, HARRY E. :

Praise from a friend, or censure from a foe,
Are lost on hearers that our merits know.

MORRIS, JOHN T. :

We grant, although he had much wit,
He was very shy of using it.

MOSES, PHILIP J. :

O, hell! what have we here?

MCCUSKER, JOHN J. :

He was a man, take him for all in all.

MCDORMAN, RIDBY :

I would not boast, but people must know my worth.
His faults sit gently on him.

MCLANAHAN, JAMES C. :

An eager politician.
I do prophesy the election lights.

MCNULTY, JOHN T. :

I was a sketcher then;
See here my doing: curves of mountain,
Bridge, boat, island, ruins of a castle.

MCCENEY, GEORGE P. :

A merry child he was, so God me save.

OTTENHEIMER, EMANUEL E. :

With a terrific bass voice,
Lofty and sour to them that loved him not.

OWENS, WALTER D. :

He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one.

PAINTER, LAWRENCE G. :

Mine eye hath played the *painter*, and hath still'd
Thy beauty's form in table of my heart.

PETHERBRIDGE, WILLIAM F. :

The rest to some faint meaning make pretense,
But this one never deviates into sense.
His genuine night admits no ray,
His rising fogs prevail upon the day.

PERSCHER, WILLIAM F. :

What more than heavenly pulchritude is this?
A partridge plump, full-fed and fair.

Having abandoned all his old misogyny, and his professions of single independence, he has become a benedict.

RADCLIFFE, GEORGE L. P. :

To divide him inventorially would dizzy the arithmetic of memory.

RAFFEL, HARRY B. :

Sleep, doth in my estimate of good, appear
A better state than waking,
There's meaning in thy snores.

RATH, LOUIS L. :

Exceeding wise, fair-spoken and persuading.

ROBERTS, GEORGE L. :

The red rose and the white are on his face,
With cheeks like the mountain pink,
Nothing in him seemed inordinate,
Save sometimes too much wonder of the eye.

ROBERTS, MILTON :

The close contriver of all harms,
There is a vulpine astucity in him.

ROBINSON, GEORGE E. :

He'll be a credit till us a'—
We'll all be proud o' Robin.

SACHS, PHILIP :

There is mischief in this man.
He is prodigal of his smiles.

SCHOEN, HERMAN L. :

A modest ape! Observe how near he edges on our race;
What human tricks! how risible of face.

SIWINSKI, GEORGE W. :

He is master of a thousand tongues.

SMITH, F. HOWARD :

I have all that's requisite
To the making up of a signior.
I am nothing, if not critical.

SPARKS, FRANCIS E. :

He has a great deal of eloquence at his command, undoubtedly, but
I am not quite favorable to his style myself.
His life was tired ere it did first begin.

SPILMAN, EDWIN A. :

His head shown forth like unto a calcium light ready to burst.
A king
That wears upon his baby brow the round and top of sovereignty.

THOMAS, J. CLARKE :

Always do his looks portend an over-burdened mind.
He dabbles in the politics found at our U. of M.

THOMAS, BERNARD W. :

He is swallowed in the quicksands of law quillets.

TOWLES, HOWARD M. :

We have here our good friend *Towels* at your service.

WELSH, FRANK E., JR. :

I wear the leek for a memorable honor;
For I am "Welsh," you know, good countrymen.
Full long were his legs and full lene,
Y like a staff, there was no calf-y-sene.

WHEELAN, THOMAS A., JR. :

He never will reveal his talents to the world, but must their worth
from all conceal.

WARING, WILLIAM E. JR. :

A barne, a very pretty barne ! a boy or girl, I wonder ?

WILBUR, ALBERT :

Constant quiet fills my peaceful breast.
A pleasant sort of chap.

WINSLOW, JOHN L. :

I have tower'd
For victory like a falcon in the clouds.
Incidentally renowned for his famous brand of soothing syrup.





Our Beloved Faculty



IN your real blue days, when you can't a thing learn,
Did ever your mind to wonderland turn,
And think it over, or even discuss,
If we were the Faculty, and the Faculty were us?
Now a vision like this just to get square a bit,
Fills me maliciously vicious of what I'd inflict,
For the tortures we've suffered, well, I declare,
Nothing short of the guillotine can I compare.

France I'd take first, Blackstone to recite,
Every word, and all commas and periods in sight,
Then I'd start on Corporations, and when I was through,
I'll bet no more Law School he'd want to come to.

Harlan I'd make eat, and then cough right up,
All the law appertaining to marriage and stuff,
I'd give him Constitutional until he was sick,
And fire him from school if he uttered a kick.

Baer I'd ask questions that never could be,
Triple uses on shifters, and springers in fee,
Shelly's rule to untangle, as well as descent,
And to tell what entails and trust estates meant.

With Brantly o'er contracts, I'd real smoothly glide,
But of course I'd have a good deal to say on each side,
I'd dwell on the circumstances of each case, because,
"Where laws are uncertain, there are no laws."

To Poe I'd ask with delight to pursue
All text books in print, and in one night construe,
Every case ever written, for I've not yet forgot
Many miles of his Pleading, which fell to our lot.

For Stockbridge, I'd lecture in Latin and Greek,
And a dozen of quizzes I'd have every week,
I'd give him some lectures, then cases assign,
And each case, verbatim, he'd have to define.

With Ritchie, on Agents and Partners, I'd dwell,
Embracing Factors, Brokers and Cashiers as well;
I'd say each thing twice, and before him I'd pose,
With my goggles hung on to the tip of my nose.

Venable, my favorite, would be in his class,
And not an exam, would I ask him to pass,
I'd give him no assignments, and keep him in mirth,
And never once quiz on the laws of this earth.

Phelps' book on Equity, I believe I'd cut out,
For there's lots not in it to talk about,
I'd write one myself, over which he could bone,
And he'd find therein things before unknown.

Concluding, no dope dream, I'll vow I'd do this,
And I think you'll agree, that I'd not go amiss,
I'd build a new lecture room, or a large place,
And fill it with chairs, and have lots of floor space,
And I'd actually have a real library with books,
And not stuff the shelves with old bluffs just for looks,
Then I think we'd be pushing toward more modern times,
And not dropping each year about ten years behind.



The Twentieth Century Cicero



In this epoch wherein the varied, multitudinous and withal manifestly and truly marvelous monuments which collaterally and principally bespeak the ingenuity of man and point with unerring certainty (unlike circumstantial evidence) to the grandeur of his herculean intellect, relegating the annals of the past into umbrageous obscurity, the silvery-tongued spell-binder is projected like a promontory into the midst of human existence to circumvent the colossus of civilized progress, and proclaim him, in his own estimation at least, to be the *sine qua non*, the specimen par excellence, of the progeny of Adam. Harken to the flowery exotics which emanate from his inspired lips, almost overpowering with their suffocating perfume the unfortunate victims whose auricular sensibilities are so delightfully regaled with his stentorian outbursts of pathological aphorisms.

To him the philosophy of Aristotle and the theories of Archimedes are but as freaks of the imagination; the wisdom of Solomon but as a babbling brook. This modern disciple of Demosthenes, we are fain to confess, is thoroughly imbued with a pseudo-hypertrophic elon-

gation of the cerebellum. In him plutocracy finds a blatant mouthpiece of vocabularic effulgency, democracy a flaming sword of infallible strength, socialism a fire-brand of reprehensible iconoclasm and Blackstone a didactic expositor of his moth-eaten volumes of forgotten lore; profert and oyer of his vocal capabilities is his unceasing joy. O, ye shades of the pigmy departed, who in pristine days of yore stirred up the very stones of Rome to rise and mutiny by the power of your speech! Could you but open your ears from the tongueless silence of the dreamless dust, to catch some faint gleamings of the soul-stirring effusions and rhetorical enunciations of to-day, ye would liken yourselves unto that poor player who once strutted and fretted his hour upon the stage and then was heard no more.

The rules to which this oratorical prodigy adjudges himself subservient in obtaining a correct and effective association of thought, cogitation and expression wherewith to enrapture his audience of admirers, whose business it is to applaud, are most erudite and praiseworthy and appeal with unflagging zest to the enlightened intellect of all sensible men and deserve the imitation in some feeble way of all those to whom such opportunity may be vouchsafed. Adopt with unhesitating and instantaneous alacrity a heavy, ponderous, circumlocutory, figurative, alliterative and incomprehensible style, that your discourse may fairly groan beneath the teeming weight of syllabic, latitudinarian and syllogistic redundancy, upon the reasonable assumption that the less your hearers understand of what you say, "*in pari passu*" will they appreciate your wonderful grasp of idea and extreme lucidity of presentation and with mathematical accuracy they will ascribe obscurity to profundity and mistake a heterogeneous conglomeration of nonsenical explosives to be the veriest exposition of wisdom incarnate. Sacrifice sense to sound, a straightforward, clean-cut diction to a lumbering longevity; the less you have to say, the more stringent need is there to bring into requisition a superabundant vocabulary and plagiarize the process of yelling and bawling until the rafters quake and the walls are condemned by the building inspector, who "discharges his functions with the utmost vigilance, eagerness and avidity."

Again, when this volcanic eruption has spent its force for want of breath, speak your speech in the dulcet tones of sweetness long drawn out, like the gentle murmur of a low fountain, stealing forth in the midst of roses, or the soft, sweet accents of an angel's whisper in the bright, joyous dreams of sleeping innocence; an inundation of phonetic cataclysms, a cataract of sonorous heavings, a garden of soft stringed lutes all abloom with the fatuitously prolix and elaborate concoctions which mortals term "figures of speech." ("What fools these mortals be.")

Abundant quotations, likewise, are a source of gigantic effectiveness when delivered *terbatim*, *litteratim et punctuatim*, and especially when they have no possible application to the gist of the controversy, because they needlessly consume time, tend to raise a presumption of munificent knowledge and are, above all, invulnerable factors in diverting the minds of the listeners from the *original* portions of the discourse. The latter, if properly misunderstood, might ostracize their composer to a constrained residence (not domicile) in some secluded spot

destined for the reception of megalomaniacal lunatics, from whence there is a dearth of exodite facility, in accordance with the rule of law, *simul furibundus, semper furibundus presumitur*. As for example, gentle reader, you are doubtless aware of the indisputable fact that dying declarations are admissible in evidence for the cogent, irresistible and powerful reason that the Bard of Avon hath said :

“Have I not hideous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity of life,
Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax,
Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire?
What in the world should make me now deceive,
Since I must lose the use of all deceit?
Why should I then be false, since it is true,
That I must die here and live hence by truth?”

The spirit of today is infallibly prognostic of a bonanzic futurity presaged by the fore-warning shadows of coming events. Yet, can it be? Is it possible that the modern school of orators has not yet attained its climax, its ultimate pinnacle of thundering, turgid, mouthy grandiloquence? If not, oh, for a grasping, soulless corporation of the long-life variety to swallow them up in its rapacious maw! And when the clock of the world has recorded the passage of seven years, we will take out letters of administration upon their estates.

I also recollect some portions of a soul-stirring and morally efficacious disquisition upon the interesting and delightful subject of compensatory money damages, which was of what might be properly termed the stop-cock variety: that is to say, it would continue in an uninterrupted stream of undiluted eloquence, until in some manner its source would be bottled up for a period by the stroke of the hour announcing the termination of the daily lecture, and there would ensue a resulting, discordant cadence, as of tones broken off at the full. Thus: “The primary object of suits at law is to give to the plaintiff compensation in money for some injury which he has sustained. For money, gentlemen (this with a rainbow-like expansion of both arms) is the consolation, the award, the atonement, the healer of bleeding, gaping wounds, the mender of amputated limbs, the substitute for broken hearts villainously trilled with, a paragon as a cure for all known diseases; it is better than Hood’s Sarsaparilla and is a most excellent and vigorous hair-tonic; it talks, it waggeth an eloquent tongue, its persuasive capabilities are exceedingly efficient, it conceals with an invisible pall the heinous crimes wrought by the bloody bludgeon; it perfects the title to Cherry Grove; in short, gentlemen, it is a good thing to have, whether it be in the form of fees, nominal, substantial, exemplary, punitive, vindictive, revengeful or malignant damages or “smart money.” Whereupon such of the audience as were still living nervously sought for their hats, coats and umbrellas and took their respective departures in extreme dilaceration of spirit and exenteration of the inmost mind.

NOTE.—All good argument is sound, but all sound is not good argument.

Cherry Grove

O, list to the praises of sweet Cherry Grove,
Wherein 'tis a pleasure to leisurely rove!
Though sometimes fee-simple and oftimes in tail,
Yet one or the other is sure to prevail.

This wonderful lot's been bargained and sold,
'Till its title deeds are a thousand years old,
And it don't give a darn for Shelley's Rule,
And dubs perpetuities just plain "fool."

Of slow-springing uses, it makes no use—
Is inclined to belittle the whole caboose;
From wicked tort-feasors its happily free,
And tenants are loath to part with the key.

Crimson and gold are its autumn leaves,
Warm with the kiss of Aurora's breeze;
Its streams are like veins of silver white,
Reflecting Apollo's filtering light.

Here love-sick swains have plighted their troth,
To be afterwards sued by damisels wroth;
Bright fairies disport in its woodland dells,
'Till Edward Ejector their flight compels.

But there's one fact you must not forget,
Whene'er you perceive this farm "to let"—
A bear (Baer) is sequestered in Cherry Grove,
Who maketh his lair in a hidden cove.

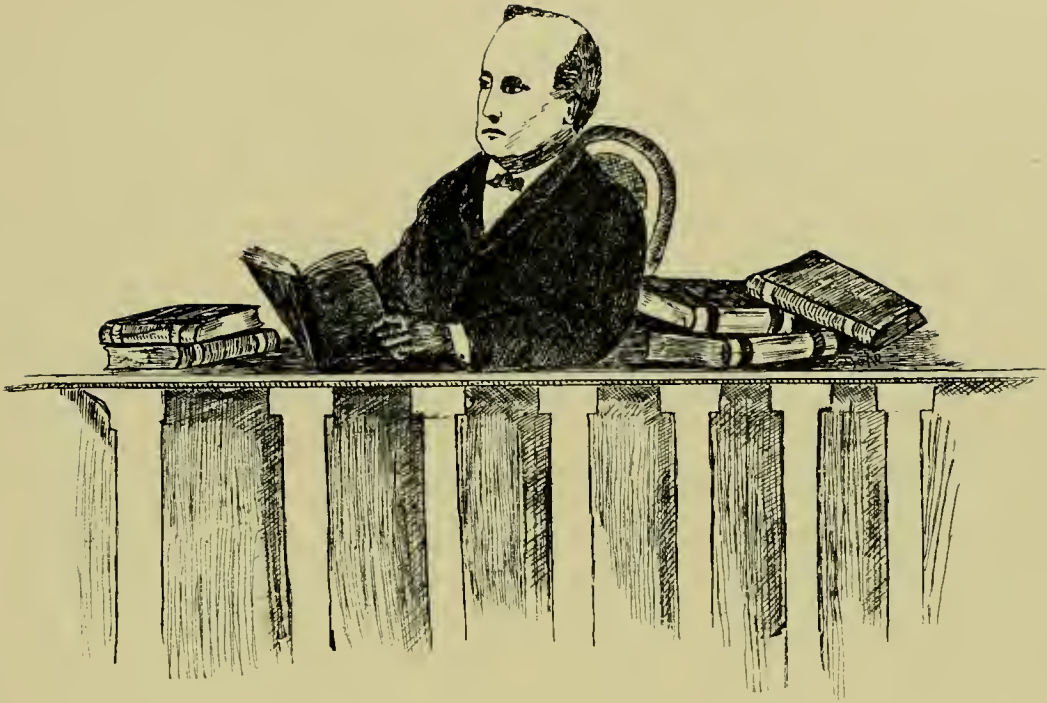
A creature that's docile enough sometimes,
And at others replete with black designs,
'Mongst fees and reverters he Joves to wade,
So beware of his questioning fusillade.

To him this world is a goodly place,
(Except now and then for a slander case);
But the richest gem in its fabric wove,
Is dear, delectable Cherry Grove.





In every class, of course, there'll be
Some boys who labor not,
You'll also have, a pair, at least,
For first place vainly trot.
In faces you'll have a collection rare,
And a bunch of politicians you'll always have there.
But there's not a college, from pole to pole,
Wherein you'll find such a unique soul
As Jones, our Milkman.



ELEMENTARY LAW.

Mr. France—"Will any gentleman tell me the meaning of law?"

Mr. Waring (very excitedly)—"I know, sir."

Mr. France—"Well, spout out."

Mr. Waring (after thinking)—"Law is a rule ———. I really don't know, sir."

Mr. France—"I don't believe you do, sir."

TESTAMENTARY LAW.

Mr. Gans—"Mr. Jones, can an administrator, appointed in Maryland, sue a debtor of the estate in Pennsylvania?"

Mr. Jones—Well—your book says no, but fudge Stockbridge says yes.

PRACTICE.

Mr. Poe—"Mr. McCeney, will you please tell me how many kinds of judgments there are?"

Mr. McCeney—"Two; judgment for the plaintiff, and judgment for the defendant."

Mr. McDorman—"Mr. Poe, will you please answer a question for me?"

Mr. Poe—"Why certainly, my dear boy."

Mr. McDorman—"If the sheriff had a warrant to serve on Mr. A., and Mr. A knew the sheriff had the warrant to serve on him, and the sheriff knew that Mr. A knew that he had the warrant to serve on him, and if the sheriff saw Mr. A running around the corner, dodging him, and Mr. A knew that the sheriff saw him, and if the sheriff knew that Mr. A knew that he (the sheriff) had seen him ———."

Mr. Poe—"Go slow, Mr. McDorman, please."

Mr. McDorman—"Hold on, I haven't finished yet. And if Mr. A knew that the sheriff knew that he knew that the sheriff saw him, would this be a legal service of process?"

Mr. Poe (out of breath)—"Look in the book and see, my dear boy."

The Class—"Rous mit McDorman."

CORPORATIONS.

Mr. France—"Mr. Aiken, Will you please give me an example of a fictitious person?"

Mr. Aiken—"John Doe."

Mr. France—"Mr. Aiken, will you please cite the case which illustrates the good faith rule?"

Mr. Aiken (very confidently)—"Hanson vs. 66, New York, Little Sister of the Poor."

EVIDENCE.

Mr. Poe—"Mr. Miles, did you ever hear of a client who didn't pay his attorney the fee?"

Mr. Miles—"No, sir."

(Mr. Poe was horrified, and, after reviving, gave Mr. Miles some motherly advice.)

DAMAGES.

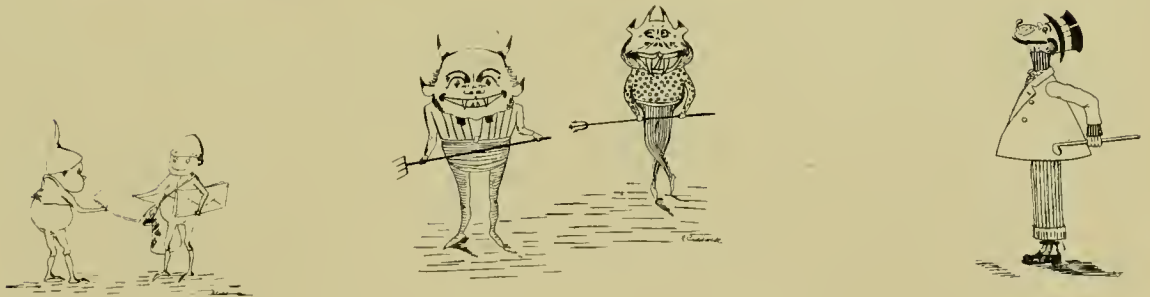
Mr. Poe—"Mr. Aiken, will you please give me the measure of damages in Trover?"

Mr. Aiken—"Value of the goods at the time of the trover, with interest from the time of conversion to the time the goods were converted."

Mr. Poe, in quizzing Mr. Kraft on Hearsay Evidence, told us a few little side remarks, in which he said he had heard that Mr. Brantly, while in college, could remember every case he ever read, together with the volume of the report, page number and by whom the decision was rendered, and all the essentials pertaining thereto.

Mr. Kraft (having awoken from his three-year slumbers)—"Mr. Poe, isn't that Hearsay?"

Sketches





A Perfect Girl

(By a discontented member of the sex).

Who said there were no perfect girls,
Uniting in themselves
All of the dainty attributes
Of sportive little elves?

Who was it said the perfect girl
In death lies stiff and cold?
Whoever made that blunt remark
Was surely overbold.

For I've heard about a perfect girl,
Of fascinating mien,
Just the dearest girl on earth,
The sweetest ever seen.

It's really quite a mystery,
The strangest thing to me,
That the sweetest and most perfect girls
Are the ones we never see.

She's just a "perfect" height, you know,
And then she's, oh, "so witty;"
You couldn't help but love her,
Although she's not so pretty.

She writes the "dearest" stories,
And she waltzes like a dream.
She leaves the milk for common folks,
While of life she sips the cream.

Oh, I'm so tired of hearing
All about this perfect girl
That my brain has grown quite dizzy,
And my head is in a whirl.



His Grandma



In this fortunate class of nineteen three,
And among the fair graduates
Is mingled a fellow who enviously boasts
Of his Grandma's fat, juicy estates.
"Grandma owns this," and "Grandma owns that,"
Its simply a by-word caressed,
For there's not one small chattel in this wide world
Not by Grandma already possessed.

In this lad's leisure hours he dreams by the weeks,
Then imparts us his thinks, by the score,
Of just how he'll manage these vast large lands,
As attorney for Grandma galore.
Frog Bottom we've heard of, and Jones Folly, too,
Cherry Grove, White and Black Acre Twins,
"But," says he, "they ain't in it, for Grandma, dear,
Gave away these and throwed others in."

'Tis a pity, indeed, fortune smiles on so few,
Wealthy Grandmas, you know, are gems rare,
But, says he, Grandma, dear, told me not long ago
She'd adopt all "my friends" as co-heirs.
Now, this latest's too tough for his friends to digest,
And this "Grandma Dream" we think a fake,
So when Aninius' eyes these few lines come to face,
Legal Ethics, please read, for our sake.

MORAL:

In Liarville
All shysters dwell,
Move quick your trunk,
For you're bound for _____

Our Class Alphabet

- A** is for Aiken, who a case never read,
And a shyster he'll not even make, so 'tis said.
- B** is for Bagby, on the fair sex dead gone,
Who spoons every night, and then studies till dawn.
- C** is for Cadwallader, of Quaker City fame,
Pennsy's too slow, so to U. of M. came.
- D** is for Dennis, everybody's good chum,
Who says "its darn tough taking two years in one."
- E** is for Emory, whose case in Moot Court
Was a trifle too weighty for this gallant sport.
- F** is for Foster, whose most ardent fight
Is to be called by the girls a real legal light.
- G** is for Golden who, in court sits all day,
And yells "Silence" often, just for something to say.
- H** is for Hartlove, who to many's unknown,
But his marks show that this lad has settled to bone.
- I** is for all whom we've not wrote about,
So no one is slighted for being left out.
- J** is for Jelenko, whose modest, true look
Has gained him more friends than would fill a law book.
- K** is for Kinnaird, who an orator might be,
Perhaps, if he'd practice a centuree.
- L** is for Levinson, nature's beauty rose rare,
Does anything breathe with that face to compare.
- M** is for Marshall, for high honors aspired,
But early his nerve lost, and then he retired.
- N** we have none, and it's really darn tough,
So keep reading along, and I'll stick in this bluff.
- O** is for Owens, who possibly might
Capture the hundred, by boning all night.
- P** is for Pirscher, who is trying his best
To be called Prince Henry, and this he's confessed.
- R** is for Radcliffe, simply boning for fame,
Just to add still another degree to his name.
- S** is for Smiths, as usual, we've three,
I wonder could Cherry Grove hold the Smith tree.
- T** is for Thomas, our hold-over chap,
Who slept all last year, and is still taking his nap.
- U** is for you, reading all this old rot,
And sympathy's tendered, for it's the bummet we've got.
- V** is also left out, just because
Names beginning with V don't tamper with laws.
- W** is for Waring, a girl in disguise,
'Tis useless to say, for as much you'd surmise.
- For **X**, **Y** and **Z**, its right up to me,
So I'll give three cheers for this Class of '03.

Sense and Cents

Each eye upon the stroke of five,
As Seniors lie them hence,
The newsies, in a swarming hive,
Accost them for their cents.

That sense they have is surely true,
And cannot be gainsaid,
But, doubtless, some would sadly rue
Their number if 'twere read.

That cents they have is true, sometimes,
Though not, perchance, abundant,
For *sense* and *cents*, though cognate rhymes,
Are not of each redundant.

Exams require a wealth of sense,
Without which you're a goner;
It breeds a while of long suspense,
And then you are a mourner.

Your girl requires a wealth of cents
For presents, plays and candy,
Lacking which, pray, don't commence
To emulate the dandy.

Law books are priced at six plunks per,
And sense will not supply you;
And if you really would not flunk, Sir,
Sense and *cents* you must have by you.



Allen Allwise

The wise man of Borneo,
His head is full of Law;
And every bit is "Sterling" stamped,
With not the slightest flaw.

It's rammed and crammed and jammed so tight,
It's bound to effervesce,
And every piece that slips the least
Is clothed in novel dress.

He knows so much of everything
That some of it must sift,
So every time a fellow's quizzed,
He's sure to give a "lift."

He doesn't like to pick them out,
Nor specialize at all,
For every fellow get's a "boost,"
Without a "bid" or call.

His tones are not of zephyr weight,
They ring out clear and bold,
His voice is of the rasping type,
And what he says is told.

No man presumes to "bone" up work,
Or say his say, for that,
For Allen's sure to be on hand,
With answers down just pat.

It's either say what Allen says,
Or get yourself all mixed;
So what's the use to study hard,
When Allen's got it fixed.

It can't be told how many men
He's helped to shove along,
Without his help there's not a one
But what would answer wrong.

We can't postpone his prior lien,
For when the sheep-kin's ours,
To Allen, all the honor due,
All hail his glorious powers!

We'll call a court, appoint a judge,
And see how much we owe
As salvage for the many boys
He's brought in safe in tow.

Hurrah for Allen! dubbed Allwise,
A shining light by day,
A man whose legal love crops out
In most precise array.

Come, fill the cup and drink it down,
To Allen, Hip, Hurray!
We'll miss his ready answers when
We have our first trial day.

— HIS DEBTOR.



Lines to the Little Duchess

(As she appeared to an inspired acolyte of the bald-headed row).

O, say, but you're a winner,

Anna, Anna.

And—perchance, a little sinner—

But your eyes have such a shimmer,

Such a most enchanting glimmer,

That I love you without hinder,

Anna, Anna.

And your form is nigh perfection,

Anna, Anna.

With a pink and white complexion;

And a critical inspection

Can suggest no slight correction,

At the curtain's resurrection,

Anna, Anna.

You're the cream of rich perfection,

Anna, Anna.

Without a trace of imperfection

Or a faulty interjection,

And we vote you "sans" exception

A fairy-like conception.

Anna, Anna.

You can really dance divinely,

Anna, Anna.

You kick o'er your head supinely,

And flirt your gown sublimely,

And each act is all so timely,

That you earn your laurels finely,

Anna, Anna.

You are like unto the daisies,

Anna, Anna.

With your devastating gazes,

And your fascinating waysies;

When your dainty mouth upraises,

I fain would risk its mazes,

Anna, Anna.



N. C. M. Club

N. C. M. Club



INCORPORATED BY SPECIAL CHARTER

Assets: No Cents. Liabilities: Midnight Oil.

Banquets

October 1, 2, 3; February 1, 2, 3; May 26, 27, 28.

Doing the Town: Regularly, semi-weekly.

Colors: Pink and Green

Yell

Bo Peep, West Point, Hinky Dee,
Thinigan, My Lord, Grandma, see,
Cupid's Darling, Law, Lo, Lee,
N. C. M. Club, 1903.

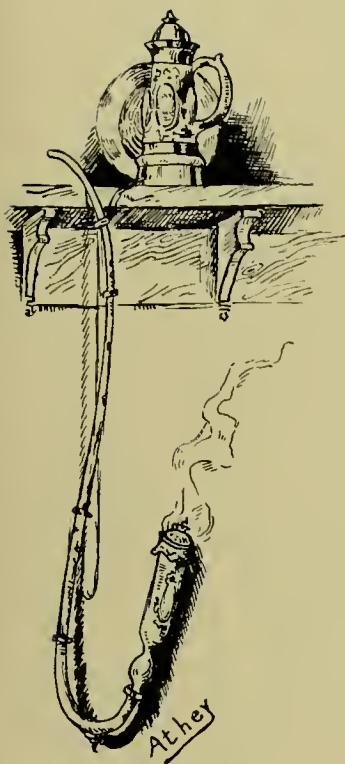


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WILLIAM BERNARD ATHEY, . . .	Baltimore, Md.		



In Memoriam to Our Poet

Grinds

Oh! Will, poor Will!
Immortal hard!
To whom these things
Did not come hard.

Books

Brantly on contracts is the theme
Of which we often hear;
Poe on Pleading is also deemed
A book which all do fear.

Robinson on Elementary Law
Is easy and good, I ween,
While conflicts and laws of war
Are better heard than seen.

The Future

And ever, as seasons onward roll
May Fame inscribe upon Her scrolls
The fads and fancies of those who strive
A little law to learn, and still survive.

Let a day count naught when we've not seen
Some little effort, with tongue or pen,
To keep us along on Law's long lane
With the burden of Briefs we hope to gain.

To Poe's Stomach

How oft we gaze, with naught of woe,
On the features of our immortal Poe;
How true to nature his gestures tell
To touch his "football" up so well.

—ADAIR W. HERMAN.

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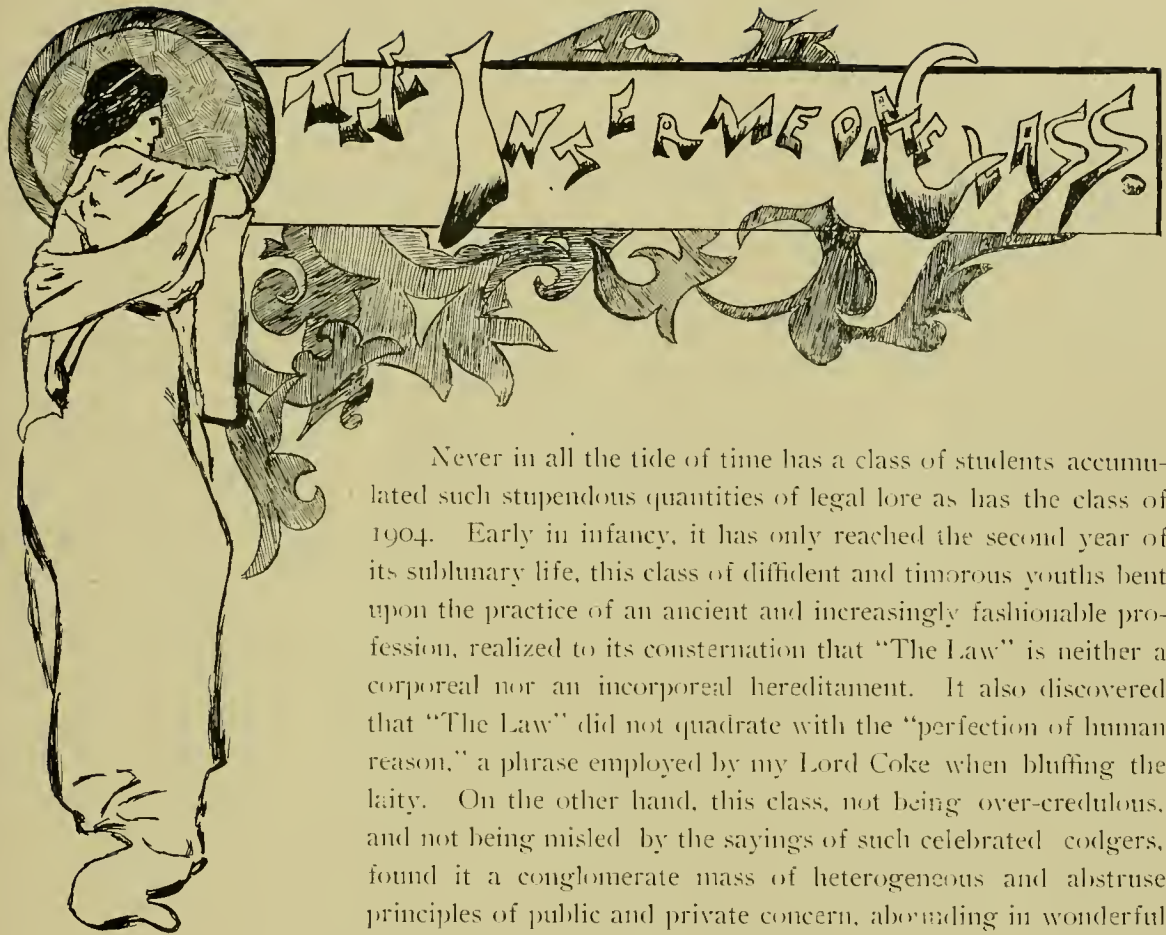
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Never in all the tide of time has a class of students accumulated such stupendous quantities of legal lore as has the class of 1904. Early in infancy, it has only reached the second year of its sublunary life, this class of diffident and timorous youths bent upon the practice of an ancient and increasingly fashionable profession, realized to its consternation that "The Law" is neither a corporeal nor an incorporeal hereditament. It also discovered that "The Law" did not quadrate with the "perfection of human reason," a phrase employed by my Lord Coke when bluffing the laity. On the other hand, this class, not being over-credulous, and not being misled by the sayings of such celebrated codgers, found it a conglomerate mass of heterogeneous and abstruse principles of public and private concern, abounding in wonderful and oftentimes exasperating prolixity. All this, dressed with

inexplicable and distressing subtleties, was administered in such inordinate doses as would have defied digestion by any other class. Success was only achieved, however, by reason of untiring zeal, inflexible resolution and a soaring ambition in each member to occupy the enviable position of representing Peter Plaintiff or Daniel Defendant.

After having been led through the labyrinthic paths of "contract," we were introduced to the bewildering entanglements, the delectable technicalities, and artificial ramifications of that infinite and glorious immovable which is called land, and which law-writers say with evident delight, extends "*usque ad caelum et usque ad inferum.*"

On the occasion of the Semi-Annual Wind Storm, we were compelled to resort to the Statute of Uses in order to surmount the barriers of livery of seisin that we might obtain possession of that perennial "Cherry Grove," which was bargained and sold.

The soliform eye and boniform soul of our preceptor in the course on "Sales," sufficiently stimulated us to manfully "tackle the right end" and successfully "land the goal."

Upon the "close" (of the year) we sojourned for four months (neither trespassing nor breaking) to recreate ourselves after the enervating trials through which we had passed. Vacation sped with proverbial swiftness, and friends and relatives were duly impressed with the legal aspect we were beginning to assume. Venturing a bit of divination, we will say that in a few instances it was only by dint of rare eloquence that the governor was convinced that Jack had been economical in expenditures.

On the resumption of our fascinating course, we were "newly assigned," and immediately were fairly enchanted with the felicitous vocabulation of the omnipotent maker of the "Code" and benevolent assimilation of "Actions ex-Contractu" and "Actions ex-Delicto." We sat transfixed. Nothing was heard save those inspiring sounds, and nothing was seen save that polished dome of thought.

While the learning of the barbarous, artificial and inelegant "*absque hoc*" was taxing the capacity of our brain pans, we were also annoyed by considerations of "*justa causa possidendi quod nostrum est.*"

The balm for all cares was found in the sweet, even, irresistible monotones of Professor ————. The circumlocutory, periphrastic utterances of this soporific lecturer are recommended as a sure cure for abandoned cases of insomnia.

In a short time, we must again prepare to meet the "Semi-Annual Cyclone," which inspires everybody with terror, and which, in its merciless sweep, carries away all superficial knowledge, thereby reducing the heads of the megalomaniacs to a smallness scarcely recognizable. The only things that remain undisturbed by this windy ordeal are what we denominate "*Industriales Fructus.*"

Thus we have grown through toil and rest, and notwithstanding the apparent effort to speak in superlative terms of praise regarding the subject of these sentences, we feel glaringly incompetent to do even substantial justice to so distinguished a body. It remains for one of our number when his now profound learning will be reinforced by mature years and rich experience, to write a satisfactory history of this class; a history that will mirror facts; a history resplendent and iridescent with the doings of those who were so fortunate as to belong to a class predestined to be honored and illustrious. This future writer must be one of us whose thirst for knowledge has been satiated; whose purse has been cloyed with contingent fees and retainers; one, who, having a plethora of worldly things, can, with abundance of time, thoroughly scan the past and hand posterity a memorial of things as they really were.

HISTORIAN.





See the shyster, in eager chase,
Trotting after a damage case.



Junior Class Officers

Class of 1905



Yell

Hoo! ra! Hoo! ri! Hoo rah rah!
Junior U. of M., Law!

Colors: Crimson and Old Gold

Officers

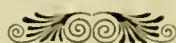
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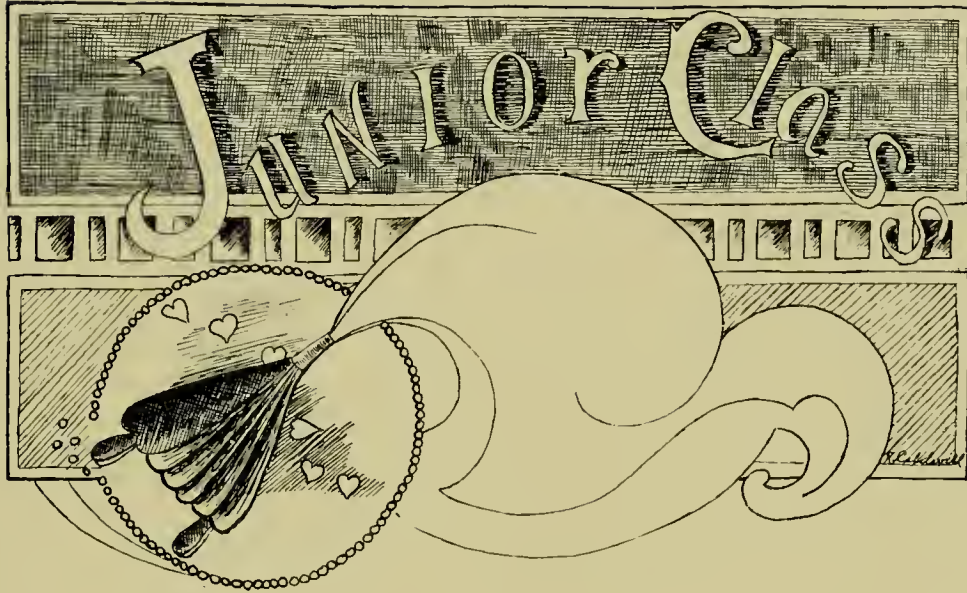
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History of Class of 1905



"The Class of Nineteen-five is the snappiest in the University." The significance of this expression is relevant, and is borne out by facts, some of which might jeopardize the dignity of History by subjecting the Historian to an action of trespass on the case. But since the first composite duty of the Historian is careful reference to the causes of momentous and important events, it is pertinent to explain that the working material, as recorded under matriculation, is far above the average Junior Class of the Law Department. With twenty-four degree men, representing Johns Hopkins University, Princeton, Georgetown, Trinity College, St. Johns, the Virginia Polytechnic Institute, Hampden-Sidney College of Virginia, Loyola College, the University of Harriman (Tenn.), Kentucky State College, Rock Hill College, Maryland Agricultural College, St. Joseph's College, Mt. St. Mary's College and Delaware College, besides a score of business men of no mean ability, and other undergraduates, the work of 1902-1903 began.

It would be very remiss to pass over the prevenient causes of class unity without special reference to our good man Iverson, who, in his profundity of "social organization" and of constitutional law (and of marital rights, as evidenced by his subsequent pertinent and exciting quizzes on marriage in Maryland by telegraph, etc., etc., etc., strenuously advocated a mass meeting for the election of class officers.

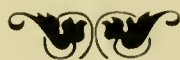
Under the *pro tem* chairmanship of Mr. Iverson class organization was perfected on the evening of October 15. Mr. L. L. Clark, who, in a graceful address, submitted the constitution of the class for ratification, was unanimously chosen president. The remaining officers, with practically no political interference, were elected by nomination and acclamation. With these duties performed class organization rested with but little accomplished toward unity of spirit. Each man seemed striving toward his own goal in a cold, business sort of way. Few were known in common and the lack of companionship, except in a few isolated groups, was not calculated to extend good University vigor. The legal and technical criterion of right and wrong was distinguished, but the criterion of University fellowship was ignored. But it is pleasing to record this deplorable condition of affairs did not last long. In a call meeting some thoughtful soul, realizing the weakness of man, made motion "that on Saturday evening, December 6, the Junior Law Class establish a precedent by banqueting, in good fellowship, at the Hotel Remert." Thus it came to pass that at the said time and in the said place the "good fellowship" dinner was served.

With wit and humor our debonair poet, Mr. J. Harry Tregoe, acted as toast-master, while the set toasts brought forth eloquence, hot air and a cloud of smoke, for which our esteemed instructor in the technicalities of crimes very graciously extended his pardon in a pleasing *obiter dictum*, defining attempt.

The social success of that evening was pronounced and will long be remembered. "Good Fellowship" became thenceforth the class motto, and today we stand as a unit striving to attain a standard of excellence which will reflect honor on the rolls of the old University.

The 30th and the 31st of January, those days of serious reckoning—the first examination days—are just gone. The court has had its days for revisal and we have stood for acquittal, or for reversal with costs. *Post-mortems* are of no avail on the University calendar. The judgment must be enforced, but to those unfortunate the Class of Nineteen-five, in good-fellowship, extends a helping hand so that all may reach the same goal at last.

HISTORIAN.



A Poet's Posy

Weaving through the days a dreary web
Of legal lore; hopes at flood and ebb
The Juniors plod; many from roustabouts just passed,
Others of doubtful age and some unclassed.

Let Muses laugh! But 'tis no easy task
To wake the stiffened joints and calmly bask
In dreams of Blackstone, when married life don't chime,
And if a man can have or want but one wife at a time.

And then the exacting "Elements" of ages born,
From doughty Knight or legal lights forlorn,
To frame a "Fee" or "Term" they'd never had the brass
If these old Fossils had known this "Junior" class.

"Lawyers are born not made," so Sages say—
They're right perhaps; but be this as it may,
If from text and quiz lawyers cannot be made,
Then some of the Nineteen-fivers will need—not a shingle—
 but a spade.

But the Class of "Five" has a many a name
That will be written high in the legal game.
And we all agree, it was fortune fair
In the pleasures and work of this class to share.

JR. POET.

A Seer's "Seerecy"



Oh, ye juniors of the law class of 1905, hearken unto the voice of your prophet, that he may tell you how, in a vision, he pierced the veil of the future and beheld the great deeds that will be done by sons of the University of Maryland, and how her name will head the list of all great schools because her boys will lead the country in safety through critical crises, guide the ship of state beyond all dangers and cast anchor in the van of all nations, thereby making the title of American citizen mean more than kingly station in other lands. Yea, even as he gazed, did your prophet seem to hear a voice saying: "So shall it come to pass that the country shall be in great danger, and as the clouds grow darker and destruction seems inevitable then will arise leaders who will solve the great problems that in this day seem incapable of solution." Verily, even as your prophet listened, the voice continued on, and said, "To these great men shall be easy the task of establishing the Monroe doctrine beyond all contention; the intricacies of the Philippine question be made so simple that men of all nations will marvel; and no more the difficulties surrounding the negro problem; the trusts will be shorn of their terrors, and labor and capital will lie down together like the lamb and the lion, (but well were it that the lamb sleep not too close nor too sound, else some day there be no lamb.") Yea, these things and more did the voice say would be done by sons of the U. of M. Law School, and because of which shall men rise and call her blessed in the land, so that none will be held in greater honor throughout the universe.

It came to pass that another vision filled the mind of your prophet, and again the grand old mother had reason to be proud of her sons, for, as in a dream, did he behold wonderful deeds of surgery done. The maimed were made whole, the halt to walk and the blind to have sight. Even as your prophet beheld, did he see one, Pontpier Moregain, have taken from his head the eye on the right side and in its stead placed the optic of a cat; that no more should he be caught napping by one Y. Earkes, unless it be "over the left." Yea, verily, did your prophet see many Americans beget unto themselves the eye of a cat, even as did Moregain until at last no cats existed and no more was the slumber of man disturbed in the dark hours of night by unseemly and hideous concerts, wherefore great peace and joy spread o'er the earth. But so keen had become the sight of many citizens of the United States that they could see a dollar farther in the dark than other men could in daylight, and from which fact there came a saying in the mouths of men: "It is easier to catch an American napping than for Willie of Germany to climb over the Monroe doctrine." Also did your prophet see the sons of medicine of the U. of M. make short persons tall and tall ones short; make fat persons slender and slender ones fat; yea, even did he behold them make hair to grow on bald heads, and other great deeds did the sons of medicine do, until discontent was no more in the

land and the millenium was known to be near at hand. Yea, verily, because of these wonders did men again rise and call blessed the University of Maryland in her noble sons and give her great honor before all nations. Yet none were envious of her fame.

Even a third time did a vision appear unto your prophet, and he did see accomplished that for which the men of this earth have long wished; for so expert had become surgeons of dentistry in their art, under the teachings in this department of the U. of M., that no longer was the dentist's chair an instrument of torture robed with terror and anguish for hapless mortals with aching teeth, but a thing of joy. Yea, verily, it was as easy for the puller to pull a tooth without pain to the pullee as for the ordinary being to fall off a log. Yet a greater marvel did your prophet behold, for no sooner was a tooth removed than, by injecting a liquid of rare power, a new one did begin to grow in its place. Yea, verily, was this so, and no more did men envy the alligator and the shark their teething ability. And yet again did the sons of earth rise and call blessed the University of Maryland and give her great honor in the land so that the world praised her good works through all time. Thereat the which your prophet grew glad to tell you these tidings of great joy.

O, fudge, and fudge again!

JR. PROPHET.



Bubbles and Troubles of a Junior

Toast responded to by C. N. STEIGELMAN, at Junior Class
"Fellowship Banquet," December 6, 1902.



Gentlemen of the Junior Class:

It was a proud moment for me when asked to respond to one of the toasts to be given during this festal occasion.

My first thought was, what will the subject be?

Fortunately for me, Mr. Tregoe, our debonair Nestor of the banquet board, suggested the "Bubbles and Troubles of a Junior." A feeling of relief soothed my troubled soul, and the oftener I repeated the magic words the more musical did they sound to my ear.

Then came the perplexing questions: What is there to say concerning bubbles? The bubbles with which I am most familiar are those made of soapsuds with the aid of a clay pipe.

And, then, to talk of troubles to a gathering of bright young spirits filled with the joy of feast! Verily, my troubles were "a-bubbling" and my bubbles were "a-troubling."

While yet my weary mind was seeking a solution of this vexed problem I fell into a troubled slumber, and as I rested in the arms of Morpheus I dreamed of wandering in a beautiful flower-studded meadow searching for something I knew not what, when, as if in answer to my quandary, I saw in the distance, and floating ever nearer, what appeared to be a gigantic cloud colored with all the colors known to man, and which blended themselves in countless exquisite tints that seemed to breathe forth heavenly melody.

As the glorious vision drew closer I saw that, instead of a great cloud, my gaze was resting upon myriads and myriads of small bubbles, which, even as I looked, marshaled themselves into large letters and, wheeling into line, formed one word, that word being

DICTIONARY!

When I awoke the sun was shining brightly and the dream still lingered in my memory, so much so that it inspired me to invoke the aid of Webster's Unabridged, to see what it had to say of the word bubble. I found it gave quite a number of definitions, several of which I quote:

"1. A thin film of liquid inflated with air or gas, as a soap bubble." To many of us a memory of happy childhood.

"2. Anything that wants firmness or solidity." In all probability many of the juniors think this might justly be applied to law when they are a-weary of the struggle to grasp firmly its chameleon-like meaning.

"3. A delusive scheme." This meaning, no doubt, will dawn more fully on our minds when we endeavor to carve out a fortune by dispensing legal learning and knowledge.

"4. To sing with a gurgling sound." We will undoubtedly appreciate better this last definition should any of the jovial spirits here tonight get too full for utterance and essay to unburden their souls in song.

Of all the meanings, however, I think the first is most suited to our purpose tonight; in the sense that while as children we blew bubbles in order to see the beautiful colors and tints shimmer in the sunlight as they floated airily away only to disappear in a flash.

So we today, as young men, are blowing bubbles, but from different material than soap and water. Yet how like those bubbles of childhood—one moment we see them all aglow with the colors of the rainbow of hope, and in the twinkle of an eye have disappeared, leaving us staring mournfully at the gray sky of duty yet to be done!

Many times in our lives shall we blow bubbles, and as often shall they, when most beautiful, fade all too suddenly.

'Tis then we must take example from the child, and when one bubble breaks not sit down in despair and mope because of our loss, but immediately begin to blow another, and if the material becomes exhausted then labor for more. Pandora's box is not yet empty.

Now, gentlemen, let me blow a bubble for you, and as it grows in size if you fail to see its colors the fault will not be lack of effort on my part.

To begin, I will never cease congratulating myself on the good fortune that made me one of a class whose individual members have thus early proved themselves leaders in new lines of thought, to wit:

Was there ever another class that produced a genius to prove that the "hairs" of his body were the heirs of his estate?

Was there another class, think you, possessed of a master mind to prove, when the subject of choses in action was discussed, that if he should hire his horse (not his mare) to Brown and said horse had a colt the colt would belong to him and not Brown. Such being the case, has the age of miracles passed?

And to show the diversity of the spirit of inquiry rampant in our class—

Don't we remember the extreme anxiety with which a beardless member desired to know if there was any limit to the number of illegitimate children that could be legitimated?

And yet another leader in thought. How intensely eager was his voice when he inquired if marriages by telegraph were legal?

Truly, gentlemen, the last two propositions should make "the hand that rocks the cradle and rules the world" shake with apprehension at the approaching upheaval of society.

Our class is again original in that it possesses a peculiar mark of distinction—we have a patriarch. Mr. Trego assumed the grave duty early in our notable career.

And if you desire further proof of the unique position occupied by our class in the hall of fame of the junior classes of the University of Maryland Law School, lend me your ears and I will a tale unfold to prove the expansive brain power of this class. As Sherlock Holmes says, "Many see current events, but few realize their significance and full import." How many of us are there who do not know that the hall where the law students were wont to assemble was declared dangerous, and for that reason condemned? You would all answer "none." But should I ask how many of the class know the real reason for this condition of affairs, there is a doubt in my mind if any of you could answer.

Let me tell you the true cause of our being wanderers into the region of musty bones and chemical odors. It is because of the law of physics that heat expands. To make plain to you, it was not because of the removal of outside supports that the walls of our hall became weak; not at all, but for the reason that pressure from within caused them to bulge and threaten collapse of the building. That pressure was the result of mighty working of massive brain power belonging to the juniors proper and the hybrid intellectual giants commonly called "intermedio-juniorinos," which pressure created a friction that generated a heat sufficient to expand the atmosphere of the hall, which in turn exerted a powerful force on the walls, and this force, seconded by the impact of a flood of thought-waves constantly beating against the walls, made the conclusion a foregone one.

The happy union of brick and mortar could not stand the strain, and ere the separation had gone too far the building inspector, in pursuance of public policy to prevent absolute divorces in all cases possible, but more so in this, intervened to prevent a great loss to the world—as such event in this especial instance would have meant the extinguishing of the light of quite a number of Blackstones in futuro.

And, boys, was there ever a junior class with a history more closely allied with epoch-making events than ours? I will mention but one, and that I consider of great importance. It is during the life of this class that one of the most vital questions of modern times has arisen, and the solution of which menaces the welfare of our great country—the question of how to bring organized labor and organized capital upon neutral ground to settle their differences without the shock of battle. The recent conflict between the anthracite mine workers and the coal operators was one so stubborn and all-pervading that the whole world was amazed. So prepare yourselves, gentlemen of the junior class of 1902-03, for the work that is shaping itself for you to do, in order that should our beloved country call for help she will find the sons of the U. of M. able, willing and ready to proffer their vigorous strength to lift the burden from her shoulders.

Now, boys, the dictionary once more to see what it has to say of the word trouble.

Not to annoy you with the many meanings given, I will mention a few, such as :

“1. To disturb.”—That is, to be driven from one’s ancestral hall; as the law juniors were in the recent past.

“2. To perplex.”—That is, to run against new problems to solve, such as the puzzles of domestic relations and the knotty points of criminal law—as ably propounded and expounded by Professors Harlan and Chestnut, respectively.

“3. To grieve.”—

Well, boys, I would say our most grievous trouble as juniors, up to date, is the loss of our well-beloved Napoleon of Elementary Law, Mr. France. God bless him. Three cheers, a tiger, and a rising toast!





Editors' Massacre





JOHN A. BECKER
Compiler and Publisher of this Book

Thank You!



WE WISH TO EXPRESS OUR SINCERE THANKS TO THOSE WHO MADE IT POSSIBLE TO PRODUCE THIS WORK BY FAVORING US WITH THEIR ADVERTISING PATRONAGE (SEE CARDS ON THE FOLLOWING PAGES) AND HOPE THAT THE STUDENTS AND FRIENDS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND WILL SHOW THEIR APPRECIATION BY PATRONIZING THEM IN RETURN WHENEVER AN OPPORTUNITY PRESENTS ITSELF. YOU COULD NOT DEAL WITH MORE RELIABLE HOUSES.

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Index to Advertisers

	Page.		Page.
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Ashman	4	Morgenthal	4
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Diely, Charles R.	34	Smith, C. E.	3
Delaware College.	33	Sisco Bros.	4
Diamond, The	4	Snowden, Cowman Dental Co.	6
Donohue & Lewis.	36	Salabes & Co., S.	11
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Enis, J.	8	Sharp & Dohme.	38
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Fuchshoehle.	4	Snyder, Andrew Co.	23
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Gunther, Jr. Brewing Co., The Geo.	19	University of Maryland, Dental Department.	18
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Hutzler Bros.	25	University of Maryland Hospital.	24
Ilgenfritz Studio.	7	Vienna Steam Bakery.	5
Jeffres' Studio.	30	Warner & Co.	25
Jersey Butter Co.	27	Weems Steamboat Co., The.	5
Jones & Son, A. T.	8	Williams & Watts.	10
Kaufman & Bro.	4	Weyforth & Sons, B.	10
Kriel, J. Fred'k.	6	Welsh's	11
Landragan, J. J.	8	Western National Bank.	13
Lemmert, John R.	2	Wright & Co., H. S.	31
Limerick, J. Arthur.	6	Wilms' Surgical Instrument Co., The Charles.	15
Lichtenburg, I.	6	Winter, Chas. W.	19

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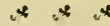


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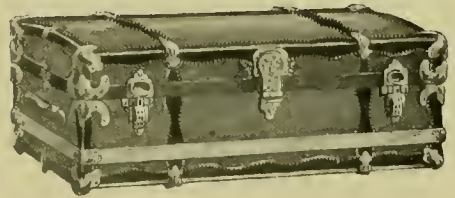
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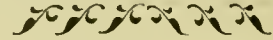
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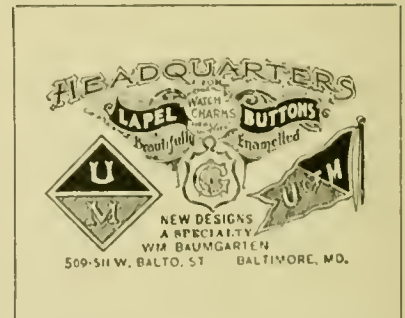
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The members of '03 were very grateful to Prof. Winslow for his Thursday afternoon quiz.

OCT. 4, '02.—Prof. Winslow gave his first lecture from the Chair of Surgery.

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OCT. 15, '02.—Election of Officers, Class '05, Mads.

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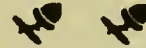
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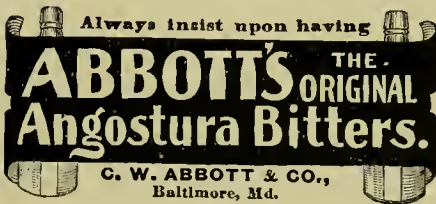
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Nov. 7, '02.—Anti-Frat. caucus by Seniors.

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“This Whiskey is absolutely pure, contains no fusel oil, and conforms in every respect to the requirements of the United States Dispensatory. The volume of alcohol represents 122 degrees of the United States Revenue Bureau.

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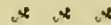
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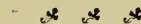


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Nov. 23, '02.—*Condemnation of the lecture hall by His Honor, the Building Inspector.*

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Nov. 25, '02.—Initial step taken by Class of '03 towards organization of Endowment Fund.

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Nov. 27, '02.—*Foot-Ball game of the season. U. of M. beat J. H. U., 5 to 0.*

THE NINETY-SEVENTH ANNUAL SESSION

OF THE

School of Medicine of the University of Maryland

WILL BEGIN ON THURSDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1903,

AND TERMINATE ON MAY 15, 1904.

During the session there is a vacation from December 23d, 1903, to January 4th, 1904, and there are no lectures on Thanksgiving Day and Washington's Birthday.

Clinical Lectures, introductory to the regular session, are given daily throughout September.

FEEES FOR THE FOUR YEARS' GRADED COURSE.

Matriculation (paid each year),	-	-	\$	5.00
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Full Course of Lectures (First Year),	-	-		100.00
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Full Course of Lectures (Third Year),	-	-		100.00
Full Course of Lectures (Fourth Year),	-	-		100.00
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Graduation Fee,	-	-	-	30.00

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Nov. 27, '02.—Thanksgiving Day holiday thankfully received.

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EDWIN P. HAYDEN, Asst. Cashier

CAPITAL,	\$300,000
SURPLUS AND PROFITS,	420,000

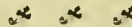
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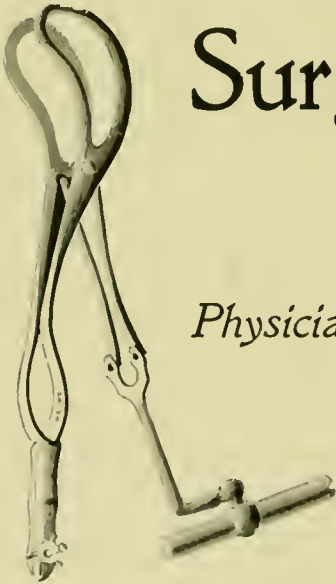
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- J. HOLMES SMITH, M. D., Professor of Anatomy.
- R. DORSEY COALE, PH. D., Professor of Chemistry and Metallurgy.
- CHARLES W. MITCHELL, M. D., Professor of Therapeutics.
- DAVID M. R. CULBRETH, M. D., PH. G., Professor of Materia Medica.
- JOHN C. UHLER, M. D., D. D. S., Associate Professor of Prosthetic Dentistry.
- ISAAC H. DAVIS, M. D., D. D. S., Associate Professor of Prosthetic Dentistry.
- CLARENCE J. GRIEVES, D. D. S., Associate Professor of Crown and Bridge Work.
- J. W. HOLLAND, M. D., Demonstrator of Anatomy.
- H. D. FITZHUGH, M. D., Assistant Demonstrator of Anatomy.

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The instructions in both operating and mechanical dentistry is as thorough as it is possible to make it, and embraces everything pertaining to dental art. The advantages which the general and oral surgical clinics, to which the dental students are admitted, as indeed to all the lectures the University affords, cannot be overestimated. The many thousands of patients annually treated in the University Hospital, and other sources, afford an abundance of material for the dental infirmary and laboratory practice, and the oral surgery clinics.

The Dental Infirmary and Laboratory building is one of the largest and most complete structures of the kind in the world. The Infirmary is lighted by sixty-five large windows, and is furnished with the latest improved operating chairs.

The Dental Infirmary and Laboratory are open daily (except Sundays) during the entire year, for the reception of patients, and the practice for dental students has increased to such an extent that all the students during the past sessions have had an abundance of practical work, in both operative and prosthetic dentistry. These means for practical instruction have already assumed such large proportions that the supply has been beyond the needs of the large classes in attendance during the past sessions.

The exceedingly large number of patients for the extraction of teeth affords ample facilities for practical experience to every student. It has again become necessary to enlarge the dental building, making the Infirmary nearly one hundred feet in length, and a Laboratory eighty feet long by forty-three wide.

The qualifications for admission and graduation are those adopted by the National Association of Dental Faculties and State Boards of Dental Examiners.

Qualifications for Graduation.—The candidate must have attended three full courses of lectures of seven months each, in different years, at the REGULAR or Winter sessions in this institution. As equivalent to one of these, one course in any reputable Dental College will be accepted. Graduates of medicine can enter the Junior Class. The matriculant must have a good English education; a diploma from a reputable literary institution or other evidence of literary qualifications, will be received instead of a preliminary examination. All students have great advantages in operative and mechanical dentistry in this institution throughout every session.

The Regular or Winter Session will begin on the first day of October of each year, and will terminate May 1st.

The Summer Session for practical instruction, will commence in April and continue until the regular session begins. Students in attendance on the Summer Session will have the advantage of all the daily Surgical and Medical clinics of the University.

After the Session of 1902-03, four (instead of three) sessions, will be required before graduation.

The fees for the Regular Session are \$100, Demonstrators' fees included; Matriculation fee, \$5; Diploma fee, for candidates for graduation, \$30; Dissecting ticket, \$10. For Summer Session no charge to those who attend the following Winter Session.

Board can be obtained at from \$3.50 to \$5.00 per week, according to quality.

The University prize and a number of other prizes will be specified in the annual catalogue. Students desiring information, and the annual catalogue, will be careful to give full address and direct their letters to

F. J. S. GORGAS, M. D., D. D. S.

845 N. EUTAW STREET, BALTIMORE, MD.

Dean of the Dental Department of the University of Maryland.

Some few of the Seniors imagine that the Exam. on Evidence was a trifle hard.

Dec. 6, '02.—"Tickets! Tickets! Tickets! Who said Tickets?"



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THIS Institution, a cut of which appears on Page 20, most pleasantly located, the comforts and capacity of which have undergone great development to meet the increasing demands of patients, is fitted with all modern conveniences for the successful treatment of Medicine and Surgical Diseases.

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Especial attention is called to the Lying-in Department of the Hospital, and the thorough privacy given during confinements. When persons are compelled to leave their country residences to seek professional assistance in Baltimore, no Institution offers greater facilities than the UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL, which presents among other advantages that of having Twelve Resident Physicians, appointed by the Medical Faculty, all of whom are usually—half are always—in the building to carry out the instructions of the Professors.

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A. A. MATTHEWS, M. D.,
Superintendent.

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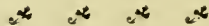
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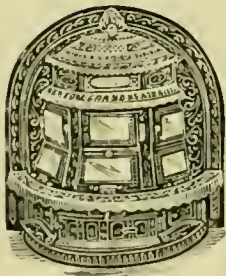
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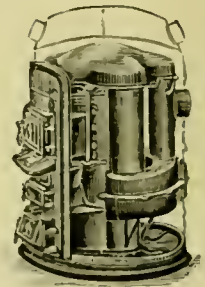
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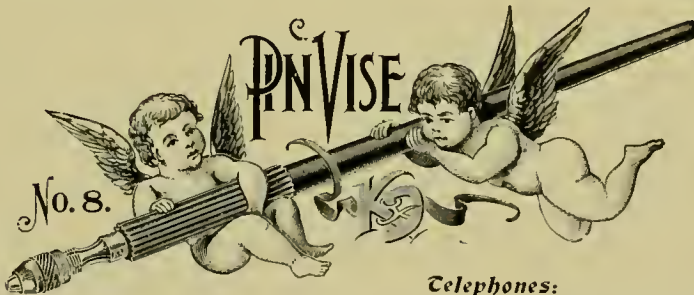
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